THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The original Text correctly printed from the most authentic Editions, collated for this Purpose.

The ÆNEID Tranſlated

By the Rev. Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT,

The ECLOGUES and GEORGICS, with Notes on the Whole,

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

With ſeveral NEW OBSERVATIONS

By Mr. HOLDSWORTH, Mr. SPENCE, and Others.

ALSO,

A Diſſertation on the Sixth Book of the Æneid, by Mr. WARBURTON. On the Shield of Æneas, by Mr. W. WHITEHEAD. On the Character of Japis, by the late Dr. ATTERBURY, Biſhop of Rocheſter. And, Three Eſſays on Paſtoral, Didactic, and Epic Poetry, by the EDITOR.

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The ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, attempts to fire his ſhips (which are transformed into ſea-nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furniſhes the poet with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, generoſity, and concluſion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus puſhes the ſiege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he purſues. The gates are immediately cloſed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced, at laſt, to leap, arm'd as he is, into the river, and ſwims to his camp.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER IX.

ATQUE ea diverſa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Irim de coelo miſit Saturnia Juno
Audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
Pilumni Turnus ſacrata valle ſedebat.
Ad quem ſic roſeo Thaumantias ore locuta eſt:
Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

This book is more particularly remarkable, becauſe the hero has nothing to do in it; and it is the only one thro' all the poem, of that kind. The moderns have taken too much liberty in this point; for how many entire books are there in Taſſo's Jeruſalem, where Godfrey never appears? Not that the poet is always under a neceſſity of following his hero, without ſo much as quitting him once; on the contrary, it is proper that the poet ſhould ſometimes magnify the valour of the enemy, to render that of his hero more conſpicuous. But by the epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus, we may perceive how deficient thoſe Epiſodes are, which depart entirely from the ſubject; and have no connection, either with the action, or the fable. Such are the amours of Rinaldo and Armida, and the greater part of the adventures of Tancred, Erminia, and Clorinda; as F. Mambrun has judiciouſly remarked. It is not a fault to depart ſometimes from the hero; but it is neceſſary, that all which paſſes in his abſence ſhould have ſome connexion with the

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

NINTH BOOK.

THUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,
The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;
Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode
In his old grandsire's consecrated wood;
There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:
Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
What scarce a god could promise to thy vows:

principal action, or at least with the fable, as may be seen from this book. The action of this poem is the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and the foundation of a city; there is no doubt but that all which Turnus performs against this action, is part of the action itself: Because it is necessary, that this action should have a beginning, middle, and end; and of all these the fable or subject is composed; which is no more than the action, and its ornaments, or episodes; and which are so much the more beautiful, as they fall in more naturally with the subject. It is the very essence of episodes, that they may be taken away without hurting the subject; not that they should have no manner of connexion with the subject.

Aeneas, urbe, et ſociis, et claſſe relicta,
Sceptra Palatini, ſedemque petit Evandri.
Nec ſatis: extremas Coriti penetravit ad urbes,
Lydorumque manum collectos armat agreſtes.
Quid dubitas? nunc tempus equos, nunc poſcere currus.
Rumpe moras omnes, et turbata arripe caſtra.
Dixit, et in coelum paribus ſe ſuſtulit alis,
Ingentemque fuga ſecuit ſub nubibus arcum.
Agnovit juvenis, dupliceſque ad ſidera palmas
Suſtulit, ac tali fugientem eſt voce ſecutus:
Iri, decus coeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam
Detulit in terras? unde haec tam clara repente
Tempeſtas? medium video diſcedere coelum,
Palanteſque polo ſtellas. ſequor omina tanta,
Quiſquis in arma vocas. et ſic effatus ad undam
Proceſſit, ſummoque hauſit de gurgite lymphas,
Multa deos orans: oneravitque aethera votis.

Virgil obſerves all this exactly; but we are to conſider, that the poet makes thoſe epiſodes, where the hero does not much appear, far ſhorter than thoſe where he has the principal part. For inſtance, the recital which Æneas makes of the taking of Troy, and his amour with Dido, are much longer than the hiſtory of Cacus related by Evander, or the adventures of Niſus and Euryalus which the poet himſelf relates. This laſt example of generous friendſhip, was an ornament not to be neglected: it is the chief beauty of this book; but it is not the only paſſage where the poet exerts himſelf: the complaints of the mother of Euryalus, the invectives of Numanus, and the attack of the camp in which the poet makes Turnus perform ſo many brave exploits; are all beyond imitation. SEGRAIS.

For

For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new ſuccours courts th' Arcadian prince.
Thence to the Tuſcan coaſts his courſe he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.
Now, while the Lydians in his cauſe unite,
And the raw peaſants gather to the fight;
Call, call the fiery courſers, and the car;
Fly—ſtorm his camp—and give a looſe to war.
This ſaid; with levell'd wings ſhe mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the ſky.

He knew the fair; his lifted hands he ſpread,
And with theſe words purſu'd her as ſhe fled:
Bright beauteous goddeſs of the various bow,
What pow'r diſpatch'd thee to the world below?
What ſplendors open to my dazled eyes!
What floods of glory burſt from all the ſkies;
And lo! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll!
Thick ſhine the ſtars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by theſe omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inſpiring god!

Raptur'd he ſaid, and ſought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling ſtreams in ſilver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands, then raiſing high in air,
To ev'ry god addreſt his ardent pray'r.

Dr. Trapp obſerves, that this book has the moſt fighting of any, and by that circumſtance is likewiſe diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and that in this too is the beginning of the warlike action.

Jamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis,
Dives equum, dives pictaï veſtis et auri.
Meſſapus primas acies, poſtrema coërcent
Tyrrhidae juvenes: medio dux agmine Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice ſupra eſt.
Ceu ſeptem ſurgens ſedatis amnibus altus
Per tacitum Ganges; aut pingui flumine Nilus,
Cum refluit campis, et jam ſe condidit alveo.
Hic ſubitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem
Proſpiciunt Teucri, ac tenebras inſurgere campis.
Primus ab adverſa conclamat mole Caïcus:
Quis globus, o cives, caligine volvitur atra?
Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, et ſcandite muros:
Hoſtis adeſt, eia. ingenti clamore per omnes
Condunt ſe Teucri portas, et moenia complent.
Namque ita diſcedens praeceperat optimus armis
Aeneas: ſi qua interea fortuna fuiſſet,
Neu ſtruere auderent aciem, neu credere campo:
Caſtra modo, et tutos ſervarent aggere muros.
Ergo, etſi conferre manum pudor iraque monſtrat,
Objiciunt portas tamen, et praecepta faceſſunt,
Armatique cavis exſpectant turribus hoſtem.

Turnus, ut ante volans tardum praeceſſerat agmen,
Viginti lectis equitum comitatus, et urbi

62. *But mighty Turnus rode*, &c.] The character of *Turnus* is all thro' continu'd, *qualis ab incepto proceſſerat*. I do not remember, that Virgil flags once in deſcribing the reſolute impetuoſity, which this young hero every-where exerts. He here begins the ſiege with a moſt ſpirited exclamation,

Ecquis erit mecum, o juvenes, qui primus in hoſtem?

And

And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
Rich in embroider'd veſts, and arms of gold,
On ſprightly prancing ſteeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Meſſapus at their head;
The deep'ning rear the ſons of Tyrrheus led.
Brave Turnus flames in arms, ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs in the centre, and outſhines them all.
Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
In ſev'n large ſtreams his ſwelling ſolemn tide:
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in ſlow pomp, majeſtic, to the main.
Troy ſaw from far the black'ning cloud ariſe:
Then from the rampart's height Caïcus cries:
See, ſee, my friends, yon duſky martial train,
Involv'd in clouds, and ſweeping o'er the plain.
To arms—The foes advance—Your ſwords prepare;
Fly—Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.
With ſhouts they run; they gather at the call;
They cloſe the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
For ſo th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the hoſt,
When late he parted for the Tuſcan coaſt;
Whate'er befel, their ardor to reſtrain,
Truſt to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
There, tho' with ſhame and wrath their boſoms glow,
Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.
But mighty Turnus rode with rapid ſpeed,
And furious ſpurr'd his dappled Thracian ſteed;

Improviſus adeſt; maculis quem Thracius albis
Portat equus, criſtaque tegit galea aurea rubra.
Ecquis erit mecum, juvenes, qui primus in hoſtem?
En, ait, et jaculum attorquens emittit in auras,
Principium pugnae, et campo ſeſe arduus infert.
Clamore excipiunt ſocii, fremituque ſequuntur
Horriſono. Teucrum mirantur inertia corda;
Non aequo dare ſe campo, non obvia ferre
Arma, viros; ſed caſtra fovere. huc turbidus atque huc
Luſtrat equo muros, aditumque per avia quaerit.
Ac veluti pleno lupus inſidiatus ovili,
Cum fremit ad caulas, ventos perpeſſus et imbres,
Nocte ſuper media; tuti ſub matribus agni
Balatum exercent: ille, aſper et improbus ira,
Saevit in abſentes: collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, et ſiccae ſanguine fauces.

He attempts every paſs and avenue, as a hungry wolf in a tempeſtuous night tries to enter a fold, his rage and hunger beimg ſtill exaſperated by the bleating of the lambs within: and, tho' he finds at laſt the fortreſs of the Trojans impregnable, he does not deſiſt; but inſtantly makes an attempt to burn the ſhips. This character is conducted with a truly poetical fire. The above ſimile is taken from Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. i. 1243.

63. —— *dappled Thracian ſteed.*] Virgil, ſays Catrou, ſeems to be particularly fond of Thracian horſes, mark'd with ſpots of various colours. He has before mentioned this breed,

—— *Quem Thracius albis*
Portat equis bicolor maculis.

Speaking of young Priam's horſe, the ſon of Polites. See Turneb. L. 23. C. 14.

69. *Then hurl'd a dart*, &c.] The throwing a javelin into the air, was a ceremony practiſed by the Romans, when

Eager

Eager before the tardy ſquadrons flew
To reach the walls; and ſoon appear'd in view
(With twice ten noble warriors cloſe behind);
His crimſon creſt ſtream'd dreadful in the wind.
Who firſt, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare?
Then hurl'd a dart, the ſignal of the war.
Loud ſhout his train; deep wonder ſeiz'd them all,
To ſee the Trojans ſkulk behind their wall;
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they beſtow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.
Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
Tries every poſt and paſs, but tries in vain.
As, beat by tempeſts, and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the ſavage, bleat the tender lambs;
The monſter meditates the fleecy brood;
Now howls with hunger, and now thirſts for blood;
Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:

they declared war againſt any nation. This they derived from the Greeks. Before this was done, it was unlawful to commit any acts of hoſtility. This declaration was made by the *pater patratus*, who was chief of the *fæciales*. He us'd to pronounce with a loud voice the reaſons for going to war, and then threw a javelin into the country of the new enemy. Numa was the firſt who introduc'd this cuſtom. The declaring war was called *clarigatio*.

81. *Now thirſts for blood.*] The original is *ficcæ ſanguine fauces*; where the word *ficcæ* is elegantly us'd for *vacuæ*, with an ablative caſe.

Haud

Haud aliter Rutulo, muros et caſtra tuenti,
Igneſcunt irae; duris dolor oſſibus ardet.
Qua tentet ratione aditus? et quae via clauſos
Excutiat Teucros vallo, atque effundat in aequor?
Claſſem, quae lateri caſtrorum adjuncta latebat,
Aggeribus ſeptam circum et fluvialibus undis,
Invadit, ſocioſque incendia poſcit ovantes;
Atque manum pinu flaganti fervidus implet.
Tum vero incumbunt; urget praeſentia Turni;
Atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
Diripuere focos: piceum fert fumida lumen
Taeda, et commiſtam Volcanus ad aſtra favillam.
Quis deus, o muſae, tam ſaeva incendia Teucris
Avertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignes?
Dicite. priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.
Tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida
Aeneas claſſem, et pelagi petere alta parabat;
Ipſa deum fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum
Vocibus his affata Jovem: Da, nate, petenti;
Quod tua cara parens domito te poſcit Olympo.
Pinea ſilva mihi, multos dilecta per annos,
Lucus in arce fuit ſumma, quo ſacra ferebant,
Nigranti picea, trabibuſque obſcurus acernis.

101. —— *Hills of Ide.*] Æneas built his fleet at Antandros, which was at the foot of the Phrygian, not the Cretan Ida.

—— *Claſſemque ſub ipſa*
Antandro, & Phrygiæ molimur montibus Idæ. Æn. 3.

Thus,

Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief deſcries,
Rage fires his ſoul, and flaſhes from his eyes:
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the cloſe trench to combat on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beſide the camp—He calls for burning brands,
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inſpires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the miſſive fires;
The black'ning ſmokes in curling volumes riſe,
With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the ſkies.
O ſay, ye muſes, what celeſtial pow'r
Preſerv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And ſtopp'd the progreſs of the furious flame?
The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!
The Trojan chief, prepar'd to ſtem the tide,
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
Spoke the majeſtic mother of the gods;
Hear, and our firſt requeſt, my ſon, accord,
The firſt, ſince heav'n has own'd you for her lord.
To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
On lofty Ida tow'rs a ſtately grove;
Tall firrs and maples there for years have ſtood,
And waving pines, a venerable wood!

Has ego Dardanio juveni, cum claſſis egeret,
Laeta dedi: nunc ſolicitam timor anxius angit.
Solve metus, atque hoc precibus ſine poſſe parentem;
Neu curſu quaſſatae ullo, neu turbine venti
Vincantur. proſit noſtris in montibus ortas.
Filius huic contra, torquet qui ſidera mundi:
O genetrix, quo fata vocas? aut quid petis iſtis?
Mortaline manu factae immortale carinae
Fas habeant? certuſque incerta pericula luſtret
Aeneas? cui tanta deo permiſſa poteſtas?
Imo, ubi defunctae finem portuſque tenebunt
Auſonios, olim quaecunque evaſerit undis,
Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia vexerit arva,
Mortalem eripiam formam, magnique jubebo
Aequoris eſſe deas: qualis Nereïa Doto
Et Galatea ſecant ſpumantem pectore pontum.
Dixerat: idque ratum, Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas,
Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

110. —— *I beſtow'd with joy.*] Virgil here, very artfully, ſaves Æneas from the imputation of impiety, which he certainly muſt have been guilty of, had he cut down Cybele's trees, without her conſent. CATROU.

137. *Then gave the Sanction.*]

Dixerat, idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris
Per pice torrentes, atraque voragine ripas;
Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Virgil, it muſt be own'd, has not here given us the ſame noble image of Jupiter nodding, which we find in his great Grecian pattern. Mr. Pope obſerves, that he has preſerv'd the nod, with its ſtupendous effect, the making the heavens tremble. But he has neglected the deſcription of the hair,

To build his navy, I beſtow'd with joy
The hallow'd foreſt on the chief of Troy.
Now anxious fears diſturb my ſoul with care;
But thou, my ſon, indulge a mother's pray'r:
Bid ſeas and tempeſts ſpare the ſhips divine;
Be this their ſafety, that they once were mine.
Thus ſhe—and thus replies her ſon, who rolls
The golden planets round the ſpangled poles:
What would our mother's raſh requeſt intend?
To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
How! an immortal ſtate would you demand
For veſſels labour'd by a mortal hand?
And ſhall the chief in certain ſafety ride,
O'er rocks, o'er gulphs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
A pow'r ſo high we never yet beſtow'd;
No—'tis a pow'r too boundleſs for a God!
But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,
The Trojan prince ſhall reach the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips the friendly ſtrand ſhall gain,
Sav'd from the ſtorms, and the devouring main,
Know, we will take the mortal form from theſe;
Each ſhip ſhall launch, a goddeſs of the ſeas;
And with her ſiſter Nereids ſhall divide
The ſilver waves, and bound along the tide.
This ſaid; the lord of thunder ſeal'd the vow
By his dread brother's awful ſtreams below;
By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
Then gave the ſanction of th' imperial nod;
The heav'ns all ſhook, and fled before the god;

Ergo

Ergo aderat promiſſa dies, et tempora parcae
Debita complerant, cum Turni injuria matrem
Admonuit ratibus ſacris depellere taedas.
Hic primum nova lux oculis effulſit, et ingens
Viſus ab aurora coelum tranſcurrere nimbus,
Idaeique chori: tum vox horrenda per auras
Excidit, et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
Ne trepidate meas, Teucri, defendere naves,
Neve armate manus: maria ante exurere Turno,
Quam ſacras dabitur pinus. vos ite ſolutae,
Ite, deae pelagi: genetrix jubet. et ſua quaeque
Continuo puppes abrumpunt vincula ripis,
Delphinumque modo demerſis aequora roſtris
Ima petunt. hinc virgineae, mirabile monſtrum,
Quot prius aeratae ſteterant ad litora prorae,
Reddunt ſe totidem facies, pontoque feruntur.

and the eye-brows, thoſe chief pieces of imagery, from whence Phidias (as Macrobius informs us) took the idea of a countenance proper for the king of gods and men, when he made his Olympian Jupiter. *Phidias, cum Jovem Olympium fingeret, interrogatus de quo exemplo divinam mutuaretur effigiem, reſpondit archetypum Jovis in his ſe tribus Homeri verſibus inveniſſe:*

Η καὶ κυανέῃσιν, &c. &c. &c.

Nam de ſuperciliis & crinibus totum ſe Jovis vultum collegiſſe; quod utrumque videtis a Virgilio prætermiſſum. Macrob. Saturnal. B. 5. Chap. 13. Scaliger's anſwer to Macrobius is very remarkable. *Aut ludunt Phidiam, aut nos ludit Phidias: Etium ſine Homero puto illum ſciſſe, Jovem non carere ſuperciliis & cæſarie.* Mr. Spence would compound the matter between the two poets, by allowing (which is the very truth) that Virgil on this occaſion has deſcribed Jupiter in the propereſt manner that could be among the Romans, and that Homer has deſcribed him in the nobleſt manner that could be among the Greeks. POLYMET. D. 6. B. 2.

Now

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;
When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her ſacred veſſels from the flame.
Firſt from the glowing orient they deſcry
A blazing cloud that ſtretch'd from ſky to ſky;
The golden ſplendors doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majeſtic voice the liſt'ning nations hear:
Forbear, forbear, ye ſons of Troy, nor lend
Your needleſs aid, our veſſels to defend.
The proud Rutulian ſhall, with greater eaſe,
Burn to their beds profound the watry ſeas;
Launch you, my ſhips; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!
Swift at the word, the ſacred ſhips obey,
From their looſe anchors break, and bound away;
Like ſportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wondrous!) riſe in female forms again.
So many nymphs launch ſwiftly from the ſhore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before.

143. *Firſt from the glowing orient.*] The previous appearances with which Virgil uſhers in this metamorphoſis, are beautifully imagined, and finely painted. As to the metamorphoſis itſelf, he undoubtedly introduced it, as an old tradition among the Romans: *Priſca fides facto.* I cannot but obſerve, that Virgil, in relating this transformation, has very judiciouſly avoided that affectation of conceit and witticiſm to be found in Ovid's deſcription of it, Met. 14. 535. *& ſeq.*

Obſtu-

Obſtupuere animi Rutulis: conterritus ipſe
Turbatis Meſſapus equis: cunctatur et amnis
Rauca ſonans, revocatque pedem Tyberinus ab alto.
At non audaci ceſſit fiducia Turno:
Ultro animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro:
Trojanos haec monſtra petunt; his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit: non tela, nec ignes
Exſpectant Rutulos. ergo maria invia Teucris,
Nec ſpes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera ademta eſt:
Terra autem in manibus noſtris, tot millia gentes
Arma ferunt Italae. nil me fatalia terrent,
Si qua Phryges prae ſe jactant, reſponſa deorum.
Sat Fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arva
Fertilis Auſoniae Troes. ſunt et mea contra
Fata mihi, ferro ſceleratam exſcindere gentem,
Conjuge praerepta: nec ſolos tangit Atridas
Iſte dolor, ſoliſque licet capere arma Mycenis.

168. *Theſe omens threat our foes*, &c.] The abruptneſs of the original is very remarkable.

Trojanos haec monſtra petunt :—his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit.—Non tela, nec ignes
Expectant Rutulos.—Ergo maria invia Teucris;
Nec ſpes ullo fugæ.—Rerum pars altera ademta eſt:
Terra autem in manibus noſtris.—tot millia gentes
Arma ferunt Italæ, &c. &c.

The whole ſpeech is a noble inſtance of Turnus's violent temper.

168. *Theſe omens threat our foes.*] Thus the Trojans Il. B. 15. falſly interpret Jupiter's thunder in favour of themſeves. Mr. Pope obſerves, that this ſelf-partiality of men, in appropriating to themſelves the protection of heaven, has always been natural to them. Hiſtory (continues he) furniſhes many inſtances of oracles, which, by reaſon of this

The

The fierce Rutulians ſhook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Meſſapus trembled at the ſight,
Nor could he rule his ſteeds, nor check their rapid flight.
Old murm'ring Tyber ſhrunk with ſudden dread,
And to his ſource the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant Daunian hero, ſhook,
Who rais'd their drooping ſouls, while thus he ſpoke:
Theſe omens threat our foes (O glorious day!):
Lo! Jove has ſnatch'd their laſt relief away!
Lo! from our dreaded arms their ſhips retire,
And vaniſh ſwift before our vengeful fire;
To Troy, impriſon'd in yon narrow coaſt,
The watry half of all the globe is loſt.
Their flight, the ſeas and hoſtile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far
Pours forth her ſons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boaſt;
On Turnus all thoſe empty vaunts are loſt.
To 'ſcape the ſeas, and reach the Latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my loſt ſpouſe, to cruſh the perjur'd line.
Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The ſame my cauſe, and my revenge the ſame.

partial interpretation, have proved an occaſion to lead men into great mi fortunes: It was the caſe of Crœſus in his wars with Cyrus; and a like miſtake engaged Pyrrhus to make war upon the Romans.

Sed periiſſe ſemel ſatis eſt. peccare fuiſſet
Ante ſatis, penitus modo non genus omne peroſos
Foemineum: quibus haec medii fiducia valli,
Foſſarumque morae, lethi diſcrimina parva,
Dant animos. at non viderunt moenia Trojae,
Neptuni fabricata manu conſidere in ignes?
Sed vos, o lecti, ferro qui ſcindere vallum
Apparat, et mecum invadit trepidantia caſtra?
Non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis
Eſt opus in Teucros. addant ſe protinus omnes
Etruſci ſocios; tenebras, et inertia furta
Palladii, caeſis ſummae cuſtodibus arcis,
Ne timeant; nec equi caeca condemur in alvo.
Luce palam certum eſt igni circundare muros.
Haud ſibi cum Danais rem, faxo, et pube Pelaſga
Eſſe putent, decimum quos diſtulit Hector in annum.
Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,
Quod ſupereſt, laeti bene geſtis corpora rebus
Procurate, viri; et pugnam ſperate parati.

185. *Will Troy then venture.*] Never were finer inſtances of a malicious ſneer, than in this ſpeech;

" One would think the Trojans had enough of women; " as they have already loſt ſo much by them. Can they " imagine a ſlight trench will protect them? It is not long " ſince they ſaw their own Troy, which was built by the " hands of Neptune, burnt to the ground. Let us haſten " to the attack; I believe, we can eaſily overcome 'em, " tho' we have not the advantage of a thouſand ſhips, " and arms forged by Vulcan. We'll deal fairly with them, " they need not be afraid of our ſtealing their palladium, " or concealing ourſelves in the belly of an horſe. We diſ- " dain a conqueſt in the dark; we'll ſet their fortreſs on fire

Will

Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid ſo dearly for the crime before?
Sure, they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forſworn the ſex, and curſt the coſtly kind!
Fools! will they truſt yon feeble wall and gate,
That ſlight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long ſince beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie ſmoking on the ground?
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, ſtorm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er theſe daſtards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thouſand ſail;
Though to ſupport their deſp'rate cauſe, ſhould join
Arcadia's ſons with all the Tuſcan line:
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The ſacred thefts or murders of the night,
A robb'd Palladium, and an ambuſh'd force
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monſtrous horſe.
A conqueſt in the dark my ſoul diſclaims;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon ſhall they find no Argive hoſt appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and paſs away
In due repaſt the ſmall remains of day:
But riſe, riſe early with the dawning light,
Freſh from repoſe, and vig'rous for the fight.

" in broad day-light. They'll ſoon find themſelves en-
" gaged with a more powerful enemy, &c. See Note on
" ver. 508. B. II.

Interea vigilum excubiis obſidere portas
Cura datur Meſſapo, et moenia cingere flammis.
Bis ſeptem, Rutulo muros qui milite ſervent,
Delecti: aſt illos centeni quemque ſequuntur
Purpurei criſtis juvenes, auroque coruſci.
Diſcurrunt, variantque vices, fuſique per herbam
Indulgent vino, et vertunt crateras ahenos.
Collucent ignes: noctem cuſtodia ducit
Inſomnem ludo.

Haec ſuper e vallo proſpectant Troës, et armis
Alta tenent: nec non trepidi formidine portas
Explorant, ponteſque et propugnacula jungunt:
Tela gerunt. inſtant Mneſtheus acerque Sereſtus,
Quos pater Aeneas, ſi quando adverſa vocarent,
Rectores juvenum, et rerum dedit eſſe magiſtros.
Omnis per muros legio, ſortita periclum,
Excubat, exercetque vices, quod cuique tuendum eſt.

Niſus erat portae cuſtos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides; comitem Aeneae quem miſerat Ida
Venatrix, jaculo celerem levibusque ſagittis:
Et juxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter
Non fuit Aeneadum, Trojana neque induit arma;
Ora puer prima ſignans intonſa juventa.

231. *The valiant Niſus.*] The Poet (ſays Dr. Trapp) with great judgment naturally ſlides into this epiſode, without any formal preparation. He was ſpeaking of the ſeveral poſts which were defended: and among the reſt, one was committed to the care of theſe two friends, whoſe characters he here judiciouſly gives us.

Niſus erat portæ cuſtos, &c. &c.
Et juxta comes Euryalus, &c. &c.

Mean-

Meantime it falls to great Meſſapus' care,
The ramparts to ſurround with fire and war.
Twice ſev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands;
An hundred ſpears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimſon creſts on every helmet play.
They watch, they reſt by turns; and, ſtretcht ſupine
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and ſhoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleaſures, paſs the jovial night.
This ſcene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All ſeiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with ſpeed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſtus fire the train.
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)
Now all the ſoldiers to their poſts were flown,
And in their turns, ſucceſſive, guard the town.
The valiant Niſus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's braveſt youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the ſpringing down but juſt began
To ſhade his blooming cheeks, and promiſe man.

His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant:
Tum quoque communi portam ſtatione tenebant.
Niſus ait: dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? an ſua cuique deus fit dira cupido?
Aut pugnam, aut aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum,
Mens agitat mihi; nec placida contenta quiete eſt.
Cernis, quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum.
Lumina rara micant: ſomno vinoque ſoluti
Procubuere: ſilent late loca. percipe porro
Quid dubitem, et quae nunc animo ſententia ſurgat.
Aenean acciri omnes, populuſque patreſque,
Expoſcunt; mittique viros, qui certa reportent.
Si tibi, quae poſco, promittunt, nam mihi facti
Fama ſat eſt, tumulo videor reperire ſub illo
Poſſe viam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.
Obſtupuit magno laudum percuſſus amore
Euryalus; ſimul his ardentem affatur amicum:
Mene igitur ſocium ſummis adjungere rebus,
Niſe, fugis? ſolum te in tanta pericula mittam?

257. *An eaſy road methinks.*] This obſcure hint of his deſign comes with much more grace than if it had been deliver'd in full and plain terms, as it implies a decent and ingenuous diffidence in ſo young a warrior.

261. *And will my Niſus*] Euryalus, ſuſpecting that Niſus had but a mean opinion of his martial abilities, as he does not at firſt propoſe to admit him a ſharer in his intended adventure, breaks forth into this beautiful vindication of his own courage. A noble inſtance this, of the delicate ſenſibility of true friendſhip!

Theſe boys in ſacred friendſhip were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, ſide by ſide;
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory ſhar'd;
And both alike were planted on the guard.
  Has heav'n (cry'd Niſus firſt,) this warmth beſtow'd?
Heav'n? or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my reſt?
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breaſt.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raiſe,
And ſet my mounting ſpirits on a blaze!
See the looſe diſcipline of yonder train;
The lights, grown thin, ſcarce glimmer from the plain:
The guards in ſlumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!—a gen'ral ſilence reigns around:
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wiſh, our leader to recall.
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I cou'd reſt contented with the fame—)
An eaſy road, methinks, I can ſurvey
Beneath yon ſummit to direct my way.
  The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:
  And will my Niſus then his friend diſclaim?
Deny'd his ſhare of danger, and of fame?
And can thy dear Euryalus expoſe
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?

Non ita me genitor bellis aſſuetus Opheltes,
Argolicum terrorem inter Trojaeque labores
Sublatum, erudiit: nec tecum talia geſſi,
Magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema ſecutus.
Eſt, hic eſt animus lucis contemtor, et iſtum
Qui vita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.
Niſus ad haec: equidem de te nil tale verebar;
Nec fas: non. ita me referat tibi magnus ovantem
Jupiter, aut quicunque oculis haec aſpicit aequis.
Sed ſi quis, quae multa vides diſcrimine tali,
Si quis in adverſum rapiat caſuſve deuſve,
Te ſupereſſe velim: tua vita dignior aetas.
Sit, qui me, raptum pugna, pretiove redemtum,
Mandet humo ſolita; aut, ſi qua id fortuna vetabit,
Abſenti ferat inferias, decoretque ſepulcro:

275. *Let no ſuch.*] Niſus replies, that he never ſuſpected his friend's courage; but as the undertaking ſeemed to be attended with no ſmall danger, he would not chuſe that his friend's life ſhould be expos'd—*Te ſupereſſe velim:* and adds, that his younger years are a reaſon why he ſhould not engage in ſo hazardous an enterprize; *Tua vita dignior ætas:* which words, Dr. Trapp remarks, are extremely well contriv'd to add a pathos to the whole; the more manly prudence and care of the one being oppos'd to the youthful fire and ſprightlineſs of the other. But (ſays Niſus by a moſt beautiful tranſition) if you remain, there will then be one, who will redeem my body from the enemy, and bury it; or at leaſt build a tomb to my memory. Beſides, continues he, think of your poor mother! what muſt ſhe feel for the loſs of you, to accompany whom ſhe left the reſt of the Trojan matrons with Aceſtes!

Nec matri miſeræ tanti ſim cauſa doloris.

There is a kind of anticipation in what Niſus objects concerning Euryalus's mother, which is inexpreſſibly fine.

Not

Not ſo my father taught his gen'rous boy,
Born, train'd and ſeaſon'd in the wars of Troy.
And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and ſea.
Thou too canſt witneſs that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd ſide by ſide.
Like thine, this boſom glows with martial flame;
Burns with a ſcorn of life, and love of fame;
And thinks, if endleſs glory can be ſought
On ſuch low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no ſuch jealous fears alarm thy breaſt:
Thy worth and valour ſtand to all confeſt.
But let the danger fall (he cries) on me:
For this exploit, I durſt not think on thee!
No:—as I hope the bleſt ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But ſhould the gods deny me to ſucceed,
Should I—(which heav'n avert!) but ſhould I bleed;
Live thou;—in death ſome pleaſure that will give;
Live for thy Niſus's ſake; I charge thee, live.
Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;—
Live, to redeem my corſe from hoſtile hands;
And decent to the ſilent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:
Or raiſe at leaſt, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.

Neu matri miſerae tanti ſim cauſa doloris;
Quae te ſola, puer, multis e matribus auſa,
Perſequitur; magni nec moenia curat Aceſtae.
Ille autem: cauſas nequicquam nectis inanes,
Nec mea jam mutata loco ſententia cedit.
Acceleremus, ait. vigiles ſimul excitat. illi
Succedunt, ſervantque vices: ſtatione relicta
Ipſe comes Niſo graditur, regemque requirunt.
Caetera per terras omnes animalia ſomno
Laxabant curas; et corda oblita laborum:
Ductores Teucrum primi, et delecta juventus,
Conſilium ſummis regni de rebus habebant,
Quid facerent, quiſve Aeneae jam nuncius eſſet.
Stant longis adnixi haſtis, et ſcuta tenentes,
Caſtrorum et campi medio. tum Niſus et una
Euryalus confeſtim alacres admittier orant:
Rem magnam, pretiumque morae, fore. primus Iülus
Accepit trepidos, ac Niſum dicere juſſit.
Tunc ſic Hyrtacides: audite o mentibus aequis,
Aeneadae; neve haec noſtris ſpectentur ab annis,

303. *In ſilence.*] This is a beautiful military night-piece. Every thing is huſh'd in ſleep and ſilence, except the Trojans, who, leaning on their ſpears, are conſulting how to recal their abſent prince: in the midſt of this conſultation, theſe two young adventurers are introduced, who voluntarily offer their ſervice in the point debated. The reply of Alethes to their propoſal is very moving; and the contraſt between youth and age, produced in his ſpeech and embrace, has a fine effect.

306. *In ſolemn council.*]——

Conſilium ſummis regni de rebus habebant.

Why

Why ſhould I cauſe thy mother's ſoul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and ſea!
She left Aceſtes' walls, and ſhe alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling ſon!
  In vain, he cry'd, my courage you reſtrain;
My ſoul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haſte—let us go— He ſaid—and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant poſts the centries ſhar'd.
With eager ſpeed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.
  In ſilence huſh'd the whole creation lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day.
Not ſo the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In ſolemn council on th' endanger'd ſtate;
Propp'd on their ſpears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers ſtand,
And vote an inſtant meſſage may be ſent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admiſſion of the court,
The buſineſs arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And firſt bade Niſus ſpeak, who thus began:
  Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.

This verſe is borrow'd from Lucilius:
Conſilium ſummis hominum de rebus habebant.

Quae

Quae ferimus. Rutuli ſomno vinoque ſepulti
Conticuere. locum inſidiis conſpeximus ipſi,
Qui patet in bivio portae, quae proxima ponto.
Interrupti ignes, aterque ad ſidera fumus
Erigitur. ſi fortuna permittitis uti;
Quaeſitum Aenean ad moenia Pallantea,
Mox hic cum ſpoliis, ingenti caede peracta,
Affore cernetis. nec nos via fallit euntes.
Vidimus obſcuris primam ſub vallibus urbem
Venatu aſſiduo, et totum cognovimus amnem
Hic, annis gravis atque animi maturus, Alethes:
Di patrii, quorum ſemper ſub numine Troja eſt,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales animos juvenum, et tam certa tuliſtis
Pectora. ſic memorans, humeros dextraſque tenebat
Amborum, et vultum lacrymis atque ora rigabat.
Quae vobis, quae digna, viri, pro talibus auſis,
Praemia poſſe rear ſolvi? pulcherrima primum
Di, moreſque dabunt veſtri: tum caetera reddet
Actutum pius Aeneas, atque integer aevi
Aſcanius, meriti tanti non immemor unquam.
Imo ego vos, cui ſola ſalus genitore reducto,
Excipit Aſcanius, per magnos, Niſe, Penates,
Aſſaracique Larem, et canae penetralia Veſtae,

As yonder bands in ſleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a ſecret path have found,
Cloſe by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of ſmoke ariſe.
If you permit, ſince fair occaſion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon ſhall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with ſpoils, and ſtriding o'er the ſlain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miſs the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we ſee the turrets riſe,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.
  Then thus Alethes, an illuſtrious ſage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age:
Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will ſpare the relics of the Trojan line,
Since you the boſoms of our youths inſpire
With ſuch high courage, ſuch determin'd fire.
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took
With tears of joy; and, panting, thus beſpoke:
Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to ſo great a deed?
The beſt and faireſt, all th' applauding ſky,
And your own conſcious virtue, ſhall ſupply;
The next, our great Æneas will beſtow,
And young Aſcanius' riper years ſhall owe.
Whatever boon ſuch merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.
  And I, brave Niſus! crys the royal boy,
Swear by the ſacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,

Obteſtor.

Obteſtor. quaecunque mihi fortuna fideſque eſt,
In veſtris pono gremiis, revocate parentem;
Reddite conſpectum. nihil illo triſte recepto.
Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aſpera ſignis
Pocula, devicta genitor quae cepit Ariſba;
Ac tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta,
Cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido.
Si vero capere Italiam, ſceptriſque potiri
Contigerit victori, et praedae ducere ſortem;
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
Aureus: ipſum illum, clypeum, criſtaſque rubentes
Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua praemia, Niſe.
Praeterea bis ſex genitor lectiſſima matrum
Corpora, captivoſque, dabit, ſuaque omnibus arma:
Inſuper his, campi quod rex habet ipſe Latinus.
Te vero, mea quem ſpatiis propioribus aetas

354. *When low in duſt.*] Theſe words *Devicta genitor quæ cepit Ariſba*, are falſly underſtood by moſt of the interpreters. They ſuppoſe, that Ariſba was taken and pillaged by the Trojans: on the contrary, it was a Trojan town, and one of the new dynaſties of Priam's kingdom. Virgil means, that theſe two bowls were ſav'd by Æneas, out of the ſacking of Ariſba, when it was taken by the Greeks.

Catrou.

Dr. Trapp tranſlates it,—Which my father took from ſack'd Ariſba.

359. *And when theſe vanquiſh'd kingdoms.*] This preſumption of Aſcanius, that Æneas would certainly ſucceed in gaining this new kingdom, is quite conſiſtent with the warmth and levity of a young mind.

363. *What late thou ſaw'ſt.*] A beautiful horſe, and fine armour, were objects which muſt naturally have made an impreſſion on the mind of one ſo young as Aſcanius. He therefore promiſes theſe, as eſteeming them a very great reward.

My

My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprize purſue.
Oh! to theſe longing eyes my ſire reſtore;
From that bleſt hour my ſorrows are no more.
Two ſilver bowls, whoſe ample margins ſhine,
All rais'd with coſtly ſculpture, ſhall be thine;
The ſame my conqu'ring father brought away,
When low in duſt the fair Ariſba lay:
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the pureſt gold:
With theſe a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Beſtow'd in Carthage on my royal ſire.
And, when theſe vanquiſh'd kingdoms are our own;
When my great father mounts the Latian thorne;
When our victorious hoſts by lot ſhall ſhare
The rich rewards, and glorious ſpoils, of war;
What late thou ſaw'ſt, when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courſer, helm, and golden ſhield;
That courſer, ſhield, and helm, of ſkill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Niſus, ſhall be thine.
My ſire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more—twelve females of diſtinguiſh'd charms;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundleſs plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whoſe years but juſt advance before my own,

Inſequitur, venerande puer, jam pectore toto
Accipio, et comitem caſus complector in omnes.
Nulla meis ſine te quaeretur gloria rebus:
Seu pacem, ſeu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum
Verborumque fides. contra quem talia fatur
Euryalus: me nulla dies tam fortibus auſis
Diſſimilem arguerit: tantum fortuna ſecunda,
Haud adverſa cadat. ſed te ſuper omnia dona
Unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente vetuſta
Eſt mihi, quam miſeram tenuit non Ilia tellus
Mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Aceſtae.
Hanc ego nunc ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli eſt,
Inque ſalutatam linquo; nox, et tua teſtis
Dextera, quod nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.
At tu, oro, ſolare inopem, et ſuccurre relictae.
Hanc ſine me ſpem ferre tui: audentior ibo
In caſus omnes. perculſa mente dederunt
Dardanidae lacrymas: ante omnes pulcher Iülus;
Atque animum patriae ſtrinxit pietatis imago.

381. *But one reward.*] The filial piety which Euryalus ſo paſſionately expreſſes, endears him to us, and prepoſſeſſes us greatly in his favour; and by that means, contributes to intereſt us ſo much the more in the ſucceſs of his adventure.

399. *Charm'd with.*] What an affecting picture is here! The brevity and ſimplicity of

—— Perculſa mente dederunt
Dardanidae lacrymas ——

is inimitable And how artfully does the poet, from this inſtance of Euryalus, take an opportunity of extolling the filial piety of Aſcanius!

No

No fortune henceforth from my ſoul ſhall part,
Still at my ſide, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counſels, thoughts, to ſhare;
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!
All, all my life, replies the youth, ſhall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
Tho' fortune only our attempt can bleſs,
Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs.
But one reward I aſk, before I go,
The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow.
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
From her, the danger of ſo dear a ſon:
To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childleſs; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone),
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a ſon!
With that dear hope, emboldened ſhall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.
Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But more than all, Aſcanius melts in tears,
To ſee the ſorrows of a duteous ſon,
And filial love, a love ſo like his own.

Tum ſic effatur:
Spondeo digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis.
Namque erit iſta mihi genetrix, nomenque Creüſae
Solum defuerit; nec partum gratia talem
Parva manet; caſus factum quicunque ſequentur.
Per caput hoc juro, per quod pater ante ſolebat,
Quae tibi polliceor reduci, rebuſque ſecundis,
Haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.
Sic ait illacrymans: humero ſimul exuit enſem
Auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
Gnoſſius, atque habilem vagina aptarat eburna.
Dat Niſo Mneſtheus pellem horrentiſque leonis
Exuvias: galeam fidus permutat Alethes.
Protinus armati incedunt: quos omnis euntes
Primorum manus ad portas, juvenumque, ſenumque,
Proſequitur votis: necnon et pulcher Iülus,
Ante annos animumque gerens curamque virilem,
Multa patri portanda dabat mandata; ſed aurae
Omnia diſcerpunt, et nubibus irrita donant.
Egreſſi ſuperant foſſas, noctiſque per umbram
Caſtra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri

Virgil, beſide the other proofs of his humanity and good-nature, appears to have a ſtrong idea of that ſwell in a good man's breaſt, which fills the eye with tears, on his hearing any great or good moral action or reſolution:

—— *Perculſa mente*, &c.

And this is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſcarce ever mentioned or deſcribed by any other of the antient writers.

Mr. Spence

414. *Gave to the pious youth.*]
Humero ſimul exuit enſem.

I pro-

I promiſe all, heroic youth! he ſaid,
That to ſuch matchleſs valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother ſtill ſhall be the ſame
Creüſa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune good or ill ſucceſs decree;
'Tis merit, ſure, to bear a ſon like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpoſe to beſtow,
When ſafe return'd, on thee, the ſame ſhall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole ſurviving race.
So ſpoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his coſtly ſword:
The ſword with wondrous art Lycaon made;
An ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the ſhining blade.
To Niſus, Mneſtheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care ſupply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' aſſembly waits,
With high applauſe, their progreſs to the gates.
Mature in wiſdom, far above his years,
The fair Iülus in the train appears,
And ſends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All loſt in wind, and ſcatter'd wide in air!
Now, favour'd by the ſhade, the warriors go,
Paſs the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,
With what large ſlaughter ſhall they bathe the ſhore!

Becauſe the belt hung from his ſhoulder, tho' the ſword by his ſide. So Book 8.

——*Lateri atque humeris Tegeæum ſubligat enſem.*

Exitio. paſſim vino ſomnoque per herbam
Corpora fuſa vident, arrectos litore currus,
Inter lora rotaſque viros; ſimul arma jacere,
Vina ſimul. prior Hyrtacides ſic ore locutus:
Euryale, audendum dextra. nunc ipſa vocat res.
Hac iter eſt. tu, ne qua manus ſe attollere nobis
A tergo poſſit, cuſtodi, et conſule longe.
Haec ego vaſta dabo, et lato te limite ducam.
Sic memorat, vocemque premit; ſimul enſe ſuperbum
Rhamnetem aggreditur, qui forte, tapetibus altis
Extructus, toto proflabat pectore ſomnum;
Rex idem, et regi Turno gratiſſimus augur:

429. *Immers'd in wine.*] This whole deſcription of the camp (the medley of debauch and war, as Mr. Dryden calls it), and of the ſlaughter in it, is a moſt maſterly piece of painting. Theſe ſtrokes particularly:

—— Paſſim vino ſomnoque per herbam
Corpora fuſa vident; arrectos littore currus,
Inter lora rotaſque, viros: ſimul arma jacere,
Vina ſimul.——
—— Enſe ſuperbum
Rhamnetem aggreditur; qui forte tapetibus altis
Extructus, toto proflabat pectore ſomnum.
—— Truncumque reliquit
Sanguine ſingultantem: atro tepefacta cruori
Terra, torique madent.——
—— Rhætum vigilantem, & cuncta videntem;
Sed magnum metuens ſe poſt cratera tegebat.
Pectore in adverſo totum cui cominus enſem
Condidit aſſurgenti, & multa morte recepit:
Purpuream vomit ille animam, *& cum ſanguine miſta*
Vina refert moriens.——

Eſpecially in that verſe, *Condidit aſſurgenti*, &c. we ſee his breaſt riſing full againſt the point of the ſword, and meeting it half way. But may not an objection be urged

All drench'd in wine and ſleep, lie ſtretch'd around,
The careleſs ſoldiers on the verdant ground,
Amidſt a pile of traces, wheels and reins,
And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.
Here lie the ſcatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confuſion of debauch and war.
Now, now, cries Niſus firſt, thy courage call;
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road: while I the paſſage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
From ſide to ſide, whole ſquadrons will I ſlay,
Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way.
With that, the youth in ſilence drew his ſword,
And ſtabb'd proud Rhamnes, a diſtinguiſh'd lord;
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd,

againſt this conduct? It is certainly none, to ſay (as ſome do) that it was cruel to kill ſo many men in their ſleep: they were enemies in war, and but two againſt a whole army. The difficulty is in point of probability; how they were able to do it, without being diſcover'd. 'Tis ſtrange that the whole army ſhould be dead drunk, or faſt aſleep; however debauched they had been. Nay, we are told, one was actually awake, and ſaw it all. 'Tis much he ſhould not cry out to alarm his friends; at leaſt after he was ſtabb'd, if he was afraid before. It is likewiſe very ſtrange, that theſe two adventurers themſelves ſhould not think they would come off very well, if they could get ſafe thro' the enemy's camp; without taking it into their thoughts, to do ſo much execution among them. To all this I have nothing to anſwer, but that the thing, tho' very ſtrange, is poſſible: and poſſible and probable in heroic poeſy ſignify much the ſame. If we deny it this boldneſs, we take away its greateſt beauty; which is, the marvellous and ſurpriſing. Trapp.

Sed non augurio potuit depellere peſtem.
Tres juxta famulos, temere inter tela jacentes,
Armigerumque Remi premit, aurigamque, ſub ipſis
Nactus equis, ferroque ſecat pendentia colla.
Tum caput ipſi aufert domino, truncumque relinquit
Sanguine ſingultantem: atro tepefacta cruore
Terra torique madent. nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque
Et juvenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte
Luſerat, inſignis facie, multoque jacebat
Membra deo victus: felix, ſi protinus illum
Aequaſſet nocti ludum, in lucemque tuliſſet.
Impaſtus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans,
Suadet enim veſana fames, manditque trahitque
Molle pecus mutumque metu: fremit ore cruento.
Nec minor Euryali caedes: incenſus et ipſe
Perfurit, ac multam in medio ſine nomine plebem,
Fadumque, Hebeſumque ſubit, Rhoetumque, Abarimque,
Ignaros, Rhoetum, vigilantem et cuncta videntem;
Sed magnum metuens ſe poſt cratera tegebat:

On the rich couch in ſlumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, ſlept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had ſtill foreſhown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Then on the 'ſquire of Remus fierce he flew;
And, as they ſlept, his three attendants ſlew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midſt the ſteeds, he ſlumber'd on the plain;
Laſt on their lord employ'd the deadly ſteel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood diſtains the couch around;
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus laſt, in all his ſprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outſtretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already ſpent in play;
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day.
Thus o'er th' unguarded fence, by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in ſilence lies the fleecy brood,
The ſavage rages in a foam of blood.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly ſword; but nameleſs crouds deſtroy'd.
Hebeſus, Fadus, as they ſlept, he goar'd;
But wakeful Rhæſus ſaw the ſlaught'ring ſword:
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, roſe again,

Pectore in adverſo totum cui cominus enſem
Condidit aſſurgenti, et multa morte recepit.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, et cum ſanguine miſta
Vina refert moriens. hic furto fervidus inſtat.
Jamque ad Meſſapi ſocios tendebat, ubi ignem
Deficere extremum, et religatos rite videbat
Carpere gramen equos: breviter cum talia Niſus,
Senſit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri,
Abſiſtamus, ait: nam lux inimica propinquat.
Poenarum exhauſtum ſatis eſt: via facta per hoſtes.
Multa virum ſolido argento perfecta relinquunt
Armaque, crateraſque ſimul, pulchroſque tapetas.
Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, et aurea bullis
Cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditiſſimus olim
Quae mittit dona, hoſpitio cum jungeret abſens,

475. *Plung'd the whole ſword.*]

—— *Et multa morte recepit.*

Dr. Trapp's tranſlation is remarkable,

—— And with abundant death
Receiv'd him ——

All the commentators (but one) apply *recepit* to the ſword, not to the man, i. e. *retraxit enſem multa morte*, i. e. *multo cruore tinctum*. But the image is much nobler, and the expreſſion far more poetical, as Dr. Trapp underſtands it, *recepit* [Rhætum] *multa morte*. The other was riſing up towards him, and he receives him with abundance of death; meaning the full ſtroke which he had at his breaſt. Which (as obſerved in the foregoing note) is deſcribed by the very ſound of the verſe, as riſing full againſt the point of the ſword, and meeting it half way. La Cerda is the only expoſitor, who interprets this expreſſion like Dr. Trapp, *Recepit dira hoſpitalitate*. Some read *inulta*, for which there

The

The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,
Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-bury'd in his breaſt;
With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd;
The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.
So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Meſſapus' tents they came,
The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,
Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Niſus warn'd him; for he ſaw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy;
Enough of death—our ſwords have hew'd the way—
We ſtand detected by the dawning day.
They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.
But yet the fond Euryalus would ſtay,
Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey;
The ſhining trappings Rhamnes' courſers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore.
Of old, to Remulus was ſent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of ſocial ties;

is the authority of one MS. in Italy, as we are told by Waddelius, *in loc.*

494. *Of old, to Remulus.*] It was antiently a cuſtom, ſays Mr. Pope [note ver. 313. ll. 10.], to make theſe military preſents to brave adventurers. So Jonathan in the firſt book of Sam. ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments even to his ſword, and his bow, and his girdle, chap. viii. v. 4.

Caedicus:

Caedicus: ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti:
Poſt mortem bello Rutuli praedaque potiti.
Haec rapit, atque humeris nequicquam fortibus aptat.
Tum galeam Meſſapi habilem criſtiſque decoram
Induit. excedunt caſtris, et tuta capeſſunt.
Interea praemiſſi equites ex urbe Latina,
Caetera dum legio campis inſtructa moratur,
Ibant, et Turno regi reſponſa ferebant,
Tercentum, ſcutati omnes, Volſcente magiſtro.
Jamque propinquabant caſtris, muroſque ſubibant,
Cum procul hos laevo flectentes limite cernunt:
Et galea Euryalum ſubluſtri noctis in umbra
Prodidit immemorem, radiiſque adverſa refulſit.
Haud temere eſt viſum. conclamat ab agmine Volſcens,
State, viri: quae cauſa viae? quive eſtis in armis?
Quove tenetis iter? nihil illi tendere contra:
Sed celerare fugam in ſilvas, et fidere nocti.
Objiciunt equites ſeſe ad divortia nota
Hinc atque hinc, omnemque abitum cuſtode coronant.

496. *Which with his grandſon.*]
Ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti.
This is a Greek mode of ſpeaking, as ἔδωκεν ἔχειν.

510. *Euryalus' bright helm.*] The diſcovery of our adventurers is finely conducted. They are detected merely by ſo ſlight a circumſtance, as that of an helmet reflecting the moon-beams. What can be more natural than this! The beauty of this diſcovery conſiſts in the ſlightneſs of the circumſtance which occaſioned it. We are to remember too, that they are betray'd by part of the ſpoil they had been juſt taking, Meſſapus's helmet. See note on ver. 621. B. 7.

Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,
And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next, with Meſſapus' helm, his brows he ſpread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, fluſh'd with ſlaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and ſeek a ſafer way.
Meantime, the Daunian hero to ſupport,
Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court;
Three hundred horſe, while ſlow the foot ſucceed,
Fly ſwift before, with Volſcens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
And, on the left, the hapleſs youths ſurvey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the moon in all her glory play'd.
'Tis not for nought, thoſe youths appear; declare
(Cries the ſtern gen'ral) who, and whence you are;
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?
Nought they reply, but took their ſudden flight
To the thick foreſts, and the ſhades of night.
But the fierce warriors ſpurr'd their ſteeds, and ſtood
All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.

512. *'Tis not for nought.*] *Haud temere*, &c. that is, *non otioſe, ſegniter*, and conſequently not in vain. Some refer *haud temere eſt viſum* to the poet's narration; but I think it comes with much more advantage from the mouth of this watchful leader.

Silva fuit, late dumis atque ilice nigra
Horrida, quam denſi complerant undique ſentes:
Rara per occultos ducebat ſemita calles.
Euryalum tenebrae ramorum oneroſaque praeda
Impediunt, fallitque timor regione viarum.
Niſus abit; jamque imprudens evaſerat hoſtes,
Atque lacus, qui poſt, Albae de nomine, dicti
Albani: tum rex ſtabula alta Latinus habebat.
Ut ſtetit, et fruſtra abſentem reſpexit amicum:
Euryale, infelix qua te regione reliqui?
Quave ſequar? rurſus perplexum iter omne revolvens
Fallacis ſilvae, ſimul et veſtigia retro
Obſervata legit, dumiſque ſilentibus errat.
Audit equos, audit ſtrepitus, et ſigna ſequentum.
Nec longum in medio tempus; cum clamor ad aures
Pervenit, ac videt Euryalum: quem jam manus omnis,
Fraude loci et noctis, ſubito turbante tumultu,
Oppreſſum rapit, et conantem plurima fruſtra.
Quid faciat? qua vi juvenem, quibus audeat armis

520. *And trees and brakes.*]

Rara per occultos ducebat ſemita calles.

Servius takes *ſemita* for a path made by men; *calles* for the tracks worn by cattle. *Rara ſemita* may ſignify either *paucæ ſemitæ*, according to Rueus; like *Rara avis* in Juvenal, and *rarus emptor* in Pliny: or narrow; Dr. Trapp has taken both,

—— few narrow paths, &c.

Servius ſays, *raro lucens*; for, inſtead of *ducebat*, ſome read *lucebat*, which I think a more elegant reading.

528. *There ſtood the mournful youth.*] Never was diſtreſs more ſtrongly painted than this! He looks back for his beſt-beloved friend, but in vain: He retraces his ſteps thro' the mazes of the ſilent wood, *dumiſque ſilentibus*, and on a ſud-

O'er-

O'ergrown and wild, the darkſome foreſt lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.
Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Diſtreſs'd Euryalus for ſhelter flies;
But miſs'd the turnings, in his wild ſurprize.
Not ſo, ſwift Niſus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th'endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet courſers of Latinus fed.
There ſtood the mournful youth; and, from the plain,
Caſt a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
Where ſhall I find (he cry'd) the hapleſs boy?
Then he retrac'd his former ſteps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood.
The trampling ſteeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind.
Here, while he paus'd, a gen'ral ſhout he heard;
And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
And pathleſs thickets, intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours croud the gath'ring train
Around the captive, who reſiſts in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what ſuccours, to redeem the boy?

den hears the ſound of approaching horſemen: At laſt he perceives his friend ſurrounded by the enemy. *Quid faciat?* in this place, is finely introduced by the poet. His prayer to Diana, before he throws his ſpear, is moſt affecting, and ſuitable to his circumſtances.

Eripere?

Eripere? an ſeſe medios moriturus in hoſtes
Inferat, et pulchram properet per vulnera mortem?
Ocius adducto torquens haſtile lacerto,
Suſpiciens altam lunam, ſic voce precatur:
Tu dea, tu praeſens noſtro ſuccurre labori,
Aſtrorum decus, et nemorum Latonia cuſtos.
Si qua tuis unquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
Dona tulit, ſi qua ipſe meis venatibus auxi,
Suſpendive tholo, aut ſacra ad faſtigia fixi;
Hunc ſine me turbare globum, et rege tela per auras.
Dixerat: et toto conniſus corpore, ferrum
Conjicit. haſta volans noctis diverberat umbras,
Et venit adverſi in tergum Sulmonis, ibique
Frangitur, ac fiſſo tranſit praecordia ligno.
Volvitur ille, vomens calidum de pectore flumen
Frigidus, et longis ſingultibus ilia pulſat.
Diverſi circumſpiciunt. hoc acrior idem
Ecce aliud ſumma telum librabat ab aure;
Dum trepidant. it haſta Tago per tempus utrumque
Stridens, trajectoque haeſit tepefacta cerebro.
Saevit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quo ſe ardens immittere poſſit.
Tu tamen interea calido mihi ſanguine poenas
Perſolves amborum, inquit: ſimul enſe recluſo

562. *The crouds.*] This is a fine image, and an elegant expreſſion, *Diverſi circumſpiciunt*; it is borrowed from the Medea of Pacuvius,

Diverſi circumſpicimus, horror percipit.

566. *Now, mad for vengeance.*] The rage of Volſcens, upon the death of his ſoldiers, heightens our fear. But when

Or thro' th' embattled ſquadrons ſhall he fly,
And, preſt by hoſtile numbers, nobly die?
Then on the moon he caſt a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed jav'lin ſhook:
Great guardian goddeſs of the woods! (he cries)
Pride of the ſtars, and empreſs of the ſkies!
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy ſhrine
For his dear ſon, and ſought thy pow'r divine,
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And grac'd thy ſacred roof with ſavage ſpoils;
Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
But, wing'd with death, diſperſe the hoſtile train.
This ſaid; with all his ſtrength the ſpear he threw;
Swift thro' the parting ſhade the weapon flew.
In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring ſtood,
And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;
While in thick ſobs he gaſp'd his ſoul away.
The crouds gaze round; when lo! a ſecond flies,
Fierce as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies.
Thro' Tagus' temples, o'er the ſhrinking train,
It flew, and ſunk deep-bury'd in the brain.
Now, mad for vengeance, Volſcens ſtorm'd, nor found
The daring author of the diſtant wound:
But thy curſt blood ſhall pay for both, he ſaid;
Then ruſh'd impetuous with the flaming blade

Niſus ſees him running upon his friend, with his drawn ſword, we are almoſt in as great a fright, and in as much confuſion, as he. TRAPP.

Ibat

Ibat in Euryalum. tum vero, exterritus, amens
Conclamat Niſus: nec ſe celare tenebris
Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
Me, me, adſum, qui feci, in me convertite ferrum,
O Rutuli. mea fraus omnis; nihil iſte nec auſus,

574. *Me, me, to me alone.*] Ariſtotle adviſes epic writers to intermix the tragic in their works. It is the epic poem, ſays he, which furniſhes matter for tragedy; and Homer in his two poems has exhibited an infinity of actions, proper for the heroic ſtage. He ſays likewiſe, that the dramatic ſpecies has great advantages over the epic.

Laſtly, the ſame critic, after having laid it down as a rule, that the epic and the dramatic poem are both an imitation of an action; but that the epopœia imitates by reciting, and the drama by placing before our eyes each particular actor, who has his reſpective ſhare in the action, adds theſe words: It is neceſſary, that a poem which is carried on by narration, and whoſe imitation is in words, ſhould approach as near as poſſible to the dramatic manner of tragedy. δεῖ τὰς μύθους καθάπερ ἐν ταῖς τραγῳδίαις ζυνιστάναι δραματικάς. Virgil underſtood the importance of this precept. He has obſerved it in many parts of his Æneid; but one would think, he had made it his buſineſs to give this epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus all the beauties of tragedy. 1. His narrative is as buſy and active, as that of the drama. The poet ſays but little in his own perſon, but makes his actors ſay a great deal. What he ſays himſelf, is only to make out the neceſſary connexions between the ſpeeches which he puts into the mouth ſometimes of Niſus, ſometimes of Euryalus, and ſometimes of his mother. Think that you ſee each of them delivering their ſentiments on the ſtage. 2. He attributes to his heroes manners intirely agreeable to tragedy. To move compaſſion for the perſonages repreſented in the theatre, it is not proper to form their characters ſo perfect (ſays Ariſtotle), that their miſery ſhould provoke the indignation of the ſpectator againſt the gods, when he ſees them fallen, or ready to fall, into misfortune. Nor muſt they be painted ſo vitious, that they may raiſe rather abhorrence for their perſons, than pity for their misfortunes.

Againſt

Againſt the trembling boy—with wild affright,
All-pale, confus'd, diſtracted at the ſight,
From his cloſe covert Niſus ruſh'd in view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
Here ſheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.

Foibles and faults of a lighter kind, joined with a good deal of virtue, make the hero of a tragedy deſerve our tears. Euryalus is here completely formed to become the object of our moſt tender compaſſion. His birth, his beauty, his youth, his valour, his fidelity to his friend; his imprudence in wearing an helmet, by which he is diſcovered; his loading himſelf with ſpoils, that retard his march; ſo natural for a young warrior; all theſe circumſtances excite a compaſſion for him, not mingled or daſh'd with any other ſentiment.

3. All the incidents of this tragic epiſode are prepared and conducted after the manner of the moſt regular drama. Theſe two friends do not depart from the Trojan camp, till the poet has taken care to give us an inſight into their characters. We are not ignorant of their friendſhip founded upon virtue, *Niſus amore pio pueri*, nor of the age of the young Euryalus, *Mea quem ſpatiis proprioribus ætas inſequitur*; nor of his noble birth, his mother being deſcended from Priam, *Priami de gente vetuſta*. We are informed of the ſubject of their departure, in which, without doubt, the whole colony is intereſted,—*That of going to ſeek for Æneas*. Thus we have what Ariſtotle calls, the beginning of the poem, or the protaſis; which is employed in acquainting us with the perſons intereſted in the action. Next follows the plot, or complication of circumſtances; this is accompanied with peripeties, that is to ſay, changes in the ſituation of the heroes. Our two friends march towards the camp of the Rutulians. Nothing is more happy than this beginning. Volſcens comes upon them with a party of the enemy; Niſus and Euryalus are diſcovered: another peripetie changing good into bad. Soon after one of them finds himſelf in a foreſt, the night being very dark. Our apprehenſions leſt theſe two friends ſhould be ſlain, are ſuſpended by the hopes of ſeeing them eſcape. This is a ſecond part of the drama, which the maſters of that art term the epitaſis. Laſtly, Eu-

Nec potuit: coelum hoc, et conſcia ſidera teſtor.
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.
Talia dicta dabat: ſed viribus enſis adactus
Tranſabiit coſtas, et pectora candida rumpit.
Volvitur Euryalus letho, pulchroſque per artus
It cruor, inque humeros cervix collapſa recumbit.
Purpureus veluti cum flos ſucciſus aratro
Langueſcit moriens; laſſove papavera collo
Demiſere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.
At Niſus ruit in medios, ſolumque per omnes
Volſcentem petit: in ſolo Volſcente moratur.
Quem circum glomerati hoſtes, hinc cominus atque hinc
Proturbant. inſtat non ſecius, ac rotat enſem
Fulmineum; donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
Condidit adverſo, et moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.
Tum ſuper exanimem ſeſe projecit amicum
Confoſſus, placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

ryalus is ſurpriſed by an ambuſcade; his friend endeavours to reſcue him from the ſurrounding ſoldiers; but, overpower'd by the Rutulians, he dies; and Niſus, to revenge his death, wounds Volſcens, who had killed him; himſelf expires upon the body of Euryalus. This is the unravelling, and the cataſtrophe. Nothing is wanting to this tragic event, but the pomp of ſcenery. But that, ſays Ariſtotle, does not belong to the province of the poet. The muſician and the artificer partake with the poet the honour of the drama, by the decorations, and the harmony of the chorus. Catrou.

585. *Flow'r*] This ſimile, copied from Homer, is finely improved by the Roman author (ſays Pope) with the particulars of, *Succiſus aratro*, and *laſſo collo*. But it may be obſerved in favour of Homer, that the circumſtances of the head being oppreſs'd, and weigh'd down with the helmet, is ſo remarkably juſt, that it is a wonder Virgil omitted it;

By

By yon bright ſtars, by each immortal god,
His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
Nor could, nor durſt the boy the deed intend;
His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
Was too much love to his unhappy friend!
  In vain he ſpoke, for ah! the ſword, addreſt
With ruthleſs rage, had pierc'd his lovely breaſt.
With blood his ſnowy limbs are purpled o'er,
And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the ſhare, lies languid on the ground;
Or ſome tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain
Bends the faint head, and ſinks upon the plain;
So fair, ſo languiſhingly ſweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!
  Now midſt the foe, diſtracted Niſus flew;
Volſcens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
The gath'ring train the furious youth ſurround;
Dart follows dart, and wound ſucceeds to wound;
All, all, unfelt; he ſeeks their guilty lord;
In firy circles flies his thund'ring ſword;
Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the deſtin'd way;
And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.
Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry ſide,
Brave Niſus ſlew the murd'rer as he dy'd;
Then, on the dear Euryalus his breaſt,
Sunk down, and ſlumber'd in eternal reſt.

and the rather, becauſe he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the helmet of Euryalus, that diſcover'd and occaſion'd the death of this young hero, and his friend. Iliad. 8. 371.

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo;
Dum domus Æneae Capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.
Victores praeda Rutuli ſpoliiſque potiti,
Volſcentem exanimum flentes in caſtra ferebant.
Nec minor in caſtris luctus, Rhamnete reperto
Exſangui, et primis una tot caede peremtis,
Serranoque, Numaque. ingens concurſus ad ipſa
Corpora, ſemineceſque viros, tepidaque recentem
Caede locum, et plenos ſpumanti ſanguine rivos.
Agnoſcunt ſpolia inter ſe, galeamque nitentem
Meſſapi, et multo phaleras ſudore receptas.

606. *Or Rome's majeſtic lord.*] *Pater, parens,* and *genitor,* are often uſed by the Roman writers for ruler or governor:

—— *Jupiter arces*
Temperat aethereas, & mundi regna triformis;
Terra ſub Auguſto; pater eſt & rector uterque.
Ov. Met. 15. 860.

Statius calls Domitian *Parens Latius,* Sylv. 1, 2, 178.

—— *Cum jam, genitor, lucebis ab omni*
Parte poli —— V. Flaccum Arg. 1. 17.

He had called him *ſancte pater* too before, ver. 11. Thus Ovid to Auguſtus:

Sancte pater patriæ, tibi plebs, tibi curia nomen
Hoc dedit; hoc dedimus nos tibi nomen eques.
Faſt. 2. 126.

How literally true, ſee Suetonius, in Auguſt. c. 58. The name of *reges* was generally uſed with ſome ſort of contempt by the Roman writers. *Imperator* ſignify'd the ſame as a general, with us. *Pater* ſignify'd a ruler, a preſerver, and father of the people.

Auguſtus was cautious of taking too high a title: *Non aliud diſcordantis patriæ remedium fuiſſe, quin ut ab uno rege-*

Hail,

Hail, happy pair! if fame our verſe can give,
From age to age, your memory ſhall live;
Long as th' imperial capitol ſhall ſtand,
Or Rome's majeſtic lord the conquer'd world command!
The victors firſt divide the gaudy prey;
Then to the camp their breathleſs chief convey:
There too a ſcene of gen'ral grief appears;
There, crouds of ſlaughter'd princes claim their tears.
Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapleſs friends they found,
Some pale, in death, ſome gaſping on the ground.
With copious ſlaughter all the field was dy'd,
And ſtreams of gore run thick on ev'ry ſide.
All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought;
But mourn the fatal prize, ſo dearly bought.

retur: non regno tantum, neque dictatura, ſed principis nomine conſtitutam rempublicam. *Tacitus* (where he is ſpeaking for and againſt Auguſtus) An. Lib. 1.

Virgil in other places uſes *genitor* and *pater* for governor, Æn. 1. 154. G. 4. 382.

Theſe words had long been uſed in that ſenſe; perhaps ever ſince the firſt governments, which were by fathers. It was a mild humane name for a governor; and perhaps has a particular propriety for a Roman governor; for *pater* uſed by way of eminence, the ſenator, or chief ſenator, and *princeps ſenatus*, are almoſt univocal terms. To this may be added, that one of the moſt common inſcriptions on Auguſtus's medals is, that of AUGUSTUS PATER. Thus Horace uſes it of Auguſtus; *Hic ames dici pater atque princeps.* Od. 1. 2. 50. And of Jupiter, where too he is complimenting Auguſtus:

Gentis humanæ pater atque cuſtos!
Orte Saturno! tibi cura magni
Cæſaris fatis data! tu ſecundo
Cæſare regnes.

Ib. Od. 12. SPENCE.

Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile:
Jam ſole infuſo, jam rebus luce retectis,
Turnus in arma viros, armis circundatus ipſe,
Suſcitat, aerataſque acies in praelia cogit:
Quiſque ſuos, variiſque acuunt rumoribus iras.
Quin ipſa arrectis, viſu miſerabile! in haſtis
Praefigunt capita, et multo clamore ſequuntur,
Euryali et Niſi.
Aeneadae duri murorum in parte ſiniſtra
Oppoſuere aciem, nam dextera cingitur amni,
Ingenteſque tenent foſſas, et turribus altis
Stant moeſti: ſimul ora virum praefixa videbant,
Nota nimis miſeris, atroque fluentia tabo.
Interea pavidam volitans pennata per urbem
Nuncia fama ruit, matriſque allabitur aures
Euryali: at ſubitus miſerae calor oſſa reliquit.
Excuſſi manibus radii, revolutaque penſa.
Evolat infelix, et foemineo ululatu,
Sciſſa comam, muros amens atque agmina curſu
Prima petit. non illa virum, non illa pericli,
Telorumque memor: coelum dehinc queſtibus implet:
Hunc ego te, Euryale, aſpicio? tune, illa ſenectae

635. *Now to the mother's ears*] Tho' (ſays Dr. Trapp) what is commonly and ſtrictly call'd the epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus, concludes with their death, at ver. 449 *Imperiumque pater*, &c. yet the lamentation which is made by the mother of the latter, moſt agreeably brings us back to that ſubject, when we thought it was entirely ended. And whether we call it a part of that epiſode, or the ſequel of it, is not at all material. However that be, it certainly equals, if not excels, any part of it.

Now,

Now, dappled ſtreaks of light Aurora ſhed,
And ruddy roſe from Tithon's ſaffron bed:
Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day.
When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
Firſt arm'd himſelf; then call'd the hoſt to arms.
The chiefs their ſoldiers to the field excite,
Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
On pointed ſpears, a dreadful ſight! they bore
The heads of both the hapleſs youths, before;
With barb'rous joy ſurvey the bloody prize,
And ſhout, and follow with triumphant cries.
The Trojans, on the left, ſuſtain the fight
From their high walls; the river guards the right.
They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
Thick on the ramparts ſtand the penſive train,
And know the heads too well, tho' cover'd o'er
With ſanguine ſtains, and all-deform'd with gore.
Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,
Her ſon, her dear Euryalus, was dead:
The vital warmth her trembling limbs forſook,
She dropp'd the ſhuttle, and with horror ſhook;
With hair diſhevell'd from the walls ſhe flies,
And rends the air with agonizing cries;
Breaks thro' the foremoſt troops in wild deſpair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.
And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?

643. *And is it thus.*] The manner, in which Euryalus's mother is affected, on hearing the fatal news of her ſon's

Sera meae requies, potuiſti linquere ſolam,
Crudelis? nec te, ſub tanta pericula miſſum,
Affari extremum miſerae data copia matri?
Heu, terra ignota, canibus data praeda Latinis
Alitibuſque, jaces! nec te tua funera mater
Produxi, preſſive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
Veſte tegens; tibi quam noctes feſtina dieſque
Urgebam, et tela curas ſolabar aniles.
Quo ſequar? aut quae nunc artus avolſaque membra,
Et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
Nate, refers? hoc ſum terraque marique ſecuta?
Figite me, ſi qua eſt pietas, in me omnia tela
Conjicite, o Rutuli, me primam abſumite ferro.

death, is highly moving; but the ſpeech which ſhe breaks out into on the occaſion is ſtill more pathetic; the circumſtances of diſtreſs are all finely choſen, and expreſt in a moſt ſtriking manner. What a beginning is that!

Hunc ego te, Euryale, aſpicio?

Scaliger (ſays Dr. Trapp) had reaſon to be in raptures upon it; for there is nothing in the fourth book itſelf more moving and pathetical.

651. *Nor did thy mother.*]

—— Nec te tua funera mater
Produxi.——

Catrou tranſlates this paſſage, "*Nor was it permitted me to conduct you. — what have I ſaid? to conduct your corpſe to the tomb.*" In this interpretation he follows Donatus; who obſerves, that the afflicted mother is obliged by the violence of her grief, to make this abrupt ſtop in the middle of her ſpeech *Nec te——: Hic quoque aliud dictura fuit*, ſays he. To this explication of Donatus, Catrou ſubjoins, that ſhe makes here a correction of what ſhe had ſaid, *Nec te produxi*, I did not conduct *you*; what have I ſaid? I would have ſaid your dead body, *immo tua funera*. This interpretation is truly

And

And could'ſt thou fly, my child, to certain harms?
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?
So fond a mother?—nor thy purpoſe tell?
Nor let me take my laſt, my ſad, farewel?
A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies,
And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian ſkies!
Nor did thy mother cloſe thy eyes in death,
Compoſe thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanſe the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My taſk all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, thy abſence to ſuſtain,
For thee, my child;—but, wove, alas! in vain.
Where ſhall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains?
How on thy face theſe longing eyes I fed!
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that, the ſole ſad relic of my ſon?
That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch deſtroy;
Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:

poetical; without recurring to the uncertain explication of the word *funera*, as ſome of the commentators have done.

653. *Nor bathe.*] Imitated from Ennius, in Creſphonte.

Neque terram injicere, neque cruenta
Conveſtire mihi corpora licuit;
Neque miſeræ lavere lacrymæ ſalſum ſanguinem.

Aut

Aut tu, magne pater divum, miſerere, tuoque
Inviſum hoc detrude caput ſub Tartara telo;
Quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere vitam.
Hoc fletu concuſſi animi, moeſtuſque per omnes
It gemitus: torpent infractae ad praelia vires.
Illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor,
Ilionei monitu et multum lacrymantis Iüli,
Corripiunt, interque manus ſub tecta reponunt.
At tuba terribilem ſonitum procul aere canoro
Increpuit. ſequitur clamor, coelumque remugit.
Accelerant, acta pariter teſtudine, Volſci,
Et foſſas implere parant, ac vellere vallum.
Quaerunt pars aditum, et ſcalis aſcendere muros,
Qua rara eſt acies, interlucetque corona
Non tam ſpiſſa viris. telorum effundere contra
Omne genus Teucri, ac duris detrudere contis,
Aſſueti longo muros defendere bello.

681. *Now the ſhrill.*] After this exquiſite piece of pathos, and the damp ſtruck into the Trojans by the lamentations of this diſtracted mother, how are we rouſed at the ſudden ſound of the trumpet!

At tuba terribilem ſonitum procul ære canoro
Increpuit.

It is to be obſerved, that the warlike action (I mean what may be called the regular warlike action) begins with theſe fine lines.

683. *The deaf'ning clamours riſe.*] It was cuſtomary with the Romans to begin the engagement with loud ſhouts. This practice was derived from the antient Italians. Livy tells us, that the ſhouts of the Romans, in engaging the Carthaginians, ſo frightened the elephants of the enemy, that they turned back upon them.

685. *Strait, in a ſhell.*] See the teſtudo deſcribed in note on ver. 559. B. 2.

Or

Or with thy bolts, o Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the ſhades below.
Strike—and I'll bleſs the ſtroke, that ſets me free;
'Tis eaſe, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!
Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear for tear.
Their courage ſlackens; and the frantic dame
With her wild anguiſh damps the martial flame.
But young Aſcanius, while his ſorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the guſh of woe,
With great Ilioneus, commands the train
To bear the matron to her tent again.
Now the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangors animates the war.
The troops ruſh on; the deaf'ning clamours riſe,
And the long ſhouts run echoing round the ſkies.
Strait, in a * ſhell, their ſhields the Volſcians threw;
And the cloſe cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp ſurround,
And tug th'aſpiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
They fix their ſcaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans miſſive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repel the riſing foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.

* *Subter teſtudine.*

Saxa

Saxa quoque infeſto volvebant pondere, ſi qua
Poſſent tectam aciem perrumpere: cum tamen omnes
Ferre libet ſubter denſa teſtudine caſus.
Nec jam ſufficiunt. nam, qua globus imminet ingens,
Immanem Teucri molem volvuntque ruuntque;
Quae ſtravit Rutulos late, armorumque reſolvit
Tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte
Amplius audaces Rutuli, ſed pellere vallo
Miſſilibus certant.

Parte alia horrendus viſu quaſſabat Etruſcam
Pinum, et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignes.
At Meſſapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
Reſcindit vallum, et ſcalas in moenia poſcit.

Vos, o Calliope, precor aſpirate canenti;
Quas ibi tum ferro ſtrages, quae funera, Turnus
Ediderit; quem quiſque virum demiſerit orco;
Et mecum ingentes oras evolvite belli:
Et meminiſtis enim, divae, et memorare poteſtis.

Turris erat vaſto ſuſpectu, et pontibus altis,
Opportuna loco; ſummis quam viribus omnes
Expugnare Itali, ſummaque evertere opum vi

713. *What foes each hero.*]
—— *Quem quiſque virum demiſerit orco.*
This is a tranſlation of Homer's,
Πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς ἄϊδι προΐαψεν.
Virgil ſeems to have render'd the verb προΐαψεν in this place, by *demiſerit*; which in another place he renders by *miſerit*. Therefore the Greek ſcholiaſts upon Homer are miſtaken, who interpret προΐαψεν ἀντὶ τοῦ πρὸ τῆς εἱμαρμένης ἔπεμψεν. Fulvius Ursinus.

715. *Thoſe mighty deeds.*] Catrou underſtands by *mecum ingentes oras evolvite belli, Conduct me to the end of the war*; the expreſſion is drawn from Ennius,

Long,

Long, with huge pointed ſtones, they ſtrove in vain,
To burſt the cov'ring of the hoſtile train.
Yet ſtill the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.
At length the Trojans, with a mighty ſhock,
Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embody'd ſquadron ſpreads,
Th' enormous maſs came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke thro' the ſhining arch, and cruſh'd the train;
And with a length of ſlaughter ſmok'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a diſtant combat wage.
  There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And toſt within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!—while bold Meſſapus calls
To ſcale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls.
  Ye ſacred nine, inſpire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' ſlaught'ring ſword:
What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,
Each death diſplay, and open all the war!
Thoſe mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye muſes! to the world below.
  Full o'er the wall a turret roſe on high,
Stage above ſtage, unrivall'd, to the ſky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full ſtrength, their whole collected war.

Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?
Annal. B. 6.

Certa-

Certabant: Troës contra defendere ſaxis,
Perque cavas denſi tela intorquere feneſtras.
Princeps ardentem conjecit lampada Turnus,
Et flammam affixit lateri; quae plurima vento
Corripuit tabulas, et poſtibus haeſit adeſis.
Turbati trepidare intus, fruſtraque malorum
Velle fugam. dum ſe glomerant, retroque reſidunt
In partem, quae peſte caret; tum pondere turris
Procubuit ſubito, et coelum tonat omne fragore.
Semineces ad terram, immani mole ſecuta,
Confixique ſuis telis, et pectora duro
Transfoſſi ligno, veniunt. vix unus Helenor,
Et Lycus elapſi: quorum primaevus Helenor,
Maeonio regi quem ſerva Lycimnia furtim
Suſtulerat, vetitiſque ad Trojam miſerat armis,
Enſe levis nudo, parmaque inglorius alba.
Iſque ubi ſe Turni media inter millia vidit;
Hinc acies, atque hinc acies adſtare Latinas:

741. *His beauteous ſlave.*] Virgil and Apollonius Rhodius (whom Virgil imitates by an odd kind of affectation) attribute more bravery to the illegitimate brother (for they have both introduced two brothers) than to the legitimate one. CATROU.

746. *Light was his ſword.*] The original is, *Enſe levis nudo.* There is a difference to be made (ſays Catrou) between thoſe troops which were armed with a buckler and javelin, and thoſe which were only armed with a ſword. Virgil ſays above, ſpeaking of a ſquadron of horſe, *tercentum ſcutati omnes:* this was for diſtinction-ſake. Helenor was a ſoldier lightly arm'd, *levis*, and had no weapon beſides his ſword; for the word *nudo* is here to be underſtood *ſolo.* It is true that he wore a round buckler, called *parma*; but he did not make uſe either of arrows, or a lance.

Vaſt

Vaſt fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Cloſe to the ſides the flaming miſchief hung;
Then, thund'ring thro' the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the ſtructure flew.
With headlong ſpeed th'impriſon'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the ſpreading fire.
While on one ſide their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burſt, the crackling walls give way,
The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the ſound.
With the proud ſtructure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the ſmoky ruins, to the plain.
Their ſouls cruſh'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.
Sav'd from the gen'ral fate, but two remain,
And ah! thoſe hapleſs two were ſav'd in vain!
Unbleſs'd Helenor, moſt advanc'd in years,
At once encompaſt by the foe appears;
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous ſlave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.
Tho' born of ſervile blood, the gen'rous boy
In arms forbidden ſought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field;
Light was his ſword; and unadorn'd his ſhield.
At firſt with wild ſurprize the youth deſcry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry ſide;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins riſe,
Fierce on the cloſe embattled war he flies.

Ut fera, quae, denſa venantum ſepta corona,
Contra tela furit, ſeſeque haud neſcia morti
Injicit, et ſaltu ſupra venabula fertur:
Haud aliter juvenis medios moriturus in hoſtes
Irruit; et, qua tela videt denſiſſima, tendit.
At pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hoſtes,
Inter et arma, fuga muros tenet; altaque certat
Prendere tecta manu, ſociumque attingere dextras.
Quem Turnus, pariter curſu teloque ſecutus,
Increpat his victor: noſtraſne evadere, demens,
Speraſti te poſſe manus? ſimul arripit ipſum
Pendentem, et magna muri cum parte revellit.
Qualis ubi aut leporem, aut candenti corpore cycnum,
Suſtulit alta petens pedibus Jovis armiger uncis:
Quaeſitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum
Martius a ſtabulis rapuit lupus. undique clamor
Tollitur. invadunt, et foſſas aggere complent.
Ardentes taedas alii ad faſtigia jactant.
Ilioneus, ſaxo atque ingenti fragmine montis,
Lucetium, portae ſubeuntem igneſque ferentem;
Emathiona Liger, Chorinaeum ſternit Aſylas;
Hic jaculo bonus, hic longe fallente ſagitta.

765. *So Jove's.*] Helenor is compared to a tiger, or a leopard, who makes his way thro' the weapons of the hunters: Lycas is compared to an hare, or a lamb. Theſe compariſons are proportion'd to the bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other. CATROU.

So the ſtern ſavage, whom the train ſurrounds
Of ſhouting hunters, ſteeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of ſpears.
But ſwifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Tho' jav'lins hiſs, and ſwords around him play;
Flies to the walls and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For cloſe behind the furious Turnus flew:
Fool! couldſt thou hope to 'ſcape when I purſue,
Tho' ſwifter than the wind? (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he ſeiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire diſmay,
Tugg'd him with half the ſhatter'd wall away.
So Jove's imperial bird, thro' fields of air,
Snatches the ſnowy ſwan or quiv'ring hare:
So the grim prowling wolf, amidſt her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments her ſlaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud ſhouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hoſtile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets toſs the blazing brands.
As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tow'r'd in the front, and ſhook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior ſlew.
Young Liger's certain ſpear, Emathion ſped;
Aſylas' ſhaft laid Chorinæus dead.

Ortygium Caeneus, victorem Caenea Turnus;
Turnus Ityn, Cloniumque, Dioxippum, Promulumque,
Et Sagarim, et ſummis ſtantem pro turribus Idan;
Privernum Capys. hunc primo levis haſta Themillae
Strinxerat; ille manum, projecto tegmine, demens
Ad vulnus tulit: ergo alis allapſa ſagitta,
Et laevo affixa eſt lateri manus, abditaque intus
Spiramenta animae lethali volnere rumpit.
Stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis;
Pictus acu chlamydem, et ferrugine clarus Ibera,
Inſignis facie: genitor quem miſerat Arcens,
Eductum Martis luco, Symaethia circum
Flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici.
Stridentem fundam, poſitis Mezentius armis,
Ipſe ter adducta circum caput egit habena;
Et media adverſi liquefacto tempora plumbo
Diffidit, ac multa porrectum extendit arena.
Tum primum bello celerem intendiſſe ſagittam
Dicitur, aute feras ſolitus terrere fugaces,

795. *Palicus' loaded altars.*] Palicus, or rather the Palici, were two brothers, whom the Sicilians rank'd among the gods; they were the ſons of Jupiter and Thalia, one of the daughters of Vulcan; or rather of Vulcan himſelf, and the nymph Æthna. Theſe Palici gave oracles, and were reputed, in doubtful matters, to have the power of diſtinguiſhing between the man who ſpoke truth, and the impoſtor. They were very favourable to the Sicilians during a famine, and ever afterwards their altars were loaded with gifts. Macrobius relates the hiſtory of the Palici at large, Saturn. B. 5. C. 19.

803. *Then firſt in fight.*] What Mr. Segrais has obſerv'd concerning the age of Aſcanius, does not ſeem to be ſatiſ-

Ortygius

Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal ſteel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapleſs Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus was ſlain;
And Capys ſtretch'd Privernus on the plain;
Firſt ſlightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The ſhield thrown by) to mitigate the ſmart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the ſecond dart, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Its fatal courſe thro' all his vitals held;
And the pale corpſe lay panting on the field.
  All-bright in arms, the ſon of Arcens ſtood,
Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
Then ſeiz'd a ſling, and laid the jav'lin by;
Thrice whirl'd around, the whiſtling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Thro' both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in duſt, the beauteous warrior lay.
  Then firſt in fight the young Aſcanius bore
His bow; employ'd on beaſts alone before.

factory. Dr. Trapp has, I think, adjuſted the matter, whoſe words I ſhall tranſcribe.

If the Æneis takes up no more than a year, how could Aſcanius, who was a child carry'd in Venus's arms in the firſt book, be ſo wiſe a counſellor, and ſo conſiderable a warrior, in the ninth? Mr. Segrais anſwers the objection at large, in his laſt remark upon this book; and tho' what he ſays

Aſcanius; ſortemque manu fudiſſe Numanum,
Cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
Germanam, nuper thalamo ſociatus, habebat.
Is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu
Vociferans, tumiduſque novo praecordia regno
Ibat, et ingenti ſeſe clamore ferebat:
Non pudet obſidione iterum valloque teneri,
Bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
En, qui noſtra ſibi bello connubia poſcunt!
Quis deus Italiam, quae vos dementia adegit?
Non hic Atridae, nec fandi fictor Ulyſſes:
Durum ab ſtirpe genus, natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, ſaevoque gelu duramus et undis.
Venatu invigilant pueri, ſilvaſque fatigant:
Flectere ludus equos, et ſpicula tendere cornu.

may be defended, yet I am not wholly of his opinion. He makes Aſcanius betwixt thirteen and fourteen years of age, when he was at Carthage. But ſure ſuch an one muſt be too big a boy, and too near a man, to be carry'd to bed in arms, as this prince was by Venus; or kiſs'd and dandled upon a lady's lap, as Cupid in his ſhape was by Dido. Nor is there any neceſſity of allowing him ſo many years at that time. It was ſeven years, ſays Mr. Segrais, ſince the deſtruction of Troy; and then he was big enough to walk by his father's ſide: this, continues he, cannot be ſaid of a child in a cradle. True; but it may be ſaid of a child of two years old: however, we will allow him three; ſo that at Carthage, he ſhall be ten; and in Italy, between ten and eleven. The careſſes of Dido may well enough agree with that age; nor is there any thing in the idea, at all incongruous, or unnatural. Venus's carrying him in her arms, and laying him aſleep, was upon an extraordinary occaſion. At the ſame age, he might very well be conſiderable enough to be inform'd of the ſtate of things by his father:

Aſcanio ferat haec ——

And ſtrong and bold enough to ride a hunting:

His

His vengeful ſhafts a royal victim found,
And ſtretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' ſiſter to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He ſtalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:
What ſhame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquiſh'd train,
To lie beleaguer'd in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
That riſe, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes theſe!—who come ſo far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madneſs, call'd you o'er,
To fall and periſh on a foreign ſhore?
Far other foes than Atreus' ſons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning ſtreams,
And ſeaſon in the froſt their tender limbs.
Our boys the foreſt range, and lead the courſe,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horſe.

At puer Aſcanius, mediis in vallibus, acri
Gaudet Equo.——

And here in Italy, he may be ſuppos'd (as an extraordinary perſon, and the ſon of a demigod) to have diſcretion enough, to diſcourſe, as he does, upon the expedition of Niſus and Euryalus; and ſtrength and ſkill enough to draw a bow, and kill a man: the thing is poſſible; for the reſt, it ought to be extraordinary, and was intended to be ſo.

813. *In yon tow'rs.*] *Morti prætendere muros.* Hence Milton's expreſſion,

—— Leſt that too heav'nly form, pretended
To helliſh falſhood, ſnare them.—— Par. L. 10. 872.

At, patiens operum parvoque aſſueta, juventus
Aut raſtris terram domat, aut quatit oppida bello.
Omne aevum ferro teritur, verſaque juvencum
Terga fatigamus haſta: nec tarda ſenectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.
Canitiem galea premimus; ſemperque recentes
Conveƈtare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.
Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice veſtis:
Deſidiae cordi; juvat indulgere choreis:
Et tunicae manicas, et habent redimicula mitrae.
O vere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges! ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi aſſuetis biforem dat tibia cantum.
Tympana vos buxuſque vocant Berecynthia matris
Idaeae. ſinite arma viris, et cedite ferro.
Talia jaƈtantem dicƈtis ac dira canentem
Non tulit Aſcanius; nervoque obverſus equino
Contendit telum, diverſaque brachia ducens
Conſtitit, ante Jovem ſupplex per vota precatus:
Jupiter omnipotens, audacibus annue coeptis.
Ipſe tibi ad tua templa feram ſolennia dona,
Et ſtatuam ante aras aurata fronte juvencum

837. *Warm purple robes.*] Homer originally makes uſe of this kind of ſcoff, Iliad ω. and Odyſſ. θ. Milton has put it likewiſe into the mouth of Satan, where he is ſpeaking againſt Abdiel, and his party:

I ſee that moſt thro' ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſt'ring ſpirits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong:
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of heaven.

P. L. B. 6. 165.

Long

Long thirſt, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plow, fight, or ſhake embattled towns with war.
We live in ſteel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring ſteer.
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave ſire with martial vigour glows,
And cruſhes with the caſque his hoary brows.
All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subſiſt on rapine, and divide the ſpoils.
While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleaſures and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye daſtard bands!)
Your heartleſs breaſts and unperforming hands.
Your female ſouls the manly form diſgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the bus'neſs of the war.
Thus while he ſpoke in ſcornful ſtrains, no more
The young Aſcanius the proud boaſter bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-ſtrung bow;
But firſt to Jove addreſs'd his ſolemn vow:
My bold attempt, almighty ſire, ſucceed;
A milk-white heifer at thy ſhrine ſhall bleed;

847. *He fits an arrow.*] *Diverſaque brachia ducens*, in the original, very elegantly expreſſes the diſpoſition of both arms in drawing a bow,

Candentem, pariterque caput cum matre ferentem;
Jam cornu petat, et pedibus qui ſpargat arenam.
Audiit, et coeli genitor de parte ſerena
Intonuit laevum. ſonat una fatifer arcus,
Et fugit, horrendum ſtridens, elapſa ſagitta,
Perque caput Remuli venit, et cava tempora ferro
Trajicit. i, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis.
Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.
Haec tantum Aſcanius. Teucri clamore ſequuntur,
Laetitiaque fremunt, animoſque ad ſidera tollunt.
Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
Deſuper Auſonias acies urbemque videbat,
Nube ſedens, atque his victorem affatur Iülum:
Macte nova virtute, puer: ſic itur ad aſtra,
Dis genite, et geniture deos. jure omnia bella
Gente ſub Aſſaraci fato ventura reſident:
Nec te Troja capit. ſimul haec effatus, ab alto
Aethere ſe mittit, ſpirantes dimovet auras,

859. *Go—and once more.*]
Trajicit. I, verbis *virtutem illude* ſuperbis.

It is remarkable, that we have here a very fair monkiſh rhyme. A learned critic thinks Virgil deſigned it, as proper for the mouth of a boy. But I am rather apt to think, that Virgil overlook'd it.

868. *The ſon, and father.*] The gods, from whom Aſcanius was deſcended, were Jupiter the father of Dardanus, and Venus the mother of Æneas: the gods, to whom he was, as it were, to give birth, were Romulus, Julius Cæſar, and Auguſtus. *Diis genite, & geniture Deos,* is beautifully conciſe.

869. *Who, great in arms.*] Virgil (ſays Catrou) takes all opportunities of flattering Auguſtus. He makes Apollo predict, even in the time of Aſcanius, the happineſs which the

Majeſtic

Majeſtic ſhall he ſtalk, and paw the ground,
Puſh with his gilded horns, and ſpurn the ſands around.
He ſaid—and, to the left, the fire on high
Roll'd the big thunder thro' an azure ſky.
At once his twanging bow Aſcanius drew,
And, hiſſing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
Nor flew the winged wrathful ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and ſtung him to the brain.
Go—and once more a valiant race defy!
Thus the twice-vanquiſh'd Phrygians, thus reply.
No more he ſaid;—loud ſhouts and clamours riſe;
And tranſport lifts the Trojans to the ſkies.
High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,
Apollo ſat, and thence ſurvey'd the war.
Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries;
Riſe, glorious youth; in valour ever riſe;
Riſe thus in time to heav'n's ſupreme abodes,
The ſon, and father, of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their ſwords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majeſtic lords!
Go—mount from fame to fame, auſpicious boy;
Proceed, and ſcorn the narrow bounds of Troy!
He ſaid; then down th' etherial road he flies
With rapid ſpeed, and cleaves the liquid ſkies;

world was to enjoy under this emperor; that he was to put an end to war throughout the world, and ſhut the temple of Janus.

How ſublime are thoſe expreſſions of the Pſalmiſt on the like ſubject! He maketh wars to ceaſe thro' all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the ſpear aſunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire. Pſalm xlvi. ver. 9.

Aſca-

Aſcaniumque petit. formam dum vertitur oris
Antiquum in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchiſae
Armiger ante fuit, fiduſque ad limina cuſtos:
Tum comitem Aſcanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
Omnia longaevo ſimilis, vocemque, coloremque,
Et crines albos, et ſaeva ſonoribus arma:
Atque his ardentem dictis affatur Iülum:
Sit ſatis, Aeneide, telis impune Numanum
Oppetiiſſe tuis: primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
Concedit laudem, et paribus non invidet armis.
Caetera parce, puer, bello. ſic orſus Apollo,
Mortales medio aſpectus ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
Agnovere deum proceres divinaque tela
Dardanidae, pharetramque fuga ſenſere ſonantem.
Ergo avidum pugnae, dictis ac numine Phoebi,
Aſcanium prohibent: ipſi in certamina rurſus
Succedunt, animaſque in aperta pericula mittunt.
It clamor totis per propugnacula muris.
Intendunt acres arcus, amentaque torquent.
Sternitur omne ſolum telis: tum ſcuta cavaeque
Dant ſonitum afflictu galeae: pugna aſpera ſurgit.
Quantus ab occaſu veniens pluvialibus hoedis
Verberat imber humum: quam multa grandine nimbi

896. *And jav'lins.*] By *amenta* we are to underſtand thongs, which were ty'd to a kind of javelin, and by which they were darted, and, as it were, ſlung out of the ſoldier's hand. *Itaque* (ſays De la Cerda) *ut fundæ dicebantur torqueri, ita amenta.* Catrou renders *amenta*, darts fix'd to long ſtraps or thongs.

Aſſumes

Aſſumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchiſes' long-try'd friend and faithful ſquire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had truſted to his care the royal boy.
Like this ſage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his viſage, and his arms, the ſame.
  Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;
Enough, young warrior—Let it now ſuffice,
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy firſt attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth—he ſaid; and paſt in air,
Paſt in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
And the looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the ſky.
The ſounding ſhafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd
With the loud quiver; and confeſt the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbad the war.
  While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, ſpears, and jav'lins, from the works they flung;
From tow'r to tow'r the ſhouts and clamours rung;
Helms claſh with helms, the rattling ſhields reſound;
Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground;
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
Thick, as from weſtern clouds, all charg'd with rain,
Pours the black ſtorm, and ſmokes along the plain;

In vada praecipitant, cum Jupiter horridus auſtris
Torquet aquoſam hyemem, et coelo cava nubila rumpit.
Pandarus, et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti,
Quos Jovis eduxit luco ſilveſtris Hiera,
Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus aequos,
Portam, quae ducis imperio commiſſa, recludunt,
Freti armis, ultroque invitant moenibus hoſtem.
Ipſi intus, dextra ac laeva, pro turribus adſtant,
Armati ferro, et criſtis capita alta coruſci:
Quales aëriae liquentia flumina circum,
Sive Padi ripis, Atheſim ſeu propter amoenum,
Conſurgunt geminae quercus, intonſaque coelo
Attollunt capita, et ſublimi vertice nutant.
Irrumpunt, aditus Rutuli ut videre patentes.

906. *When Jove diſcharges.*] A noble image is here repreſented of the *Jupiter pluvius* diſpenſing ſtorms and tempeſts. This is utterly loſt in Dryden's tranſlation:

Or patt'ring hail comes pouring o'er the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an armed winter ſtrew the ground.

908. *Pand'rus and Bitias.*] Macrobius tells us, that this paſſage is taken from the 15th book of Ennius's annals. Virgil (ſays Fulvius Urſinus) has here, according to cuſtom, expreſs'd Homer's verſes, in the words of Ennius. The paſſage of Ennius is loſt.

922. *So where the fields.*] Imitated from the 11th book of the Iliad. Mr. Dryden's two laſt lines of this compariſon, are, to the laſt degree, mean and ridiculous.

And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance at the whiſt'ling winds, and at each other nod.

This is ſomething in the taſte of a Pierrot dance.

Thick

Thick as the gather'd hail, tempeſtuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the ſkies,
When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er;
When Jove diſcharges all his wrathful ſtore,
And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the burſting thunders roar!
  Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal ſtood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera ſprung,
The champions roſe conſpicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
Their prince, when parting from the Tuſcan ſtate,
Appointed theſe, the guardians of the gate.
Proud of their ſtrength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors ſtand:
On their bright helms ſat horror plum'd; on high
Their nodding creſts float dreadful in the ſky.
So where the fields fair Atheſis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his ſwelling tides,
With heads unſhorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod ſublime in air!
  Soon as the foes an open entrance ſpy,
The war breaks in; but ſoon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hoſts; or in the portal die.

922. *Fair Atheſis.*] This is now called the river Adige; which riſes in the Tirol, and diſcharges itſelf into the Adriatic ſea.

Continuo

Continuo Quercens, et pulcher Equicolus armis,
Et praeceps animi Tmarus, et Mavortius Haemon,
Agminibus totis aut verſi terga dedere,
Aut ipſo portae poſuere in limine vitam.
Tum magis increſcunt animis diſcordibus irae,
Et jam collecti Troës glomerantur eodem,
Et conferre manum, et procurrere longius, audent.
Ductori Turno, diverſa in parte furenti,
Turbantique viros, perfertur nuncius, hoſtem
Fervere caede nova, et portas praebere patentes.
Deſerit inceptum, atque immani concitus ira
Dardaniam ruit ad portam, fratreſque ſuperbos.
Et primam Antiphaten, is enim ſe primus agebat,
Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
Conjecto ſternit jaculo. volat Itala cornus
Aëra per tenuem, ſtomachoque infixa ſub altum
Pectus abit: reddit ſpecus atri vulneris undam
Spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepeſcit.
Tum Meropem atque Erymantha manu, tum ſternit Aphydnum:
Tum Bitian ardentem oculis, animiſque frementem:
Non jaculo; neque enim jaculo vitam ille dediſſet;
Sed magnum ſtridens contorta phalarica venit,
Fulminis acta modo; quam nec duo taurea terga,

958. *A ſpear that roar'd.*] Catrou renders *phalarica*, *pertuiſane*, a kind of halberd. Servius tells us, it is a vaſt dart, with a turned handle; its iron is a cubit long, above which is a kind of ball plated with lead; this ſometimes is wrapp'd round with pitch and tow, for firing buildings, &c. with this dart they us'd to fight from a ſort of turrets called *phalæ*. Hence, in the circus, the diviſions between the *euripi*

Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in ſteel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell.
To dire extremes the riſing rage proceeds;
The ſlaughter ſwells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more impriſon'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:
Now, fluſh'd with blood, in bold excurſion far
Ruſh the ſtern bands, and mix in cloſer war.
But in a diſtant quarter long engag'd,
Amidſt the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:
When to the prince a meſſenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her maſſy gates;
And, heaps on heaps, the late-impriſon'd train
Broke forth, and ſtretch'd the ſlaughter o'er the plain.
This heard, with fury ſparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
Firſt, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's off-ſpring by a Theban bed;
The whizzing lance, with all his force addreſs'd,
Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breaſt:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin ſtood;
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then ſunk Aphydnus to the ſhades of hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:
No vulgar lance the valiant victor toſt
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was loſt):
A ſtrong, vaſt, weighty ſpear, the hero threw,
A ſpear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.

Nec

Nec duplici ſqama lorica fidelis et auro
Suſtinuit: collapſa ruunt immania membra.
Dat tellus gemitum, et clypeum ſuper intonat ingens.
Qualis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Conſtructam jaciunt ponto; ſic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penituſque vadis illiſa recumbit.
Miſcent ſe maria, et nigrae attolluntur arenae.
Tum ſonitu Prochyta alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis imperiis impoſta Typhoeo.

and the *metæ*, are called *phalæ*; becauſe turrets were there erected, from whence they fought with this weapon. Juvenal ſays,

Conſulit arte phalas, delphinorumque columnas.

Hence *haſta phalarica*, as *haſta muralis*. It is plain from Lucan, that the *phalarica* was thrown by ſlings, or ſome machine:

Hunc aut tortilibus vibrata phalarica nervis
Obruat.

But Virgil tells us, that Turnus threw it ſimply with his hand: whence it appears (continues Servius), that this is ſaid by Lucan, to ſhew that the man aim'd at, was killed in a more violent manner; and that Virgil means to extol Turnus's ſtrength, by ſaying that he threw it with his hand.

965. *So from the Baian mole.*] Now called *Caſtella di Baia*, in the *Terra Lavora*. It was the place the Romans choſe for their winter retreat; and which they frequented upon account of its warm baths. Some few ruins of the beautiful villas that once covered this delightful coaſt, ſtill remain; and nothing can give one an higher idea of the prodigious expence and magnificence of the Romans in their private buildings, than the manner in which ſome of theſe were ſituated. It appears from a letter of Pliny, book 9. and from ſeveral other paſſages in the claſſic writers, that they actually projected into the ſea; being erected upon vaſt piles ſunk for that purpoſe. Virgil draws a beautiful ſimile from this

Not

Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and ſcales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could ſtay;
But ſtretch'd in duſt the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the Baian mole, whoſe ſtructures riſe
High o'er the flood, a maſſy fragment flies;
The rapid rolling pile all-headlong ſweeps,
With one vaſt length of ruin, to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry ſide,
Work the dark ſands, and blacken all the tide.
The trembling ſhores of Prochyta reſound,
And burning Arime ſhakes wide around;
The maſs, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus ſpread;
The giant hears the peal; and, ſeiz'd with dread,
Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.

cuſtom, where he compares the maſſy ſpear which Turnus let fly at Bitias, to one of thoſe enormous piles thrown into the Baian ſea. MELMOTH's *notes to his elegant tranſlation of Pliny's epiſtles*, p. 510.

Perhaps Virgil may mean the ſinking the piles upon which the buildings at Baiæ were to be erected, rather than the fall of any edifice already built.

971. *The ſhores of Prochyta reſound.*] *Prochyta alta tremit* is difficult enough to be underſtood. *Alta* could not be uſed as an epithet for that iſland; becauſe it is all one flat: and to underſtand it of its trembling deeply, or to its foundations, is ſcarce a true Virgilian way of ſpeaking.

Perhaps there was a *pharos*, or high light houſe on that iſland formerly; and the iſland itſelf might be called *high* from its *pharos* appearing at ſuch an height, and ſhewing it at a great diſtance. The ſame epithet is uſed by Auſonius, in ſpeaking of a vale near the Moſelle; who adds five or ſix

Hic Mars armipotens animum vireſque Latinis
Addidit, et ſtimulos acres ſub pectore vertit:
Immiſitque fugam Teucris, atrumque timorem.
Undique conveniunt; quoniam data copia pugnae,
Bellatorque animo deus incidit.

Pandarus, ut fuſo germanum corpore cernit,
Et quo ſit fortuna loco, qui caſus agat res,
Portam vi multa converſo cardine torquet,
Obnixus latis humeris; multoſque ſuorum,
Moenibus excluſos, duro in certamine linquit:
Aſt alios ſecum includit, recipitque ruentes,
Demens! qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
Viderit irrumpentem, ultroque incluſerit urbi:
Immanem veluti pecora inter inertia tigrim.
Continuo nova lux oculis effulſit, et arma
Horrendum ſonuere: tremunt in vertice criſtae
Sanguineae, clypeoque micantia fulgura mittit.

lines to tell his reader, that he calls that vale *high* on account of the *pharos* ſtanding upon it.

Tho' I don't know any writer, that mentions the little iſland of Prochyta's having ever had a *pharos* on it, 'tis certain, at leaſt that *pharos's* were common in that part of the Tyrrhene ſea.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. l. 36. c. 12. ſpeaks of a very conſiderable one at Puzzuoli: Statius Sylv. lib. 3. 5. 10. of another in the iſland of Capreæ, which fell down a few days before the death of Tiberius, Sueton. in Tiber. c. 74. And Seneca ſays there were ſeveral deſtroyed thereabouts a few days after: *Voſtavit ignis colles, per quos elucebat. Eroſit quondam altiſſimos vertices, ſolatia navigantium, ac ſpeculas ad humilem arenam deduxit*, lib. 14. epiſt. 92. SPENCE.

993. *Like ſome fierce tyger.*] This puts me in mind of a ſimile conceived in the genuine ſpirit of the antients, where Spencer repreſents the gods looking on MUTABILITY with ſurprize,

Now

Now Mars himſelf inſpires the Latian band,
Warms ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthens ev'ry hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
The kindling legions gather to the fight;
Danger nor death their furious courſe controuls,
And all the god came ruſhing on their ſouls!
His brother ſlain when Pandarus beheld,
And ſaw the changing fortune of the field,
He ſets his ample ſhoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
A croud of friends to certain death expos'd;
And, with himſelf, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who ruſh'd tumultuous from the plain.
Fool! not to ſee the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crouds amidſt the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like ſome fierce tyger midſt the trembling fold!
Loud claſh his arms; and, as he tow'rs on high,
Flaſh the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud creſt, and formidably plays;
And from his ſhield the ſtreamy lightnings blaze.

—— Like a ſort of ſteers
'Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and foreign race
Unwares is chanc'd, far ſtraying from his peers.
Fa. Qu. B. 7. C. 6. St. 28.

994. *Loud claſh.*] This is prodigiouſly noble: one would have thought that as he was ſhut in ſingle among his enemies, his courage ſhould, at firſt at leaſt, have failed him: But inſtead of that,

Continuo nova lux oculis effulſit, & arma
Horrendum ſonuere, &c.

Agnoſcunt faciem inviſam, atque immania membra
Turbati ſubito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens
Emicat, et, mortis fraternae fervidus ira,
Effatur: non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
Nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
Caſtra inimica vides: nulla hinc exire poteſtas.
Olli ſubridens ſedato pectore Turnus:
Incipe, ſi qua animo virtus, et conſere dextram:
Hic etiam inventum Priamo narrabis Achillem.
Dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo
Intorquet, ſummis adnixus viribus, haſtam.
Excepere aurae vulnus: Saturnia Juno
Detorſit veniens, portaeque infigitur haſta.
At non hoc telum, mea quod vi dextera verſat,
Effugies; neque enim is teli nec vulneris auctor.
Sic ait, et ſublatum alte conſurgit in enſem,
Et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem
Dividit, impubeſque immani vulnere malas.
Fit ſonus: ingenti concuſſa eſt pondere tellus.
Collapſos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
Sternit humi moriens; atque illi partibus aequis
Huc caput atque illuc humero ex utroque pependit.
Diffugiunt verſi trepida formidine Troës.

I cannot help obſerving, that the ſpirit of the original is fully kept up by the tranſlator.

If it be objected, that this, with what follows, is more noble than probable; we muſt conſider, firſt, that it is allowable to paint bigger than the life: Secondly, that this hero, in his amazing exploits, is aſſiſted by a divine power.

Juno vires animumque miniſtrat. Trapp.

1019. *His cheeks.*] *Impubes malas.* Servius obſerves, there is a *pathos* produced by the epithet *impubes*. *Pathos ex ætate movit.*

Too

Too ſoon, with dire ſurprize, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother ſlain,
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:
Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal ſcene!
No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here deſcry,
But hoſtile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly.
In that vaſt bulk if any ſoul reſide,
Come, try thy might (the prince ſedate reply'd);
Go, and old Priam's trembling ſpirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy ſoul to hell.
Then, firſt, his knotted ſpear the Trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.
But hope not thou to 'ſcape this ſword of mine,
Aim'd by a ſurer, ſtronger hand than thine,
The hero cry'd—Then flies againſt the foe
With the bright blade; and riſes to the blow;
Sudden the ſword tempeſtuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and ſinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Diſtain'd with blood, his claſhing arms reſound,
And, as he fell, he ſhook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay ſtretch'd along,
In equal ſhares the parted viſage hung.
Pale with new horror at the dreadful ſight,
On ev'ry ſide the Trojans urge their flight.

Et, ſi continuo victorem ea cura ſubiſſet,
Rumpere clauſtra manu, ſocioſque immittere portis,
Ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuiſſet.
Sed furor ardentem caediſque inſana cupido
Egit in adverſos.
Principio Phalarim, et, ſucciſo poplite, Gygen
Excipit; hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit haſtas
In tergus. Juno vires animumque miniſtrat.
Addit Halyn comitem, et confixa Phegea parma;
Ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientes,
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.
Lyncea, tendentem contra ſocioſque vocantem,
Vibranti gladio conniſus ab aggere dexter
Occupat: huic uno dejectum cominus ictu
Cum galea longe jacuit caput. inde ferarum
Vaſtatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter
Ungere tela manu, ferrumque armare veneno:
Et Clytium Aeoliden, et amicum Crethea Muſis;
Crethea Muſarum comitem, cui carmina ſemper
Et citharae cordi, numeroſque intendere nervis:

1038. *Alcander, Prytanis.*]

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noemonaque, Prytanimque.

This is an echo to Homer's line, Iliad B. 5.

Ἄλκανδρόν θ', Ἅλιόντε, Νοήμονά τε, Πρύτανίν τε.

By which it appears, ſay Servius, that theſe names are not real, and taken from hiſtory, but introduced merely to fill up the poem, *ad ornatum formatis.*

1044. *At one juſt ſtroke.*]

Cum galea longe jacuit caput.

To expreſs the quickneſs of this action, Virgil makes uſe of the preterperfect tenſe, *jacuit.* Servius.

Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his ſocial troops to ſtorm the town,
That day had ſeen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundleſs ſlaughter glows,
And rage inſatiate drives him on the foes.
Firſt, valiant Phalaris; next, Gyges fell;
Deep thro' his knee he drove the pointed ſteel.
Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew.
New ſtrength, new courage, Juno ſtill ſupply'd;
And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fall,
With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
High on the works engag'd in other fight—
Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right,
And ſtruck bold Lynceus as he call'd around
For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
At one juſt ſtroke his head and helmet fly
Before the ſword, and far at diſtance lie.
Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
Whoſe fatal arrow pierc'd the ſavage game;
Who dipp'd th' envenom'd ſteel with matchleſs art,
And doubly arm'd with death the pointed dart.
Next Clytius fell, tho' ſprung of race divine;
Soft Cretheus laſt, the darling of the nine;
Well was he ſkill'd, in ſacred ſtrains to ſing,
Tune the ſweet lyre, and ſweep the trembling ſtring;

Semper equos, atque arma virum, pugnaſque canebat.
Tandem ductores, audita caede ſuorum,
Conveniunt Teucri, Mneſtheus, acerque Sereſtus;
Palanteſque vident ſocios, hoſtemque receptum.
Et Mneſtheus: quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis? inquit.
Quos alios muros, quae jam ultra moenia habetis?
Unus homo, et veſtris, o cives, undique ſeptus
Aggeribus, tantas ſtrages impune per urbem
Ediderit? juvenum primos tot miſerit orco?
Non infelicis patriae, veterumque deorum,
Et magni Aeneae, ſegnes, miſeretque, pudetque?
Talibus accenſi firmantur, et agmine denſo
Conſiſtunt. Turnus paullatim excedere pugna,
Et fluvium petere, ac partem quae cingitur amni.
Acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno,
Et glomerare manum: ceu ſaevum turba leonem
Cum telis premit infenſis: at territus ille,
Aſper, acerba tuens, retro redit; et neque terga

1054. *Arms, and the toils.*] Virgil hints, that this poet and muſician did not employ his art in celebrating low and indecent ſubjects, but thoſe of a ſublime and noble nature.

Donatus.

Upon this account we are more concerned for his death. This puts me in mind of the following fine paſſage in Glover's Leonidas:

Him Dithyrambus lov'd, a ſacred bard,
Rever'd for juſtice, for his verſe renown'd,
Which ſung the deeds of heroes, thoſe who fell,
Or thoſe who conquer'd, in their country's cauſe,
Th' inraptur'd ſoul inflaming with the thirſt
Of glory won by virtue—His high ſtrain
The muſes favour'd from their neighb'ring groves,
And bleſs'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.

Arms,

Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
The plunging furious ſteeds, and thunder of the fight.
Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;
Fierce they advance; when ſoon appear in ſight
The ſlaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
And where? (great Mneſtheus rais'd his voice on high)
Where, to what other ramparts would you fly?
Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
One raſh, impriſon'd warrior vanquiſh all?
With rage reſiſtleſs, half an hoſt deſtroy;
And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?
Calm you look on, and ſee the furious foe
Plunge crouds of heroes to the ſhades below:
Still ſhall your king, ye baſe abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain?
Rous'd by theſe words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:
The Daunian chief ſhrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans ſhout; and, with new tranſport fir'd,
Ruſh on embody'd, as the prince retir'd.
As when with tilted ſpears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly ſavage from the ſhouting foe
Retires, majeſtically ſtern, and ſlow.

No more from Theſpia ſhall his feet aſcend
The ſhady ſteep of Helicon.

Book 4. v. 213.

Ira

Ira dare aut virtus patitur: nec tendere contra
Ille, quidem hoc cupiens, potis eſt per tela viroſque.
Haud aliter retro dubius veſtigia Turnus
Improperata refert, et mens exaeſtuat ira.
Quin etiam bis tum medios invaſerat hoſtes:
Bis converſa fuga per muros agmina vertit.
Sed manus e caſtris propere coit omnis in unum:
Nec contra vires audet Saturnia Juno
Sufficere: aëriam coelo nam Jupiter Irim
Demiſit, germanae haud mollia juſſa ferentem;
Ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis.
Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum,
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. ſtrepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, et ſaxis ſolida aera fatiſcunt,
Diſcuſſaeque jubae capiti; nec ſufficit umbo

1084. *So Turnus.*] The retreat of Turnus is noble: tho' attack'd by the whole army of the Trojans, he doth not fly, but moves off by degrees; and ſtill keeps up his courage, till he perceives himſelf deſerted by Juno.

1098. *The ſtones.*] The whole deſcription is copied from Homer, Iliad 16. Ennius has a paſſage like this: lib. Ann. 15. See Mr. Pope's Note *in loc.*

Undique conveniunt, velut imber, tela tribuno:
Confligunt parmam; tinnit haſtilibus umbo
Ærato ſonitu galeae: ſed nec pote quiſquam
Undique nitendo corpus diſcerpere ferro.
Semper abundantes haſtas frangitque quatitque:
Totum ſudor habet corpus, multumque laborat,
Nec reſpirandi fit copia praepete ferro.
Hiſtri tela manu jacientes ſolicitabant.

Tho'

Tho' ſingly impotent the croud to dare,
Repel, or ſtand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Deſpairs to conquer; and diſdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While ſhame, diſdain, and rage, the hero fir'd.
Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer heav'n's great empreſs from on high
Dares with new ſtrength th' exhauſted prince ſupply:
For winged Iris from the realms above
Brought the ſevere decree of angry Jove,
That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal
Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall.
Now his tir'd arm refus'd the ſword to wield;
Now flew the darts, and planted all his ſhield.
The ſtones now rattle; now the jav'lins ſing,
Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
A thouſand weapons round his temples lay,
And ſtrike the honours of his creſt away.

Taſſo imitates it, B. 9. 97.

Meantime the ſoldan in this lateſt charge,
Had done as much as human force was able:
All ſweat and blood appear'd his members large,
His breath was ſhort, his courage wax'd unſtable;
His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe,
His hand to rule his heavy ſword unable:
Which bruis'd, not cut, ſo blunted was the blade,
It loſt the uſe for which a ſword was made.

FAIRFAX.

Ictibus: ingeminant haſtis et Troës, et ipſe
Fulmineus Mneſtheus. tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur, et piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
Flumen agit: feſſos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
Tum demum praeceps ſaltu ſeſe omnibus armis
In fluvium dedit. ille ſuo cum gurgite flavo
Accepit venientem, ac mollibus extulit undis;
Et laetum ſociis, abluta caede, remiſit.

Thick and more thick the foes their lances ſped,
With mighty Mneſtheus thund'ring at their head.
Pale, breathleſs, faint, and black with duſt, in ſtreams
The ſweat deſcends from all his trembling limbs.
Arm'd as he was (thus preſs'd on ev'ry ſide),
He plung'd at laſt, undaunted, in the tide.
The ſacred river, for the welcome load,
Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
The hero to his hoſt the ſurges bear,
Cleans'd from the horrid ſtains of ſlaughter, blood, and war.

The ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas: Æneas, Lauſus and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER X.

PANDITUR interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumque vocat divum pater atque hominum rex
Sideream in ſedem : terras unde arduus omnes,

Thoſe who have carefully peruſed theſe laſt books of the Æneid cannot doubt of the valour of Æneas, as I have already obſerved ; for in theſe, the poet omits nothing that belongs to the wiſdom of a great general, or the courage of a brave ſoldier, to make the character of his hero complete. I have likewiſe remarked, how much theſe matters, tho' ſimilar in general, are nevertheleſs different in the detail. For tho' theſe three books contain in general only combats, yet how different are theſe combats the one from the other? And even how different are the wounds, the deaths, and the ſurpriſing events, which happen in this war? This tenth book chiefly is that, wherein the *peripeties* are the moſt beautiful. Ariſtotle, according to F. Mambrun, defines this part of a poem to be, *A change of things into their contraries, which happens either probably or neceſſarily.* For tho' the epic writers ought to make uſe of *peripeties* more ſparingly than the writers of romance, it would nevertheleſs be a great defect in their works, if theſe changes were not ſometimes to be found there ; for inſtance, if a poet was to repreſent the party of his hero always triumphant, and every-where victorious. Virgil diſtributes with ſo much addreſs the favours of fortune, that one cannot enough admire

VIR-

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

TENTH BOOK.

NOW wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
Th' etherial king convenes the pow'rs above.
Beneath his eye, both hoſts, in full ſurvey,
The ſpacious world, and vaſt creation lay;

his conduct throughout this whole book. If Æneas conquers on his ſide, Turnus likewiſe performs ſeveral brave exploits on his. This laſt kills the young Pallas; who had juſt killed Haleſus, one of the principal leaders, and ſome other of the braveſt, of the Latin army. Æneas immediately haſtens to revenge the death of Pallas, and kills Lauſus and Mezentius. But as the ſingle combat of Turnus and Æneas muſt make the unravelling of the poem, the addreſs of the poet is worthy obſervation; who makes uſe of the mediation of Juno, to hinder theſe two men, who were ſo brave, and ſo much animated one againſt the other, from meeting For without doubt, according to the rules of probability, they ſhould ſeek for each other; and it would be difficult, that they ſhould not meet, as they are ſo deſirous of it. The complaints of Turnus in the veſſel which carries him off, and the two harangues of Juno and Venus, are maſter-pieces of eloquence: and all that paſſes in the deaths of Lauſus and Mezentius is deſcribed with great art. SEGRAIS.

1. *Now wide unfold.*] Dr. Trapp tranſlates *omnipotentis* everlaſting; and remarks, that he could think of no better word to anſwer it: for it cannot (continues he) be properly

Caſtraque Dardanidum aſpectat, populoſque Latinos.
Conſidunt tectis bipatentibus: incipit ipſe:
Coelicolae magni, quianam ſententia vobis
Verſa retro, tantumque animis certatis iniquis?
Abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris:
Quae contra vetitum diſcordia? quis metus aut hos,
Aut hos, arma ſequi, ferrumque laceſſere ſuaſit?
Adveniet juſtum pugnae, ne accerſite, tempus;
Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim
Exitium magnum, atque Alpes immittet apertas:
Tum certare odiis, tum res rapuiſſe licebit:
Nunc ſinite, et placitum laeti componite foedus.
Jupiter haec paucis: at non Venus aurea contra
Pauca refert.

tranſlated. Some think that by Olympus is meant Jupiter, and then *omnipotentis* muſt be taken in its proper ſenſe. But if by the former be meant heaven; either the latter muſt be a metonymy (omnipotent heaven, becauſe the omnipotent deity inhabits it), or it is called ſo, becauſe, according to the heathen doctrine, the influence of the heavenly bodies commands every thing below. Dr. Trapp is for this laſt, becauſe, in another place, Virgil diſtinguiſhes Jupiter from heaven, even where this epithet is added to it:

—— *Rex omnipotentis Olympi.*

B. 11. ver 791.

The conciſeneſs of,

Conſidunt tectis bipatentibus, ——

and afterwards of,

—— *Incipit ipſe,*

is very grand.

17. *When Carthage.*]

Cum fera Carthago Romanis arcibus olim
Exitium magnum, atque Alpes immittet apertas.

He alludes to Hannibal's forcing his way thro' the Alps, which were (as Livy ſays) *muri vice* to Italy. No more can

There

There in the ſtarry courts, inthron'd on high,
Sate the majeſtic ſenate of the ſky,
Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
To whom the king of men, and father of the gods;
What diſcord fires your minds, celeſtial train?
Why was our ſacred mandate urg'd in vain?
Did not your ſov'reign lord his will declare,
That Troy and Latium ſhould not wage the war?
Why are we diſobey'd? What vain alarms
Inflame their ſouls to ſlaughter, blood, and arms?
The deſtin'd time will wing its fatal way,
(Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burſt, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
Break the ſtrong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And ſtern revenge may cruſh the Trojan ſtate.
Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and diſcord ceaſe,
And let the nations join in leagues of peace.
Thus, from the throne, in ſhort, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:

be implied by the word *exitium* than that Hannibal drove the Romans into very great ſtreights. Dr. Trapp thinks, that we ought to underſtand by *Alpes* the inhabitants of the Alps; the place for the people, as *ultima Bactra*, B. 8. And the word *apertas* (ſays he) is added to inſinuate the image of Hannibal's burſting them, or opening his way thro' them. Juvenal ſays of Hannibal,

—— *Montem rupit aceto.* Sat. 10.

Our tranſlator ſtrongly expreſſes what is meant by *Apertas*,

Break the ſtrong Alpine adamantine chains.

O pater, O hominum divumque aeterna poteſtas,
Namque aliud quid ſit, quod jam implorare queamus?
Cernis ut inſultent Rutuli, Turnuſque feratur
Per medios inſignis equis, tumiduſque ſecundo
Marte ruat? non clauſa tegunt jam moenia Teucros:
Quin intra portas, atque ipſis praelia miſcent
Aggeribus murorum, et inundant ſanguine foſſae.
Aeneas ignarus abeſt. nunquamne levari
Obſidione fines? muris iterum imminet hoſtis
Naſcentis Trojae, nec non exercitus alter;
Atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis ſurgit ab Arpis
Tydides. equidem, credo, mea vulnera reſtant,
Et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma.
Si ſine pace tua, atque invito numine Troës
Italiam petiere; luant peccata, neque illos
Juveris auxilio. ſin tot reſponſa ſecuti,
Quae Superi Maneſque dabant; cur nunc tua quiſquam
Flectere juſſa poteſt? aut cur nova condere fata?
Quid repetam exuſtas Erycino in litore claſſes?

27. *O ſire of men.*] The art and addreſs which Venus makes uſe of in her ſpeech, is, finely contraſted by the haughtineſs which runs thro' that of Juno. Venus begins with the greateſt reverence and modeſty,

O pater, O hominum, &c. &c.

Juno begins like a fury,

—— *Quid me alta ſilentia cogis*
Rumpere? ——

This abrupt beginning, in the middle of a verſe, is quite in haracter.

O ſire of men below, and gods on high!
(For to what other pow'r can Venus fly?)
Doſt thou not ſee yon fierce Rutulian train?
With what ſucceſs proud Turnus ſweeps the plain!
Rapt by his ſteeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the ſtorm of war.
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For, lo! grim ſlaughter rages in the gate!
With hoſtile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
My ſon is abſent, while his ſubjects bleed;
But muſt we never from a ſiege be freed?
For, lo, great ſire! a ſecond army falls
On riſing Troy, and thunders at her walls.
In Latian fields againſt the Dardan train,
Behold the ſtern Tydides riſe again!
Sprung tho' I am from thee, prepar'd I ſtand
To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand!
Yet, if againſt thy will the Phrygian hoſt
Have left their Troy, and ſought the Latian coaſt,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O ſov'reign god!
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
But ſince ſo many ſigns their courſe compel,
The voice of heav'n, and oracles of hell;
Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable courſe of fate?
Her boundleſs vengeance why ſhould I repeat?
How on Sicilian ſhores ſhe fir'd the fleet?
How ſhe diſpatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddeſs of the bow?

Quid tempeſtatum regem, ventoſque furentes
Aeolia excitos? aut actam nubibus Irim?
Nunc etiam Manes, haec intentata manebat
Sors rerum, movet, et ſuperis immiſſa repente
Alecto, medias Italum bacchata per urbes.
Nil ſuper imperio moveor: ſperavimus iſta,
Dum fortuna fuit: vincant, quos vincere mavis.
Si nulla eſt regio, Teucris quam det tua conjux
Dura: per everſae, genitor, fumantia Trojae
Excidia obteſtor; liceat dimittere ab armis
Incolumem Aſcanium, liceat ſupereſſe nepotem.
Aeneas ſane ignotis jactetur in undis,
Et, quamcunque viam dederit fortuna, ſequatur:
Hunc tegere, et dirae valeam ſubducere pugnae:
Eſt Amathus, eſt celſa mihi Paphos, atque Cythera,
Idaliaeque domus: poſitis inglorius armis
Exigat hic aevum. magna ditione jubeto
Carthago premat Auſoniam: nihil urbibus inde
Obſtabit Tyriis. quid peſtem evadere belli
Juvit, et Argolicos medium fugiſſe per ignes?

How

How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let looſe th' impriſon'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
All hell now arms, and riſes on her ſide.
The fiends, the furies, range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
Thro' all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black viſage blaſts the golden ſkies!
No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ
(Theſe were my hopes, when fortune ſmil'd on Troy).
Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
Since to the Phrygian race your haughty ſpouſe
No ſpot, no corner, of the world allows.
Yet I implore thy grace, almighty ſire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the fire!
Give me, at leaſt, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Aſcanius) from the rage of war!
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, ſtill wander o'er the tide!)
Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
There he may live defended from the foes,
Loſt to the charms of fame, in ſoft repoſe.
Then to Auſonia let proud Carthage come,
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome,
O'er the wide world extend her boundleſs pow'r;
Our hopes, and Jove's own promiſes, no more!
What now avails it, that my godlike heir
Broke thro' the hoſtile fires, and 'ſcap'd the war;

Totque maris, vaſtaeque exhauſta pericula terrae,
Dum Latium Teucri recidivaque Pergama quaerunt?
Non ſatius cineres patriae inſediſſe ſupremos,
Atque ſolum, quo Troja fuit? Xanthum et Simoënta
Redde, oro, miſeris; iterumque revolvere caſus
Da, pater, Iliacos Teucris. tum regia Juno
Acta furore gravi: quid me alta ſilentia cogis
Rumpere, et obductum verbis vulgare dolorem?
Aenean hominum quiſquam divumque ſubegit
Bella ſequi, aut hoſtem regi ſe inferre Latino?
Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus. eſto:
Caſſandrae impulſus furiis. num linquere caſtra
Hortati ſumus, aut vitam committere ventis?
Num puero ſummam belli, num credere muros?
Tyrrhenamve fidem, aut gentes agitare quietas?
Quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia noſtra
Egit? ubi hic Juno, demiſſave nubibus Iris?

90. *Th' exhauſted dangers.*] As ſhe began with moving pity, ſo ſhe concludes. Servius obſerves, that it is one of the grand rules in rhetoric, to handle the exordium and peroration after the ſame manner: *Ut epilogi & principia pari argumentatione tractentur.* This ſame rule is likewiſe obſerved in Juno's ſpeech.

93. *O! give their Xanthus.*] The concluſions of both ſpeeches are as remarkable as the beginnings:

—— Xanthum & Simoenta
Redde, oro, miſeris! iterumque revolvere caſus
Da, pater, Iliacos Teucris!

The humbleſt and loweſt petition (ſays Dr. Trapp) which could be conceived.

How differently does Juno conclude!

Tunc decuit metuiſſe tuis; nunc ſera querelis
Haud juſtis aſſurgis, & irrita jurgia jactas.

Led

Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withſtand
Th' exhauſted dangers both of ſea and land?
His lot were happier, had he ſcorn'd a crown,
And ſlumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hoſts employ
Ten long years more, and ſtorm a ſecond Troy!
To whom, with fury ſparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empreſs of the ſkies:
And why, ſay, why, O goddeſs! am I preſt
To wake the wrath, that ſlumber'd in my breaſt?
What god, or mortal, bad your ſon declare,
Againſt the Latian lord, ſo raſh a war?
Suppoſe, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
Or (far more likely) mad Caſſandra's ſtrains!
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
And truſt the mercy of the ſea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forſaken Troy,
To ſuch an head, an unexperienc'd boy?
To court the Tuſcans, and with vain alarms
To rouſe whole nations from repoſe to arms?
What god, or what perverſe intent of ours
Mov'd the wiſe prince to leave his riſing tow'rs?
Say, does the goddeſs of the bow appear,
Or the keen ſpite of vengeful Juno, here?

In thoſe laſt words (ſays Dr. Trapp) *irrita jurgia jactat*, the very cadence of them tells us, that ſhe ſtrikes her hands one

Indignum

Indignum eſt, Italos Trojam circumdare flammis
Naſcentem, et patria Turnum conſiſtere terra;
Cui Pilumnus avus, cui diva Venilia mater.
Quid face Trojanos atra vim ferre Latinis?
Arva aliena jugo premere, atque avertere praedas?
Quid ſoceros legere, et gremiis abducere pactas?
Pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma?
Tu potes Aenean manibus ſubducere Graium,
Proque viro nebulam et ventos obtendere inanes;
Et potes in totidem claſſem convertere nymphas:
Nos aliquid Rutulos contra juviſſe, neſandum eſt.
Aeneas ignarus abeſt: ignarus et abſit.
Eſt Paphos, Idaliumque tibi, ſunt alta Cythera:
Quid gravidam bellis urbem et corda aſpera tentas?
Noſne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res vertere fundo
Conamur? nos? an miſeros qui Troas Achivis
Objecit? quae cauſa fuit conſurgere in arma
Europamque Aſiamque, et foedera ſolvere furto?
Me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnavit adulter?

againſt another, and ſits down in the ſame abrupt rage with which ſhe roſe. They are diſtinguiſhed too by this circumſtance; that Venus all along applies herſelf to Jupiter; and reflects upon Juno only in the third perſon; and that too, but once, only by hints and inſinuations; and when ſhe does name her, 'tis as ſoftly, tho' as invidiouſly, as poſſible:

Si nulla eſt regio, Teucris quam det tua conjux.

Juno on the contrary ſpeaks to her adverſary directly, and attacks her in perſon.

'Tis

'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians ſhould conſpire
To wrap th' unfiniſh'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
(And yet he ſprung from our immortal race):
Was it leſs hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waſte the Latian lands with ſword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her ſway,
Join fraud to force, and bear their ſpoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling ſon could ſhroud,
And, for a man, preſent a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires reſtrain,
And change your ſhips to Nereids of the main.
Yet in her friends defence is Juno ſeen?
'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your ſon, belike, is abſent, while the foe
Invades his tow'rs;—and let him ſtill be ſo!—
Cythera's iſle, and Amathus, are yours;
The Paphian realms, and ſoft Idalian ſhores.
Why ſhouldſt thou then to fights a race incline,
Long ſince inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conſpire your empire to deſtroy?
Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?—or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?
Who did that black deſtructive crime inſpire?
Who fann'd the flame, that ſet two worlds on fire?
Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?

Aut

Aut ego tela dedi, fovive cupidine bella?
Tunc decuit metuiſſe tuis: nunc ſera querelis
Haud juſtis aſſurgis, et irrita jurgia jactas.
Talibus orabat Juno, cunctique fremebant
Coelicolae aſſenſu vario: ceu flamina prima
Cum deprenſa fremunt ſilvis, et caeca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos.
Tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui ſumma poteſtas,
Inſit. eo dicente, deum domus alta ſileſcit,
Et tremefacta ſolo tellus; ſilet arduus aether:
Tum zephyri poſuere: premit placida aequora pontus.
Accipite ergo animis, atque haec mea figite dicta.
Quandoquidem Auſonios conjungi foedere Teucris
Haud licitum eſt, nec veſtra capit diſcordia finem:
Quae cuique eſt fortuna hodie, quam quiſque ſecat ſpem,
Tros Rutuluſve fuat, nullo diſcrimine habebo:
Seu fatis Italum caſtra obſidione tenentur,
Sive errore malo Trojae, monitiſque ſiniſtris.
Nec Rutulos ſolvo. ſua cuique exorſa laborem

152. *So, pent in woods*, &c.] Milton has finely improved upon this hint:

He ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
Th' aſſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men, o'erwatch'd; whoſe bark, by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay,
After the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended. ——

Par. L. B. 2. ver. 284.

158. *Th' attentive winds.*] This is truly ſublime, but is taken from Ennius, in Scipione:

Mundus cæli vaſtus conſtitit ſilentio;
Et Neptunus ſævus undis aſperis pauſam dedit:

Did

Did we procure? did we retain the fair?
And, for his luſt, ſupport a ten years war?
Then, partial goddeſs, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;
But now, too late, unjuſtly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain.
Thus ſpoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,
And in mixt murmurs vote on either ſide:
So, pent in woods, at firſt with ſullen ſound
The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the foreſt round;
A dreadful ſignal to the naval train,
Of the loud ſtorms impending o'er the main.
Then ſpoke th' almighty father, as he ſate
Inthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a ſolemn ſilence keep;
The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her centre ſhook; high heav'n was aw'd;
And all th' immortal thrones ſtood trembling at the god.)
Hear then our ſacred will, ye pow'rs above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
Since you refuſe to bid your diſcord ceaſe,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever ſchemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the ſame;
Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapleſs Ilion, or Heſperia, bleed.
The ſtern Rutulians too their toils ſhall know,
And ev'ry hand ſhall work its weal or woe.

Sol equis iter repreſſit unguli volitantibus:
Conſtitêre amnes perennes, arbores vento vacant.

Fortu-

Fortunamque ferent: rex Jupiter omnibus idem.
Fata viam invenient. Stygii per flumina fratris,
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas,
Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
Hic finis fandi. ſolio tum Jupiter aureo
Surgit, coelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.
Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus inſtant
Sternere caede viros, et moenia cingere flammis.
Aſt legio Aeneadum vallis obſeſſa tenetur:
Nec ſpes ulla fugae. miſeri ſtant turribus altis
Nequicquam, et rara muros cinxere corona.
Aſius Imbraſides, Hicetaoniuſque Thymoetes,
Aſſaracique duo, et ſenior cum Caſtore Thybris,
Prima acies. hos, germani Sarpedonis ambo,
Et Clarus, et Haemon, Lycia comitantur ab alta.
Fert ingens, toto conniſus corpore, ſaxum,
Haud partem exiguam montis, Lyrneſius Acmon,
Nec Clytio genitore minor, nec fratre Meneſtheo.
Hi jaculis, illi certant defendere ſaxis,
Molirique ignem, nervoque aptare ſagittas.

Your king, inclin'd to neither ſide, ſhall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate.
This by his brother's awful floods he ſwore,
That thro' the black infernal regions roar;
Gave the dread ſignal of the ſolemn nod,
With his bent brows; the ſanction of the god!
From ſky to ſky the ſtrong concuſſion rolls;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the ſire the high contention cloſe;
Then from the throne majeſtically roſe;
With him at once the ſacred ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait the ſov'reign of the ſkies.
Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Croud to deſtroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.
By hoſts ſurrounded, in deſpair to fly,
Cloſe in their trench, the helpleſs Trojans lie.
Yet ſome undaunted on the ramparts ſtand,
And guard the works; a brave, but ſlender band.
There, ſprung from Imbraſus, bold Aſius ſhone:
Thymoetes next, fam'd Hicetaon's ſon.
The dread Aſſaraci their ſuccour bring;
With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
Thybris and Caſtor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repel the riſing war.
Theſe Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrneſſus' ſhore;
With all his ſtrength a broken rock he bore:
He match'd his brother Mneſtheus' wondrous might,
And his great father Clytius in the fight.
Some, pond'rous ſtones, ſome, pointed jav'lins aim,
And gaul the foe with ſhafts, or miſſive flame.

Ipſe inter medios, Veneris juſtiſſima cura,
Dardanius caput, ecce, puer detectus honeſtum:
Qualis gemma micat, fulvum quae dividit aurum,
Aut collo decus, aut capiti: vel quale, per artem
Incluſum buxo, aut Oricia terebintho,
Lucet ebur: fuſos cervix cui lactea crines
Accipit, et molli ſubnectit circulus auro.
Te quoque magnanimae viderunt, Iſmare, gentes
Volnera dirigere, et calamos armare veneno,
Maeonia generoſe domo; ubi pinguia culta
Exercentque viri, Pactoluſque irrigat auro.
Adfuit et Mneſtheus, quem pulſi priſtina Turni
Aggere murorum ſublimem gloria tollit;
Et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi.
Illi inter ſeſe duri certamina belli
Contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte ſecabat.
Namque ut ab Evandro caſtris ingreſſus Etruſcis
Regem adit, et regi memorat nomenque genuſque;
Quidve petat, quidve ipſe ferat; Mezentius arma
Quae ſibi conciliet, violentaque pectora Turni,
Edocet: humanis quae ſit fiducia rebus
Admonet, immiſcetque preces; haud fit mora; Tarchon
Jungit opes, foeduſque ferit. tum libera fati

202. *Amid the train.*] How artfully is this graceful deſcription of the appearance of Aſcanius introduced, amidſt the more tumultuous and ruder ſcenes of the battle! He is repreſented bare-headed (ſays Donatus), becauſe he was forbidden by Apollo to fight; *Caput detectus*, i. e. *non pugnaturus*. Some commentators think, that Virgil alluded to the cuſtom of the Romans, who were always bare-headed, but during the Saturnalia. I rather think, from the deſcription that follows

Amid

Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Aſcanius ſhone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain conſtrains his locks, that deck,
In gloſſy ſable curls, his lovely neck:
So ſhines a gem, illuſtrious to behold,
On ſome fair virgin's neck, enchas'd in gold:
So the ſurrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the poliſh'd ivory to the view,
Thee too, ſtern Iſmarus, O chief divine!
A great deſcendant of the Lydian line,
(Born where the peaſants turn the coſtly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
The hoſts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Diſcharg'd thy poiſon'd arrows at the foe.
Brave Capys next ſucceeds, a chief of fame,
From whom proud Capua ſince deriv'd her name.
Great Mneſtheus clos'd the band, of high renown,
Since late he caſt bold Turnus from the town.
Theſe all the rigid toils of fight ſuſtain;
Meantime, by night, their gen'ral plows the main.
For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coaſt,
And ſought the leader of the Lydian hoſt;
With pray'rs declar'd his bus'neſs, race, and name,
And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
And chance of war attend the mortal ſtate;
Strait with the league propos'd the chief complies,
And joins his forces to his new allies.

immediately, that he is painted bare-headed, to make the more graceful appearance.

Claſſem conſcendit juſſis gens Lydia divum,
Externo commiſſa duci. Aeneïa puppis
Prima tenet, roſtro Phrygios ſubjuncta leones:
Imminet Ida ſuper, profugis gratiſſima Teucris.
Hic magnus ſedet Aeneas, ſecumque volutat
Eventus belli varios: Pallaſque, ſiniſtro
Affixus lateri, jam quaerit ſidera, opacae
Noctis iter, jam quae paſſus terraque marique.
Pandite nunc Helicona, deae, cantuſque movete;
Quae manus interea Tuſcis comitetur ab oris
Aenean, armetque rates, pelagoque vehatur.
Maſſicus aerata princeps ſecat aequora tigri;
Sub quo mille manus juvenum, qui moenia Cluſi,
Quique urbem liquere Coſas: queis tela, ſagittae,
Corytique leves humeris, et lethifer arcus.

234. *Her ſculptur'd Ide.*] The Roman poets ſcarce ſay any thing in a perſonal manner of mount Ida; unleſs poſſibly Virgil may be underſtood in that manner, where he is ſpeaking of the figures wrought in the fore-part of Æneas's ſhip,

Imminet Ida ſuper, &c.

SPENCE's Polymet. Dial. 15. B. 8.

242. *Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring.*] I have obſerved concerning the Catalogue in B. VII. how different this is from that. Macrobius has made an objection to Virgil, upon the ſubject of the catalogue in this tenth book. He thinks, that Virgil ought not to have made it without order, as we ſee it is; and that Homer, having treated of the ſame thing, paſſes from one ſubject to another, according to the neighbourhood of the countries whoſe inhabitants he has celebrated. Inſtead of which, Virgil has not obſerved any rule, but jumps from one ſubject to another, without any manner of exactneſs. A certain Jeſuit takes Virgil's part on this ſubject, and juſtifies him by the example of Thucydides; who, tho' he is an hiſtorian, and conſequently more ty'd down to the regularity which Macrobius wiſhes for, has ſol-

Now,

Now, uncontroul'd by fate, the martial train,
Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main.
In pomp, before, Æneas' gally paſt;
His lofty ſtern the Phrygian lions grac'd;
There, baniſh'd Troy's delight, her ſculptur'd Ide,
Hangs o'er the foamy ſurge, and ſhades the tide.
Here ſate the chief with various thoughts oppreſt,
The fate of war revolving in his breaſt;
Cloſe by his ſide th' Arcadian prince inquires
Of the ſwift motions of the heav'nly fires;
What ſeas he meaſur'd; and what lands he ſought;
What ſtorms he ſuffer'd, and what fields he fought,
Ye muſes! now unlock your ſacred ſpring,
Inſpire the bard, and teach him how to ſing,
What ſhips, what heroes, what auxiliar hoſts,
Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuſcan coaſts.
The Tiger firſt the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thouſand warriors thro' the tides,
Who came beneath great Maſſicus' command,
From Coſa's turrets, and the Cluſian land.
Cloſe to their ſides their poliſh'd quivers ſate;
Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.

lowed it no more than Virgil in many of his deſcriptions. — This example does not ſeem to me ſufficient for the defence of Virgil; for if he has done wrong, it will be no excuſe that Thucydides had done ſo before him, ſince we ſee that Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus blames Thucydides for this fault. But we may remark, that as the poet ſeeks to raviſh his reader, and above all aims at the beauty of ſurprize, it is not neceſſary that he ſhould confine himſelf to that exactneſs, which would be of no ornament, but on the contrary, by diſcovering his own artifice, would take off all the ſur-

Una torvus Abas. huic totum inſignibus armis
Agmen, et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
Sexcentos illi dederat Populonia mater
Expertos belli juvenes: aſt Ilva trecentos,
Inſula inexhauſtis chalybum generoſa metallis.
Tertius, ille hominum divumque interpres, Aſylas,
Cui pecudum fibrae, coeli cui ſidera, parent,
Et linguae volucrum, et praeſagi fulminis ignes,
Mille rapit, denſos acie atque horrentibus haſtis.
Hos parere jubent Alpheae ab origine Piſae;
Urbs Etruſca ſolo. ſequitur pulcherrimus Aſtur,
Aſtur equo fidens, et verſicoloribus armis.
Tercentum adjiciunt, mens omnibus una ſequendi,
Qui Caerete domo, qui ſunt Minionis in arvis;
Et Pyrgi veteres, intempeſtaeque Graviſcae.
Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortiſſime bello,
Tranſierim, Cinyra, et paucis comitate Cupavo,
Cujus olorinae ſurgunt de vertice pennae.
Crimen amor veſtrum, formaeque inſigne paternae.

prize from his narration, ſo that he would intereſt the reader the leſs. For as we obſerved in Rem. VIII. B. VI. If Virgil had placed in a genealogical order all thoſe heroes, which Anchiſes celebrates in his prediction, this prediction had been leſs pleaſing. It would be the ſame with this catalogue; if thoſe who are there mentioned, were ranged according to the order of their reſpective places, the reader would prevent the artifice of the poet; and would find fewer graces in ſuch an arrangement, than what he finds in this miſcellaneous manner, which nevertheleſs, as we may obſerve, is without diſorder or confuſion. SEGRAIS.

Six

Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.
Rich in her endleſs beds of ſteely ore,
The rugged Ilva ſends three hundred more;
All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
And, on the ſtern, Apollo flam'd in gold.
With groves of waving ſpears, in thick array,
From Piſa's walls a thouſand took their way;
They march embattled from the Tuſcan land,
And great Aſylas leads the martial band;
Aſylas, ſkilful ſage! whoſe piercing eyes
Diſcern'd all ſigns on earth, or in the ſkies.
His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
From ſtars, and birds, and lightnings as they flew.
Next beauteous Aſtur plow'd the watry field,
Proud of his bounding ſteed and ſculptur'd ſhield;
From where old Pyrgus' loſty turrets riſe,
And rank Graviſcan marſhes taint the ſkies,
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.
Nor thou unſung, brave Cinyras, ſhalt paſs,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race;
Nor thou, Cupavo, under whoſe command,
Advanc'd to fight a ſmall, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy creſt, and wave above,
Expreſſive of thy * ſire, transform'd by love.

* *Cycnus.*

Namque ferunt, luctu Cycnum Phaëtontis amati,
Populeas inter frondes umbramque ſororum
Dum canit, et moeſtum muſa ſolatur amorem,
Canentem molli pluma duxiſſe ſenectam;
Linquentem terras, et ſidera voce ſequentem.
Filius, aequales comitatus claſſe catervas,
Ingentem remis centaurum promovet: ille
Inſtat aquae, ſaxumque undis immane minatur
Arduus, et longa ſulcat maria alta carina.
Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
Fatidicae Mantus et Tuſci filius amnis,
Qui muros matriſque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen;
Mantua dives avis: ſed non genus omnibus unum.
Gens illi triplex, populi ſub gente quaterni,
Ipſa caput populis; Tuſco de ſanguine vires.
Hinc quoque quingentos in ſe Mezentius armat,
Quos patre Benaco, velatus arundine glauca,

292. *Next, warlike Ocnus,* &c.] Ocnus built the walls of Mantua; but the colony for whom he built them were by far more antient than his time. This colony was originally made up of Thebans (ſays Servius) afterwards re-inforced by the Tuſcans, and laſtly by the Gauls, or, as ſome will have it, by the Sarſinates. This mixture of different nations is implied in the *non genus omnibus unum*; and hence too the *genus illi* [*Mantuæ*] *triplex* is made out. By the *populi ſub gente quaterni* is to be underſtood, that beſide the city of Mantua, there were three other cities in the Mantuan territories all reſpectively govern'd by their lucumones, or petty kings; of all theſe Mantua was the chief,—*Ipſa caput populis.* But tho' Mantua was compoſed of three different lucumonies or nations, yet the mightieſt of them all were the Tuſcans, *Tuſco de ſanguine vires.* Thus Virgil in four lines has ſketch'd out the preſent ſtate, and the complicated genealogy, of his country. The Ocnus above-mentioned is Bianor, whoſe tomb is ſpoken of in the third eclogue,

While for his Phaeton his ſorrows flow,
And ſoft harmonious ſtrains beguile his woe;
While in the duſky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the ſiſters ſhade,
O'er all the man the ſnowy feathers riſe,
And in a tuneful ſwan he mounts the ſkies.
Now his great off-ſpring, with his ſocial train,
In the huge Centaur plow'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monſter ſtood,
And ſhook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
The ſounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.
Next, warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From preſcient Manto and great Tyber ſprung;
By him, fair Mantua roſe; immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illuſtrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race.
Three tribes diſtinct poſſeſs her fertile lands,
And four fair cities ev'ry tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuſcan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the miſtreſs of the nations round.
Next, gen'rous hate to ſtern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's ſacred cauſe.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his courſe.
From old Benacus' venerable ſource,

——*Jamque ſepulchrum*
Incipit apparere Bianoris.——

See SERVIUS and CATROU *in loc.*

Mincius infeſta ducebat in aequora pinu.
It gravis Auletes, centenaque arbore fluctum
Verberat aſſurgens: ſpumant vada marmore verſo.
Hunc vehit immanis triton, et caerula concha
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hiſpida nanti
Frons hominem praefert, in priſtin deſinit alvus;
Spumea ſemifero ſub pectore murmurat unda.
Tot lecti proceres ter denis navibus ibant
Subſidio Trojae, et campos ſalis aere ſecabant.
Jamque dies coelo conceſſerat, almaque curru
Noctivago Phoebe medium pulſabat Olympum;
Aeneas, neque enim membris dat cura quietem,
Ipſe ſedens clavumque regit, veliſque miniſtrat.
Atque illi medio in ſpatio chorus, ecce, ſuarum
Occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybele
Numen habere maris, nymphaſque e navibus eſſe
Juſſerat, innabant pariter, fluctuſque ſecabant,
Quot prius aeratae ſteterant ad litora prorae.
Agnoſcunt longe regem, luſtrantque choreis.
Quarum, quae fandi doctiſſima, Cymodocea,
Pone ſequens, dextra puppim tenet, ipſaque dorſo
Eminet, ac laeva tacitis ſubremigat undis.
Tum ſic ignarum alloquitur: vigilaſne, deum gens,
Aenea? vigila, et velis immitte rudentes.

322. *Fixt at the ſtern.*] The leader of a colony (ſays Catrou) ſhould be equal to every taſk which that buſineſs requires. Æneas does not diſdain to pilot his own veſſel in the night. This he had done before, after Palinurus fell into the ſea. B. 5. *ad calc.*

In

In one vaſt ſhip he pours the warlike train,
Down thro' his native chanel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours thro' the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean ſweep,
Plow the white waves, and laſh the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the ſea below.
Down to his waiſt the human form deſcends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monſter ends.
Swift as he ſwims, the waters fly before;
And, daſh'd beneath the god, the frothy ſurges roar.
So many chiefs in thirty veſſels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the ſparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, thro' th' ethereal height,
Rode in the ſolemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the ſtern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping ſlumber ſeals his careful eyes.
Amid the ſeas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ſhips transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddeſſes, as ſtood before,
With brazen beaks, tall veſſels on the ſhore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing nymphs incloſe their wond'ring king.
The firſt *, whoſe eloquence excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breaſt;
Held with one hand the ſtern, while one divides,
With many an eaſy ſtroke, the ſilent tides:
And doſt thou wake, great off-ſpring of the ſkies?
Wake ſtill, and open ev'ry ſail (ſhe cries);

* *Cymodocea.*

Nos ſumus Idaeae ſacro de vertice pinus,
Nunc pelagi nymphae, claſſis tua. perfidus ut nos
Praecipites ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat;
Rupimus invitae tua vincula, teque per aequor
Quaerimus. hanc genetrix faciem miſerata refecit,
Et dedit eſſe deas, aevumque agitare ſub undis.
At puer Aſcanius muro foſſiſque tenetur
Tela inter media, atque horrentes Marte Latinos.
Jam loca juſſa tenet, forti permixtus Etruſco,
Arcas eques: medias illis opponere turmas,
Ne caſtris jungant, certa eſt ſententia Turno.
Surge, age, et aurora ſocios veniente vocari
Primus in arma jube, et clypeum cape, quem dedit ipſe
Invictum Ignipotens, atque oras ambiit auro.
Craſtina lux, mea ſi non irrita dicta putaris,
Ingentes Rutulae ſpectabit caedis acervos.
Dixerat: et dextra diſcedens impulit altam,
Haud ignara modi, puppim: fugit illa per undas,

340. *We burſt our anchors.*] Catrou mentions this part of Cymodocea's ſpeech as a ſpecimen of the politeneſs of a ſea-nymph. Nothing (ſays this refined Frenchman) can be more polite than the language of this new nymph. She gives Æneas to underſtand, that ſhe was turned into a goddeſs ſorely againſt her own will, and that ſhe had rather ſtill have continued in his ſervice under her original ſhape.

358. *This ſaid; the goddeſs.*] Mr. Dryden juſtly obſerves, that the transformation of the ſhips, as violent a machine as it is, ſerves here to carry on the main deſign. Theſe new-made divinities not only tell Æneas what had paſs'd in his camp during his abſence; and what was the preſent diſtreſs of his beſieg'd people; and that his horſemen, whom he had ſent by land, were ready to join him at his deſcent; but warn him to provide for battle next day, and foretel him

Thy

Thy ſhips are we, that once on Ida ſtood,
Now chang'd by heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread ſword, and the devouring flame,
We burſt our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And ſought our maſter o'er the watry field.
Theſe forms the mother of the ſkies beſtow'd,
And made each ſhip a goddeſs of the flood:
Low in the ſacred ſeas our court we keep,
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep.
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midſt all the terrors of the Latian war.
The brave Arcadian horſe, and Tuſcan hoſt,
Have reach'd the land, and ſeiz'd th' appointed poſt.
The Daunian chief has ſent a ſquadron down
To ſtop their deſtin'd progreſs to the town.
Riſe, hero! riſe; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable ſhield.
The morning ſun (nor think my promiſe vain!)
Shall ſee vaſt heaps of fierce Rutulians ſlain.
This ſaid; the goddeſs (for ſhe knew the way)
Puſh'd the light veſſel o'er the glaſſy ſea:

good ſucceſs: ſo that this epiſodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for beſides what I have ſaid, they puſh on his navy with celeſtial vigour, that it might reach the port more ſpeedily, and take them more unprovided to reſiſt his landing.

Ocior et jaculo et ventos aequante ſagitta.
Inde aliae celerant curſus. ſtupet inſcius ipſe
Tros Anchiſiades; animos tamen omine tollit.
Tum breviter, ſupera aſpectans convexa, precatur:
Alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi,
Turrigeraeque urbes, bijugique ad fraena leones,
Tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
Augurium, Phrygibuſque adſis pede, diva, ſecundo.
Tantum effatus: et interea revoluta ruebat
Matura jam luce dies, noctemque fugarat.
Principio ſociis edicit, ſigna ſequantur,
Atque animos aptent armis, pugnaeque parent ſe.
Jamque in conſpectu Teucros habet et ſua caſtra,
Stans celſa in puppi: clypeum tum deinde ſiniſtra
Extulit ardentem. clamorem ad ſidera tollunt
Dardanidae e muris. ſpes addita ſuſcitat iras.
Tela manu jaciunt. quales ſub nubibus atris

382. *High in his hand.*]

Ardet apex capiti, criſtiſque a vertice flamma
Funditur ——

Gabriel Faernus conjectures that Virgil wrote, *triſtiſque* for *criſtiſque*; which (ſays Fulvius Urſinus) is a very plauſible reading, tho' it is not found in the old *MSS.* I think *triſtis* heightens the ſublimity of the deſcription; and it muſt be allowed that *criſtis* in this place is ſuperfluous. See Homer's Il. B. 5. *ſub init.* Δαιε δ' ὀι εκ κορυθος, &c.

Swift

Swift as a jav'lin, or a ſtorm, ſhe flew;
And, wing'd with rival ſpeed, her courſe the reſt purſue.
While at the ſight the hero ſtood amaz'd,
The proſp'rous ſign his bounding ſpirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries:
Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majeſtic mother of the gods!
Whoſe ſtrong defence proud tow'ring cities ſhare,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car!
Oh! kindly ſecond this auſpicious ſign,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inſpir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My boſom kindles, and my ſoul's on fire!
He ſaid; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the ſhades away;
When firſt the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war;
Rouſe for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardor, to provoke the fight.
As on his ſtern the godlike warrior ſtands,
And views diſtinct his camp and ſocial bands;
High in his hand the golden ſhield he rais'd:
Wide o'er the flood the ſtrong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans ſpy
The ſhining orb; their darts and jav'lins fly;
And their loud clamours tempeſt all the ſky.
Leſs loud the thick-embody'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, thro' the clouds of air;

Strymo-

Strymoniae dant ſigna grues, atque aethera tranant
Cum ſonitu, fugiuntque notos clamore ſecundo.
At Rutulo regi, ducibuſque ea mira videri
Auſoniis; donec verſas ad litora puppes
Reſpiciunt, totumque allabi claſſibus aequor.
Ardet apex capiti, criſtiſque a vertice flamma
Funditur, et vaſtos umbo vomit aureus ignes:
Non ſecus ac liquida ſi quando nocte cometae
Sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor:
Ille, ſitim morboſque ferens mortalibus aegris,
Naſcitur, et laevo contriſtat lumine coelum.
Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia ceſſit
Litora praeripere, et venientes pellere terra.
Ultro animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro:
Quod votis optaſtis, adeſt, perfringere dextra:
In manibus Mars ipſe, viri. nunc conjugis eſto
Quiſque ſuae tectique memor; nunc magna referto
Facta patrum, laudeſque. ultro occurramus ad undam,
Dum trepidi, egreſſiſque labant veſtigia prima.
Audentes fortuna juvat.
Haec ait, et ſecum verſat, quos ducere contra,
Vel quibus obſeſſos poſſit concredere muros.

399. *So the dire.*] Virgil has finely improved this ſimile from Homer. See Il. χ. Milton has copied it, and exceeded both his originals in ſublimity.

——— Like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' Arctic ſky; and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. ———

P. L. B. 2.

This compariſon is applied with greater propriety by Milton, than by either Homer or Virgil, as he is ſpeaking of a being more than human.

When,

When, at the ſignal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.
Amaz'd ſtood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the ſudden tranſport roſe;
Till all th' advancing navy they ſurvey,
A floating ſcene, that cover'd half the ſea.
From great Æneas' creſt the lightnings ſtream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty ſhield diſplays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundleſs blaze.
So the dire comet, wtth portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-ſtar, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal ſplendor fires the ſky,
Scares the pale nations; for his burning breath
Darts down diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and death.
But ſtill, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To ſeize the ſhore, and drive them to the main.
Lo! what you long have wiſh'd, to prove your might,
The hour!—the place!—the foe!—the promis'd fight!—
Your wives, your ſons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers glories and your own.
Now while, with ſlidd'ring ſteps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil; deſcend we to the ſtrand;
Soon as on yonder ſhore our bands appear,
One noble ſtroke, my friends, ſhall end the war:
The brave command ſucceſs.—The hero ſaid;
Then with himſelf for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold taſk what choſen troops to call,
And to what bands entruſt the leaguer'd wall.

Interea

Interea Aeneas ſocios de puppibus altis
Pontibus exponit. multi ſervare recurſus
Languentis pelagi, et brevibus ſe credere ſaltu:
Per remos alii. ſpeculatus litora Tarchon,
Qua vada non ſpirant, nec fracta remurmurat unda,
Sed mare inoffenſum creſcenti allabitur aeſtu,
Advertit ſubito proras, ſocioſque precatur:
Nunc, o lecta manus, validis incumbite remis;
Tollite, ferte rates; inimicam findite roſtris
Hanc terram, ſulcumque ſibi premat ipſa carina.
Frangere nec tali puppim ſtatione recuſo,
Arrepta tellure ſemel. quae talia poſtquam
Effatus Tarchon, ſocii conſurgere tonſis,
Spumanteſque rates arvis inferre Latinis:
Donec roſtra tenent ſiccum, et ſedere carinae
Omnes innocuae. ſed non puppis tua, Tarchon.
Namque inflicta vadis dorſo dum pendet iniquo,
Anceps, ſuſtentata diu, fluctuſque fatigat,
Solvitur, atque viros mediis exponit in undis:
Fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia tranſtra
Impediunt, retrahitque pedes ſimul unda relabens.

439. *Safe to the ſhelving beech.*] *Innocuæ*, ſays Ruæus, is here to be taken paſſively for *illæſæ*. Thus Lucan, uſes the word *innoxia*, Lib. Pharſ. 9. ver. 895. ſpeaking of the *Pſyllæ:*

—— *Gens unica terris*
Incolit a ſævo ſerpentum innoxia *morſu.*

Catrou thus underſtands the word.

Mean-

Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and ſeize the half-recover'd ſhores;
Some ſlide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon ſpy'd,
Where in ſmooth ſwellings roll'd an eaſy tide;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no ſhoals, but hopes a friendly ſhore.
Thither his veſſels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
Now, now, my friends, exert your utmoſt force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious courſe.
Puſh, heave your deſp'rate gallies to the ſtrand;
Plow with your beaks and keels the hoſtile land.
My ſole ambition is to gain the coaſt:
And then—no matter—let the ſhip be loſt.
So ſpoke th' impatient chief; and, as he ſpoke,
They ply their oars, and riſe to ev'ry ſtroke.
Full on the land the ruſhing veſſels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the ſandy ſhore.
Safe to the ſhelving beach the gallies run;
All 'ſcap'd the ſhock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the ſhallows ruſh'd, and there
Daſh'd on the rock, and ſloping hung in air:
Preſt by a war of waves, her ſhatter'd ſides
Burſt, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They ſwim, incumber'd with their broken oars:
The floods ſupplant their feet, and bear them from the ſhores.

Nec Turnum ſegnis retinet mora, ſed rapit acer
Totam aciem in Teucros, et contra in litore ſiſtit.
Signa canunt. primus turmas invaſit agreſtes
Aeneas, omen pugnae, ſtravitque Latinos,
Occiſo Therone; virum qui maximus ultro
Aeneam petit. huic gladio, perque aerea ſuta,
Per tunicam ſqualentem auro, latus haurit apertum.
Inde Lichan ferit, exſectum jam matre perempta,
Et tibi, Phoebe, ſacrum; caſus evadere ferri
Quod licuit parvo. nec longe Ciſſea durum,
Immanemque Gyan, ſternentes agmina clava,
Dejecit letho. nihil illos Herculis arma,
Nil validae juvere manus, genitorque Melampus,
Alcidae comes, uſque graves dum terra labores
Praebuit. ecce, Pharo, voces dum jactat inertes,
Intorquens jaculum, clamanti ſiſtit in ore.
Tu quoque, flaventem prima lanugine malas
Dum ſequeris Clytium infelix, nova gaudia, Cydon,
Dardania ſtratus dextra, ſecurus amorum,
Qui juvenum tibi ſemper erant, miſerande, jaceres;

450. *When great Æneas charg'd the Latian ſwains.*] By the *turmas agreſtes*, we are to underſtand, men levied in the country by the Latins. Theſe were much better ſoldiers than the militia rais'd in towns. The army of the Latins was made up in an hurry, and did not conſiſt of regular troops.
CATROU.

469. *On Cydon next.*] Virgil here obſerves, that the unnatural paſſion for boys had well nigh been the cauſe of Cydon's deſtruction. I appeal to the impartial reader whether or no the poet does not here inſinuate a diſapprobation of a vice, of which he has been ſtrongly, and I hope unjuſtly, accuſed.

Mean-

Meantime againſt the Trojans, on the coaſt,
Brave Turnus led his cloſe-embattled hoſt.
The ſprightly trumpets ſound with martial ſtrains,
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian ſwains;
The valiant Theron ſlew, with matchleſs might,
The firſt auſpicious omen of the fight;
A giant chief; his furious courſe he held
Againſt the prince, the foremoſt of the field.
Fierce thro' his ſhield and mail (an op'ning wide!)
Flew the ſwift ſword, and pierc'd the warrior's ſide.
Then Lycas bled, and ſtain'd the thirſty ſhore,
To Phœbus ſacred from his natal hour;
Ripp'd from the womb, the infant 'ſcap'd the ſteel;
The man, unhappy! by the faulchion fell.
Gyas and Ciſſeus next the hero ſlew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their ſtrength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their Herculean arms, and boaſted ſire,
Alcides' friend; whoſe glorious ſteps he trod,
While earth ſupply'd new monſters for the god.
As, loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos ſtood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawleſs joy,
Fair Clytius courted and careſs'd the boy,
With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And ſoon had finiſh'd his prepoſt'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the ſhore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;

Ni fratrum ſtipata cohors foret obvia, Phorci
Progenies, ſeptem numero, ſeptenaque tela
Conjiciunt: partim galea clypeoque reſultant
Irrita; deflexit partim ſtringentia corpus
Alma Venus. fidum Aeneas affatur Achaten:
Suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera fruſtra
Torſerit in Rutulos, ſteterunt quae in corpore Graium
Iliacis campis. tum magnam corripit haſtam,
Et jacit. illa volans clypei tranſverberat aera
Maeonis, et thoraca ſimul cum pectore rumpit.
Huic frater ſubit Alcanor, fratremque ruentem
Suſtentat dextra: trajecto miſſa lacerto
Protinus haſta fugit, ſervatque cruenta tenorem;
Dexteraque ex humero nervis moribunda pependit.
Tum Numitor, jaculo fratris de corpore rapto,
Aenean petiit: ſed non et figere contra
Eſt licitum, magnique femur perſtrinxit Achatae.
Hic Curibus, fidens primaevo corpore, Clauſus
Advenit, et rigida Dryopen ferit eminus haſta
Sub mentum graviter preſſa, pariterque loquentis
Vocem animamque rapit trajecto gutture: at ille
Fronte ferit terram, et craſſum vomit ore cruorem.

475. *But Phorcus' ſons.*] Some critics remark, that Virgil will not ſuffer the execrable Cydon to die by the hands of Æneas, as ſo glorious a death would be improper for ſo diſſolute a debauchee, and at the ſame time be a diſgrace to his hero. La Cerda obſerves, that Virgil ſaves Cydon on purpoſe to pleaſe Auguſtus, who, according to Plutarch, was guilty of *pæderaſty*. But I can never be induced to believe, that Virgil was ſo abject a cringer as to make his flattery ſubſervient to the vitious and immoral part of his patron's character.

But

But Phorcus' ſons, ſev'n valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw;
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus preſs'd, thus compaſs'd round on ev'ry ſide,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
Bring, bring thoſe darts (not one ſhall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain.
Then a long lance with all his might he caſt;
Thro' Mæon's ſhield the furious weapon paſs'd;
Thro' the ſtrong cuiraſs pierc'd the hiſſing dart,
Transfixt his breaſt, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raiſe his grov'ling brother from the ſand;
But, wing'd with death, a ſecond jav'lin flies,
Swift as the firſt, and ſings along the ſkies;
Thro' his extended arm the ſpear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corſe, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But ſlightly rais'd Achates' manly thigh.
Next Clauſus, fluſh'd with youthful ſtrength and grace,
(Clauſus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And launch'd his pointed ſpear aloft in air,
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppreſs'd the voice, and ſtopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the ſhore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.

Tres quoque Threïcios, Boreae de gente ſuprema,
Et tres, quos Idas pater, et patria Iſmara, mittit,
Per varios ſternit caſus. occurrit Haleſus,
Auruncaeque manus; ſubit et Neptunia proles,
Inſignis Meſſapus equis. expellere tendunt
Nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipſo
Auſoniae. magno diſcordes aethere venti
Praelia ceu tollunt, animis et viribus aequis:
Non ipſi inter ſe, non nubila, non mare, cedunt:
Anceps pugna diu: ſtant obnixa omnia contra.
Haud aliter Trojanae acies acieſque Latinae
Concurrunt: haeret pede pes, denſuſque viro vir.

At parte ex alia, qua ſaxa rotantia late
Impulerat torrens, arbuſtaque diruta ripis,
Arcadas, inſuetos acies inferre pedeſtres,
Ut vidit Pallas Latio dare terga ſequaci;
Aſpera queis natura loci dimittere quando
Suaſit equos; unum quod rebus reſtat egenis,
Nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris:

506. *Three ſons of Boreas bled.*] Theſe words *Boreæ de gente ſuprema* may have two ſignific tions; *viz.* that theſe three firſt Thracians were of the divine family of Boreas; that is to ſay, ſons of Zethus or Calais, who were the offſpring of Boreas and Orythiya; but my interpretation is the moſt ſimple; *viz.* That theſe three brothers were of the moſt northern part of Thrace, where Boreas reigns. Catrou.

Still

Still ruſhing on, the chief the ſlaughter ſpread;
By various deaths three ſons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapleſs youths! expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their ſire.
Againſt the prince his bands Haleſus leads,
And fierce Meſſapus laſh'd his fiery ſteeds.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies ſtand
On the firſt verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.
As when the winds from diff'rent quarters riſe,
Pour to the charge, and combat in the ſkies,
In due ſuſpenſe the ſtruggling tempeſts keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poiſe the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' aëreal fight:
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
Theſe ſcorn'd to yield, nor thoſe can win the day;
All, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All, foot to foot, or conquer, or expire.
But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods
Had ſpread the ground with ſhatter'd rocks and woods,
Th' Arcadian ſquadrons from their ſteeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccuſtom'd fight.
Now to an open rout their ranks inclin'd,
And cloſe their foes came thund'ring from behind.
This ſaw their chief, brave Pallas, with deſpair;
He ſaw, and ſtrove to ſtop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:

Quo fugitis, ſocii? per vos et fortia facta,
Per ducis Evandri nomen, devictaque bella,
Spemque meam, patriae quae nunc ſubit aemula laudi;
Fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hoſtes
Eſt via, qua globus ille virum denſiſſimus urget:
Hac vos et Pallanta ducem patria alta repoſcit.
Numina nulla premunt: mortali urgemur ab hoſte
Mortales: totidem nobis animaeque manuſque.
Ecce, maris magno claudit nos obice pontus:
Deeſt jam terra fugae: pelagus, Trojamne, petemus?
Haec ait, et medius denſos prorumpit in hoſtes.
Obvius huic primum, fatis adductus iniquis,
Fit Lagus: hunc, magno vellit dum pondere ſaxum,
Intorto figit telo, diſcrimina coſtis
Per medium qua ſpina dedit; haſtamque receptat
Oſſibus haerentem. quem non ſuper occupat Hiſbon,
Ille quidem hoc ſperans: nam Pallas ante ruentem,
Dum furit, incautum crudeli morte ſodalis,
Excipit, atque enſem tumido in pulmone recondit.
Hinc Sthenelum petit, & Rhoeti de gente vetuſta
Anchemolum, thalamos auſum inceſtare novercae.
Vos etiam gemini Rutulis cecidiſtis in arvis,
Daucia, Laride Thymberque, ſimillima proles,

563. *So like your features.*] Thus Claudian ſpeaking of the reſemblance between Caſtor and Pollux,

—— Juvat ipſe tonantem
Error, & ambiguae placet ignorantia matri.

This deſcription of our poet is ſimple and chaſte enough, conſidering, that the ſubject is purely epigrammatical.

Whither,

Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your paſt deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your ſov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array.
Here, here, your country calls you all, to ſhare
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Ruſh to the fight; no gods our arms oppoſe;
Men, like ourſelves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal ſtrength and ſoul appears,
Our hands and ſpirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands impriſon'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the ſeas, ye daſtards, would ye fall?
Or hide your ſhameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall?
He ſaid; and, ruſhing on the hoſtile bands,
Firſt in his way ill-fated Lagus ſtands;
Low as he ſtoop'd, a mighty ſtone to rear,
Full in the reins, deſcends the pointed ſpear;
Then, as he diſengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the ſight, bold Hiſbon ruſh'd in vain
Againſt the prince; the prince his boſom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring ſword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his faulchion ſped,
Who dar'd to ſtain his ſtepdame's ſacred bed.
You too, ye Daucian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! periſh'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each miſtook.

Indiſ-

Indiſcreta ſuis, gratuſque parentibus error.
At nunc dura dedit vobis diſcrimina Pallas:
Nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Evandrius abſtulit enſis;
Te deciſa ſuum, Laride, dextera quaerit;
Semianimeſque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant.
Arcadas, accenſos monitu et praeclara tuentes
Facta viri, miſtus dolor et pudor armat in hoſtes.
Tum Pallas bijugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter
Trajicit. hoc ſpatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo:
Ilo namque procul validam direxerat haſtam,
Quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,
Te fugiens, fratremque Tyren: curruque volutus,
Caedit ſemianimis Rutulorum calcibus arva.
Ac velut, optato ventis aeſtate coortis,
Diſperſa immittit ſilvis incendia paſtor:
Correptis ſubito mediis, extenditur una
Horrida per latos acies Volcania campos:
Ille ſedens victor flammas deſpectat ovantes.
Non aliter ſocium virtus coit omnis in unum,
Teque juvat, Palla. ſed bellis acer Haleſus

571. *The dying fingers.*] It muſt be owned, that there is not that great variety of wounds, and different manners of dying, deſcribed by our poet as by Homer.

591. —— *Sits the joyful ſwain.*] This circumſtance, foreign to the compariſon, of the ſhepherd's ſitting to look down on the flames, is quite in Homer's manner; and indeed the words ſeem to be tranſlated from him:

—— Γεγηθε δε τε φρενα ποιμην.

Puzzled,

Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear deluſion ſmil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice diſtinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the ſword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, fought its abſent lord;
The dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With ſtarts convulſive graſp the ſteel in vain.
The Arcadian ſquadrons, by their prince inſpir'd,
Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd.
Diſdain to fly, and arms to arms oppoſe;
Grief, ſhame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Teuthras and from Tyres, on his car
Pale Rhœteus ſhoots impetuous thro' the war;
While Pallas his ſwift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapleſs warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapleſs warrior ſtay'd,
And for a ſpace, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, diſtain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
As, when the ſummer glows with fervid rays,
The ſhepherd ſets the foreſt in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conſpire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the ſkies:
On ſome ſteep mountain ſits the joyful ſwain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas ſees th' Arcadian pow'rs,
All fir'd with vengeance, ſweep along the ſhores.

Tendit

Tendit in adverſos, ſeque in ſua colligit arma.
Hic mactat Ladona, Pheretaque, Demodocumque:
Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit enſe
Elatam in jugulum: ſaxo ferit ora Thoantis,
Oſſaque diſpergit cerebro permiſta cruento.
Fata canens ſilvis genitor celarat Haleſum:
Ut ſenior letho canentia lumina ſolvit;
Injecere manum Parcae, teliſque ſacrarunt
Evandri. quem ſic, Pallas petit, ante precatus:
Da nunc, Tybri pater, ferro, quod miſſile libro,
Fortunam atque viam duri per pectus Haleſi:
Haec arma exuviaſque viri tua quercus habebit.
Audiit illa deus. dum texit Imaona Haleſus,
Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum.
At non caede viri tanta perterrita Lauſus,
Pars ingens belli, ſinit agmina. primus Abantem
Oppoſitum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.
Sternitur Arcadiae proles, ſternuntur Etruſci;
Et vos, O, Graiis imperdita corpora, Teucri.

606. *The fatal ſiſters.*]

Injecere manum parcæ, teliſque ſacrarunt
Evandri. ——

Virgil (ſays Catrou) here alludes to two cuſtoms, the one belonging to the civil law, and the other to the pontifices. By the words *injecere manum parcæ*, we are to underſtand what the lawyers ſignify by the *manus injectio*, that is, ſeizing or taking poſſeſſion. The *telis ſacrarunt*, alludes to the practice of the pontifices when they deſtin'd a victim to the altar.

Haleſus

Haleſus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe;
Sheath'd in bright arms, he roſe to ev'ry blow.
Firſt Ladon ſunk beneath his pointed ſteel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To ſeize his throat; the faulchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a ſtone deſcended full
On Thoas' head, and cruſh'd the batter'd ſkull.
His old prophetic ſire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Haleſus from the war.
But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes,
The fatal ſiſters claim'd their deſtin'd prize.
Now ſtood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim ſacred to th' Evandrian ſpear.
His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But firſt the youth prefers his ardent vows:
O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct thro' proud Haleſus' heart!
His arms and ſpoils thy ſacred oak ſhall bear;
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Haleſus ſhields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breaſt all-naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian hoſt;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero loſt.
But ſoon brave Lauſus rais'd them from deſpair;
Lauſus, who ſhone conſpicuous in the war.
Stern Abas firſt he ſlew, of matchleſs might,
Who ſtood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuſcan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold ſons, who 'ſcap'd the Greeks in vain.

Agmina concurrunt, ducibuſque et viribus aequis.
Extremi addenſent acies; nec turba moveri
Tela manuſque ſinit. hinc Pallas inſtat et urget;
Hinc contra Lauſus, nec multum diſcrepat aetas:
Egregii formae, ſed queis fortuna negarat
In patriam reditus. ipſos concurrere paſſus
Haud tamen inter ſe magni regnator Olympi:
Mox illos ſua fata manent majore ſub hoſte.
Interea ſoror alma monet ſuccurrere Lauſo
Turnum; qui volucri curru medium ſecat agmen.
Ut vidit ſocios: tempus deſiſtere pugna.
Solus ego in Pallanta feror; ſoli mihi Pallas
Debetur: cuperem ipſe parens ſpectator adeſſet.
Haec ait: et ſocii ceſſerunt aequore juſſi.
At Rutulum abſceſſu juvenis, tum juſſa ſuperba
Miratus, ſtupet in Turno; corpuſque per ingens
Lumina volvit, obitque truci procul omnia viſu;
Talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:

629. *Here Pallas fires his train, and Lauſus there.*] It was natural for the reader (ſays Dr. Trapp) to think that theſe two young princes, being ſo equally matched, and now ſo near together, muſt meet and fight. The poet ſhews us, that he was not unmindful of this; and ſo ſtarts this idea: but paſſes from it to a quite different one; and gives us an hint of what would be the fate of them both. This is extremely ingenious and judicious; firſt, cauſing in the mind that, which never fails to pleaſe it, viciſſitude and ſurprize; ſecondly, ſhewing the art of the poet in telling us what he could have done, tho' he does it not. It may be obſerved too, that it was more glory to theſe two youthful heroes to be ſlain, as they were, by enemies ſo far ſuperior to themſelves, than for either to have killed the other, or for both to have been killed by each other. Not to mention the

Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their ſtrength, the ſame.
The rear cloſe-preſſing to the dire alarms,
Th' incumber'd troops ſcarce wield their uſeleſs arms.
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lauſus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear.
Poor, hapleſs youths! alas! your native plain
Muſt never, never bleſs your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withſtands;
Both, both muſt fall; but fall by greater hands!
Now Turnus to the aid of Lauſus came,
Warn'd by his ſiſter *, the celeſtial dame;
Thro' cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious ſpeed, and thunders thro' the war.
Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due, he cries;
For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone, belongs the fight:
Oh! could his ſire be witneſs to the fight!
He ſaid; and, at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder ſaw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, and ample ſize;
And to his haughty foe, in ſhort, replies:

beautiful uſe, which the poet afterwards makes of their deaths. Thus far Dr. Trapp. In like manner the reader's expectation is raiſed in B. 4. of the Par. loſt, *ad calc.* where an encounter is like to enſue between Satan and the angelic ſquadron.

* *Juturna.*

Aut

Aut ſpoliis ego jam raptis laudabor opimis,
Aut letho inſigni. ſorti pater aequus utrique eſt.
Tolle minas. fatus medium procedit in aequor.
Frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia ſanguis.
Deſiluit Turnus bijugis: pedes apparat ire
Cominus. utque leo, ſpecula cum vidit ab alta
Stare procul campis meditantem praelia taurum,
Advolat: haud alia eſt Turni venientis imago.
Hunc ubi contiguum miſſae fore credidit haſtae,
Ire prior Pallas, ſi qua fors adjuvet auſum
Viribus imparibus; magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
Per patris hoſpitium, et menſas quas advena adiſti,
Te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adſis:
Cernant ſemineci ſibi me rapere arma cruenta,
Victoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.
Audiit Alcides juvenem, magnumque ſub imo
Corde premit gemitum, lacrymaſque effudit inanes.
Tum genitor natum dictis affatur amicis:
Stat ſua cuique dies: breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus eſt vitae: ſed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus. Trojae ſub moenibus altis
Tot nati cecidere deûm: quin occidit una

653. *My father ſtands prepar'd.*] Dryden tranſlates *pater* in this place by Jupiter:

Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.

In this interpretation he is greatly miſtaken; for *ſorti pater æquus utrique*, is manifeſtly an anſwer to *cuperent ipſe parens ſpectator adeſſet*. In his dedication before the Æneis he obſerves, "how could Ruæus imagine, that it was the ſame thing "to Evander, if his ſon were ſlain, or if he overcame? The "poet certainly intended Jupiter the father of mankind." *Æquus* implies, *he* [Evander] *is able to bear, is equal to*, ſorti utrique, *either chance, my living or dying*.

Now,

Now, by thy royal ſpoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or glorioufly expire!
Then vaunt no more; for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above.
This ſaid; amid the field the hero ſtrode;
All-chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians ſtood.
The Daunian chief ſprung dreadful from the car,
And ruſh'd on foot, impetuous, to the war;
Ruſh'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On ſome ſtern bull, that meditates the fight.
But ſoon as Pallas ſaw the prince appear
Within due diſtance of the flying ſpear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the ſkies:
O great Alcides! by my father's feaſt,
Thyſelf vouchſaf'd to grace, a glorious gueſt;
Aſſiſt his ſon, and crown his bold deſign;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conqueſt mine;
And, while the victor ſpoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his cloſing eyes.
His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breaſt he check'd the riſing groan,
Th' all-gracious father ſooth'd his ſorrowing ſon:
To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but ſhort, and circumſcrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to ſtretch the ſpan,
Whoſe ſcanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many ſons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?

Sarpedon, mea progenies: et jam ſua Turnum
Fata vocant, metaſque dati pervenit ad aevi.
Sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.
At Pallas magnis emittit viribus haſtam,
Vaginaque cava fulgentem deripit enſem.
Illa volans, humeri ſurgunt qua tegmina ſumma,
Incidit, atque viam clypei molita per oras,
Tandem etiam magno ſtrinxit de corpore Turni.
Hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
In Pallanta diu librans jacit, atque ita fatur:
Aſpice, num mage ſit noſtrum penetrabile telum.
Dixerat; at clypeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris,
Cum pellis toties obeat circumdata tauri,
Vibranti cuſpis medium tranſverberat ictu,
Loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens.
Ille rapit calidum fruſtra de volnere telum:
Una eademque via ſanguiſque animuſque ſequuntur.
Corruit in volnus: ſonitum ſuper arma dedere;
Et terram hoſtilem moriens petit ore cruento.
Quem Turnus ſuper aſſiſtens:
Arcades, haec, inquit, memores mea dicta referte
Evandro. qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.

685. *Turns from the ſcene of blood his ſacred eyes.*]
—— *Oculos Rutulorum* rejicit *arvis.*

Ruæus is, I believe, ſingular in the expoſition of this paſſage, retulit *oculos ad campos Trojanorum*; he turn'd his eyes *towards*, &c. which ſays Dr. Trapp, is bad ſenſe, and worſe grammar. Catrou remarks, that Jupiter, in turning his eyes from the field of battle, ſhews, that he will eſpouſe neither party, Trojan or Rutulian, according to his promiſe. But is not this promiſe afterward broken, when he ſends down a fury, B. 12. ver. 1204. to terrify Turnus? Is not this eſpouſing the Trojans?—Dr. Trapp tells us, that Jupiter turned great

Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own ſon, the brave Sarpedon bled:
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end. —
This ſaid; th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies
Turns from the ſcene of blood his ſacred eyes.
Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw,
And from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew.
The whizzing ſpear, with erring courſe impell'd,
Flew thro' the ringing margin of the ſhield,
And, glancing, raz'd the ſhoulder of the foe.—
Then Turnus ſhook the lance; prepar'd to throw:
He ſhook the lance; and ſee, he cry'd, if mine
Reach not the mark; a ſurer dart than thine!
He ſaid, and threw. The ſpear with forceful ſway
Broke, thro' the ſolid ſhield, its deſtin'd way;
Thro' ev'ry ſteely plate, and brazen fold,
Thro' thick bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Thro' the ſtrong cuiraſs flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breaſt, and panted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple ſoul came floating with the gore.
Down ſunk the youth; his rattling arms reſound;
He ſpurns, and grinds in blood the hoſtile ground.
Then, as he ſtrode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor ſaid:
Go!—be this meſſage to your maſter known;
Such as the ſire deſerv'd, I ſend the ſon;

his eyes *away*, that he might not ſee a death, which he would have prevented, and was not able.

Quiſquis honos tumuli, quicquid ſolamen humandi eſt,
Largior. haud illi ſtabunt Aeneïa parvo
Hoſpitia. et laevo preſſit pede, talia fatus,
Exanimum, rapiens immania pondera baltei,
Impreſſumque nefas. una ſub nocte jugali
Caeſa manus juvenum foede, thalamique cruenti:
Quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelaverat auro:
Quo nunc Turnus ovat ſpolio, gaudetque potitus.
Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futurae,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emtum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit. at ſocii multo gemitu lacrymiſque
Impoſitum ſcuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.
O dolor, atque decus magnum rediture parenti!
Haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert:
Cum tamen ingentes Rutulorum linquis acervos.

716. *Here, thick emboſt.*] Statius, Theb. 4. gives one of his heroes a ſhield ornamented with this ſtory:

——*perfectaque vivit in auro*
Nox Danai: fontes furiarum lampade nigra
Quinquaginta ardent thalami: pater ipſe, cruentis
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inſpicit enſes.

Which laſt expreſſion is very pictureſque.

722. *But man, too haughty.*] Thus Homer of Chromias and Aretus, Il. 17.

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return!

Theſe beautiful anticipations (ſays Mr. Pope) are frequent in the poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with a knowlege of futurity. So Taſſo Cant. 12. St. 58.

Un-

Unbrib'd, unſought, his relics I beſtow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.
Dear for the Trojan's friendſhip has he paid!—
Then, with his foot he preſt the proſtrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his boſom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmoſt art Eurytion had diſplay'd.
Here, thick emboſs'd, the fifty daughters ſhed
Their conſorts blood, and ſtain'd the bridal bed;
The rais'd bold figures, all divinely-bright,
Came out, and ſtood projecting to the ſight.
This ſpoil, proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the coſtly prize.
But man, too haughty in a proſp'rous ſtate,
Grows blind, and heedleſs of his future fate:
The time ſhall come, when Turnus in diſmay,
Shall mourn theſe ſpoils, and this victorious day;
Shall wiſh, too late! the golden belt unſought,
And curſe the trophies he ſo dearly bought!
With groans and tears th' Arcadians, on a ſhield,
Bear back their breathleſs leader from the field.
Thus to thy father's arms doſt thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy ſire!
O early loſt! with ſtrength and beauty grac'd!
This thy firſt day of warfare was thy laſt:
Yet didſt thou ſcatter death thro' half an hoſt;
And, ere thy own, a thouſand lives were loſt.

O vanity of man's unſtable mind!
Puff'd up with ev'ry blaſt of friendly wind!

Nec jam fama mali tanti, ſed certior auctor
Advolat Aeneae; tenui diſcrimine lethi
Eſſe ſuos; tempus verſis ſuccurrere Teucris.
Proxima quaeque metit gladio, latumque per agmen
Ardens limitem agit ferro; te, Turne, ſuperbum
Caede nova quaerens. Pallas, Evander, in ipſis
Omnia ſunt oculis: menſae, quas advena primas
Tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem, quos educat Uſens,
Viventes rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris,
Captivoque rogi perfundat ſanguine flammas.
Inde Mago procul infenſam contenderat haſtam;
Ille aſtu ſubit, ac tremebunda ſupervolat haſta:
Et genua amplectens effatur talia ſupplex:
Per patrios manes, per ſpes ſurgentis Iüli,
Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natoque patrique.

LIX.

Why joy'ſt thou, wretch? Oh what ſhall be thy gain?
What trophy this, the bold Tancredi rears?
Thine eyes ſhall ſhed, in caſe thou be not ſlain,
For ev'ry drop of blood, a ſea of tears.

FAIRFAX.

Milton makes the like apoſtrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam, before ſhe met the ſerpent:

—— She, to him, engag'd
To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,
And all things in beſt order, to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve!
Thou never from that hour in paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe.

746. *Four youths.*] Mr. Pope obſerves, that Virgil expreſſes no diſapprobation of this cruel action, which the Greek poet does in plain terms, ſpeaking of this in Iliad 23. ver. 176.

Now

Now by ſpectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief theſe mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid, encompaſs'd by the foes.
With his huge weighty ſword, without delay,
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he ſeeks along the plain,
Proud of the ſpoils of hapleſs Pallas ſlain.
The genial feaſt, the ſon, the ſire combin'd,
Leagues, friendſhip, all, came ruſhing on his mind.
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Uſens, bred,
Unhappy victims! deſtin'd to the dead,
He ſeiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And ſprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
At Magus next his furious ſpear he caſt,
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon paſt:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his ſtern, inexorable heart.
By thy dead father's ſhade, thy ſuppliant ſpare!
By all the hopes of thy ſurviving heir!
Preſerve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a ſon!

—— Κακα δ' φρεσι μηδετο εργα.

It is not only (ſays he) the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whoſe very character is virtue and compaſſion, that reſerves ſeveral young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to ſacrifice them to the manes of his favourite hero.—As this is to be conſider'd as a religious rite, and not an action of revenge, I do not ſee why Æneas ſhould diſcover any deteſtation of it.

Eſt domus alta: jacent penitus defoſſa talenta
Caelati argenti: ſunt auri pondera facti
Infectique mihi. non hic victoria Teucrûm
Vertitur. haud anima una dabit diſcrimina tanta.
Dixerat: Aeneas contra cui talia reddit:
Argenti atque auri, memoras quae, multa talenta

758. *High in my dome.*] Thus Adraſtus, Hom. Iliad. B. 6. ſupplicates Agamemnon. Virgil has beautifully improved upon the Greek poet. Nothing, ſays Mr. Pope, can be a more artful piece of addreſs than the firſt lines of this ſupplication, if we conſider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made, *Per patrios manes*, &c.

764. *Thy talents.*] Theſe tender and affecting expreſſions, with which Magus endeavours to ſooth the wrath of Æneas, but without effect, ſupport a charge of great inhumanity againſt our hero, as well as the ſlaughter of Liger and Lucagus, the two brothers, who beg their lives of him, and whom he inſults in ſarcaſms that do not become a man of any generoſity.

Theſe inſtances, and his unrelenting revenge upon Turnus, raiſe a ſtrong party againſt him: but, conſidering the importance of the objection, it is not to be ſuppos'd, that I am the firſt who have appear'd in his defence.

Gallutius is very copious in his apology for this poet, Artic. 9. B. 1. where he diſcuſſes this important queſtion, whether the man who kills his enemies, that beg their lives, who devotes the four children of Uſens, and the four children of Sulmo, to the manes of Pallas, to be ſlaughter'd as a ſacrifice on his tomb, had any claim to the appellation of juſt and merciful, by them, as the poet pretends.

He goes thro' all theſe caſes, and to every one gives a pertinent anſwer: I ſhall juſt mention his arguments, having already obſerv'd, that we are not to judge of one age by another, much leſs of the religion of the antients, by that we profeſs.

Doubtleſs, according to the precepts and the ſpirit of a religion ſo holy as the Chriſtian, every ſuch inſtance of unrelenting ſlaughter muſt be looked upon as the higheſt and moſt ſhocking barbarity. But ſuch a cenſure makes nothing againſt

High

High in my dome are ſilver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold.
Theſe, to procure my ranſom, I reſign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no ſuch diff'rence yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!
Thy talents (cry'd the prince), thy treaſur'd ſtore,
Keep for thy ſons; but talk of terms no more.

Virgil: on the contrary, it proves that he is ſo far from having been guilty of a fault in this caſe, that if he had done otherwiſe, he would indeed have been much to blame, that is to ſay, if he had made his Pagan hero act like a Chriſtian hero. We ſee clearly enough, that it was an inſtance of ſuperſtition moſt aſtoniſhing to think of, that the ſhades of the dead long'd for theſe bloody ſacrifices; and that the greateſt misfortune that could befal the ſoul, was to remain unaſſur'd of due vengeance for the death of the body. But this ſuperſtition was conſider'd as a point of religion, and nothing was accounted more inhuman in the living, than to leave the ſhades of their friends unrevenged.

All the works of the antients aré full of inſtances of what I ſay. Achilles, who refus'd to engage the Trojans out of pique to Agamemnon, ſtifles this reſentment when the death of Patroclus is to be avenged.

Lucan ſays, that the ſoul of Craſſus murmur'd, that he was not revenged upon the Parthians, the Romans not having ſent forces to obtain ſatisfaction for his defeat and death.

Ovid introduces Althea putting to death her ſon Meleager, to revenge the death of her other children. We all know the Greeks, on this account, ſacrificed Polyxena at the tomb of Achilles. Dido in her death finds no circumſtance more deplorable, than the thought of periſhing unrevenged.

Moriemur inultæ?

And at the ſame time that Diana, B. 11. ſees the death of Camilla as inevitable, ſhe thinks of nothing but revenging it.

Upon the whole, as religion was concern'd in this point, we ought to conclude Virgil acted very conſiſtently, and with great propriety; that Æneas would have appear'd deſtitute of

Natis

Natis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus
Suſtulit iſta prior, jam tum Pallante peremto.
Hoc patris Anchiſae manes, hoc ſentit Iülus.
Sic fatus, galeam laeva tenet, atque, reflexa
Cervice orantis, capulo tenus abdidit enſem.

humanity and piety towards his friend, if he had been prevented from avenging the death of Pallas, by a compaſſion which in that age would have been interpreted weakneſs. The poet is juſtified by ſhewing, that he had reaſon ſufficient for introducing his hero acting in this manner.

—— Pallas, Evander, in ipſis
Omnia ſunt oculis.

To the death of Turnus he is actually obliged, by the expreſs words of Evander; if we conſider, B. 11. what this anhappy father ſends in charge to Æneas, by the men who bear the body of his ſon:

Vadite, & hæc regi memores mandata referte.
Quod vitam moror inviſam Pallante peremto,
Dextera cauſa tua eſt; Turnum gnatoque patrique
Quem debere vides meritis, vacat hic tibi ſolus
Fortunæque locus: non vitæ gaudia quæro;
Nec fas: ſed gnato manes perferre ſub imos.

We muſt enter therefore into the ſentiments that Æneas muſt be ſuppoſed to derive from the morals of his religion, rather than thoſe which the Chriſtian inſpires us with: we muſt figure to ourſelves, that it would have been much more inhuman in this hero, to have given leſs attention to the miſery of Pallas (whoſe ſoul he believed to be in a ſtate of diſconſolate wandering till his death was avenged) than to the prayer of Magus, of Liger, or even of Turnus; when, to remind him of the death of Pallas, the poet ſo judiciouſly contrives to make him ſee the belt which Turnus had ſpoiled him of; a circumſtance not neceſſary at the deaths of Liger or Magus, as they followed that of Pallas ſo cloſe.

Nay we ſee the wrath of Æneas carries him ſo far, as to make him tell Tarquilus (another whom he kills in the heat of the combat), that he ſhould not enjoy the rites of burial, which the antients eſteem'd ſo great a misfortune. This ſhews

Your

Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living ſon; my ſire below;
And, from this ſword, demand the life of ev'ry foe.
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd,
Deep-bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.

how far the piety and affection of Æneas to his friend, and to Evander, could puſh his courage. SEGRAIS.

I cannot forbear adding, that our infidels ſeem not ſufficiently to have conſider'd, what a ſpirit of mildneſs Chriſtianity hath introduced into the world, and how much it hath ſoftened the minds of men. Witneſs the inſolent and cruel treatment of captives, the expoſing of children, the bloody gladiatorian ſpectacles, the dreadful proſcriptions, the maſſacres of ſlaves, the frequent poiſonings, and many other enormous barbarities, commonly practiſed by the ſo much admired Greeks and Romans.

768. *So deems my living ſon; my ſire below.*] In reality the action of Turnus, in killing Pallas, is a piece of cowardice. He challenges to ſingle combat, at the head of two armies, a youth unequal to himſelf either in ſtrength or experience. On this action Æneas juſtly founds his revenge. The verſe under conſideration is not ſo much a cruel ſentiment, as it is an anſwer to the interceſſion of Magus, who begs his life in the names of Anchiſes and Iulus. Lactantius, cited by Catrou, thinks the killing Magus too barbarous a deed for the pious Æneas; but we are to conſider, that Æneas has juſt loſt his friend Pallas, and, ſeeking to be revenged on Turnus, meets Magus: That even at this time,

> The genial feaſt, the ſon, the ſire combin'd,
> Leagues, friendſhip, all, came ruſhing on his mind.
> Ver. 744. ſup.

771. *Deep-bury'd in his neck.*] Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he deſcribed the death of Magus in the tenth Æneid. Thoſe lines of his prayer where he offers a ranſom, are tranſlated from this of Adraſtus; but both the prayer and anſwer Æneas makes, when he refuſes him mercy, are very much heighten'd and improved. They

Nec

Nec procul Aemonides, Phoebi Triviaeque ſacerdos,
Infula cui ſacra redimibat tempora vitta,
Totus collucens veſte atque inſignibus armis.
Quem congreſſus agit campo, lapſumque ſuperſtans
Immolat, ingentique umbra tegit. arma Sereſtus
Lecta refert humeris, tibi, rex Gradive, tropaeum.
Inſtaurant acies, Volcani ſtirpe creatus,
Caeculus, et, veniens Marſorum montibus, Umbro.
Dardanides contra furit. Anxuris enſe ſiniſtram,
Et totum clypei ferro dejecerat orbem.
Dixerat ille aliquid magnum, vimque affore verbo
Crediderat, coeloque animum fortaſſe ferebat,
Canitiemque ſibi, et longos promiſerat annos.
Tarquitus, exſultans contra fulgentibus armis,
Silvicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympha crearat,
Obvius ardenti ſeſe obtulit. ille reducta
Loricam clypeique ingens onus impedit haſta.
Tum caput orantis nequicquam, et multa parantis

alſo receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occaſion on which he inſerts them: young Pallas is juſt kill'd, and Æneas, ſeeking to be reveng'd upon Turnus, meets this Magus. Nothing can be a more artful piece of addreſs than the firſt lines of that ſupplication, if we conſider the character of Æneas, to whom it is made:

Per patrios manes, per ſpes ſurgentis Iuli,
Te precor, hanc animam ſerves natoque patrique.

And what can exceed the cloſeneſs and fulneſs of that reply to it?

—— *Belli commercia Turnus*
Suſtulit iſta prior, jam tum Pallante peremto.
Hoc patris Anchiſæ manes, hoc ſentit Iulus.

This removes the imputation of cruelty from Æneas, which had leſs agreed with his character, than it does with Aga-

Apollo's

Apollo's prieſt, illuſtrious Æmon's ſon,
In purple robes and radiant armour ſhone.
The ſacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapleſs victim dies,
And fate in endleſs ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Sereſtus ſtrips his arms; a coſtly load;
A trophy deſtin'd to the * Thracian god.
Umbro, the Marſian chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight:
Againſt the prince he warms the troops in vain;—
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders thro' the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arm; the hand and ſhield
Drop down, an uſeleſs burden on the field.
Before, he vaunted, and he ſeem'd to riſe
In his proud thought, exalted, to the ſkies.
But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind,
With the fond hope of years on years behind!
In arms great Tarquitus all-blazing ſtood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;
But thro' his ſhield and corſlet flew the ſpear.
Then as he pray'd, and beg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.

memnon's, whoſe reproof to Menelaus in this place, is not unlike that of Samuel to Saul for not killing Agag.
POPE's Iliad, B. 6. 57.

* *Mars.*

Dicere,

Dicere, deturbat terrae; truncumque tepentem
Provolvens, ſuper haec inimico pectore fatur:
Iſtic nunc, metuende, jace. non te optima mater
Condet humi, patriove onerabit membra ſepulcro:
Alitibus linquere feris, aut gurgite merſum
Unda feret, piſceſque impaſti volnera lambent.
Protinus Antaeum et Lycan, prima agmina Turni,
Perſequitur, fortemque Numam, fulvumque Camertem,
Magnanimo Volſcente ſatum; ditiſſimus agri
Qui fuit Auſonidum, et tacitis regnavit Amyclis.
Aegaeon qualis, centum cui brachia dicunt
Centenaſque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
Pectoribuſque arſiſſe, Jovis cum fulmina contra

798. *Lie, mighty warrior, there.*] After this manner Hector inſults Patroclus:

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee the joy
(Thy pride once promis'd) of ſubverting Troy,
* * * * * * *
But thou a prey to vulturs ſhalt be made.
POPE's H. Il. B. 16. 1003.

807. *And ſoft Amyclæ.*] Amyclæ, a city of Peloponneſus, is ſtyl'd *tacitæ*, either becauſe its inhabitants were too modeſt to reſent an injury done them by a neighbouring nation, according to Ruæus; or, as Servius remarks, becauſe they followed the doctrine of Pythagoras, which injoined to keep ſilence for five years, and never offer any violence to ſerpents: but this occaſioned their deſtruction; for, upon ſome of theſe venomous animals breaking out of a lake near their city, they religiouſly forbore to attack and kill them, and ſo were devoured by them.

808. *And as, of old.*] Æneas in no part of the Æneid appears more formidably great than in this. He rages like the giant Ægeon beſieging Olympus with an hundred arms, *&c.*

The poet could not have repreſented, in a more ex-

The trunk ſtill beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph ſpoke his conqu'ring foe:
Lie, mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now inter thee in thy native land;
But hungry beaſts thy wretched corſe ſhall tear,
The fiſhes of the flood, and fowls of air.
Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, then he ſlew,
Who from bold Volſcens his proud lineage drew,
By far the wealthieſt of the Latian train;
And ſoft Amyclæ own'd his eaſy reign.
And as, of old, the huge Ægeon ſtood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the ſkies, and anſwers fires with fires;

preſſive and lively manner, the terror that attended his hero, than by deſcribing the horſes of the enemy as frighten'd at his figure marching along (even when at a diſtance), and breathing revenge and deſtruction. Spencer has a very fine image of this kind, F. Q. B. 5. l. 8. ſt. 37. &c.

Speaking of prince Arthur fighting with the ſoldan:

At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The veil, which did his pow'rful light empeach;
And coming full before his horſe's view,
As they upon him preſt, it plain to them did ſhew
38.
Like lightning flaſh, that hath the gazer burn'd:
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That back again upon themſelves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

Tot

Tot paribus ſtreperet clypeis, tot ſtringeret enſes.
Sic toto Aeneas deſaevit in aequore victor,
Ut ſemel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei
Quadrijuges in equos adverſaque pectora tendit:
Atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem
Ut videre, metu verſi, retroque ruentes,
Effunduntque ducem, rapiuntque ad litora currus.
Interea bijugis infert ſe Lucagus albis
In medios, fraterque Liger; ſed frater habenis
Flectit equos; ſtrictum rotat acer Lucagus enſem.
Haud tulit Aeneas tanto fervore furentes:
Irruit, adverſaque ingens apparuit haſta.
Cui Liger.
Non Diomedis equos, nec currum cernis Achillei,
Aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi
His dabitur terris. veſano talia late
Dicta volant Ligeri; ſed non et Troïus heros
Dicta parat contra; jaculum nam torquet in hoſtes.
Lucagus, ut pronus pendens in verbera telo
Admonuit bijugos, projecto dum pede laevo
Aptat ſe pugnae, ſubit oras haſta per imas
Fulgentis clypei: tum laevum perforat inguen.
Excuſſus curru moribundus volvitur arvis.

As many ſhining ſwords he ſhook, and held,
Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous ſhield.
So, when his reeking ſword in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry ſide.
Now fierce he ruſh'd againſt Nyphæus' car,
Who ſhone conſpicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the ſtartled ſteeds beheld
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field;
Flew back, and caſt their maſter on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.
Liger and Lucagus next came in view:
Drawn by white courſers, thro' the troops they flew;
Two haughty brothers; that, the courſers ſway'd;
This brandiſh'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.
Their threats the Trojan chief diſdain'd to bear,
Ruſh'd on, and ſhook aloft the pointed ſpear.
No Phrygian fields are theſe (proud Liger ſaid),
Nor theſe the ſteeds of Argive Diomede;
You 'ſcape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here ſhall end the war!
Thus the mad boaſter—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in anſwer, launch'd his whizzing ſpear.
Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horſe,
With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery courſe,
And, with one foot protended, ruſh'd to fight,
The lance, that inſtant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the ſhining margin of the ſhield,
Swift thro' the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
Down ſinks the warrior with a dreadful ſound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.

Quem pius Aeneas dictis affatur amaris :
Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga ſegnis equorum
Prodidit, aut vanae vertere ex hoſtibus umbrae.
Ipſe rotis ſaliens juga deſeris. haec ita fatus
Arripuit bijugos. frater tendebat inermes
Infelix palmas, curru delapſus eodem.
Per te, per, qui te talem genuere, parentes,
Vir Trojane, ſine hanc animam, et miſerere precantis.
Pluribus oranti Aeneas : haud talia dudum
Dicta dabas. morere, et fratrem ne deſere frater.
Tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.
Talia per campos edebat funera ductor
Dardanius, torrentis aquae vel turbinis atri
More furens. tandem erumpunt, et caſtra relinquunt
Aſcanius puer, et nequicquam obſeſſa juventus.

845. *And thus, in ſcornful terms.*]

Quem pius Æneas dictis affatur amaris.

The epithet *pius*, in this place, ſeems to be inconſiſtently applied to Æneas, while he is inſulting a dying enemy. Dr. Trapp juſtly remarks, that ſome ſoldierly epithet would have been more proper on this occaſion. But the word *pius* is here introduced as a general epithet, and not meant to convey any particular or circumſtantial idea; as

Εκτορος ιπποδαμοιο, ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι.

With many other of the like nature in Homer.

859. *Go! 'tis a brother's part.*]

—— —— *Haud talia dudum*
Dicta dabas; morere, et fratrem ne deſere frater.

Macrobius quotes this paſſage, among many others, to prove how great a maſter Virgil is of diverſity of ſtile.

I cannot forbear tranſlating the beautiful ſimile with which he concludes his chapter :

" If we diligently ſurvey the world, we ſhall find a great " reſemblance between that divine work and this poem.

The

The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in ſcornful terms, beſpoke the dead:
Nor were your courſers ſlow; nor vain affright
At empty ſhadows turn'd your ſteeds to flight;
Yourſelf, brave Lucagus, forſook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!
This ſaid; he ſeiz'd the courſers by the rein;
When thus the brother, caſt upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;
Now, by thyſelf, thy mercy I implore;
By thoſe who ſuch a godlike hero bore;
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, ſpare,
And with ſoft pity liſten to my pray'r.—
In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
Die then (replies the prince), and plead no more;
Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!
He rais'd the ſword aloft, as thus he ſaid,
And in his boſom plung'd the pointed blade.
Thus, like a ſtorm or torrent, o'er the ground
He ruſh'd, and ſpread the ſlaughter wide around;
Till from their works, ſo long beſieg'd in vain,
Break forth Aſcanius and the Trojan train.

" For as the eloquence of Maro is ever fitted to the ſubject,
" is ſometimes conciſe, at other times copious; is here re-
" ſerved, and there florid; ſometimes flows like a rivulet,
" and ſometimes like a torrent; and often comprehends at
" once all theſe different ſpecies's; ſo the earth itſelf is here
" beautified with corn and the green graſs; is there rough
" with rocks and foreſts; exhibiting in one place ſandy de-
" ſarts; and, in another place, is moiſtened with fountains;

Junonem interea compellat Jupiter ultro:
O germana mihi atque eadem gratiſſima conjux;
Ut rebare, Venus, nec te ſententia fallit,
Trojanas ſuſtentat opes: non vivida bello
Dextra viris, animuſque ferox, patienſque pericli.
Cui Juno ſubmiſſa: quid, O pulcherrime conjux,
Sollicitas aegram, et tua triſtia dicta timentem?
Si mihi, quae quondam fuerat, quamque eſſe decebat,
Vis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares
Omnipotens: quin et pugnae ſubducere Turnum,
Et Dauno poſſem incolumem ſervare parenti.
Nunc pereat, Teucriſque pio det ſanguine poenas.
Ille tamen noſtra deducit origine nomen;
Pilumnuſque illi quartus pater: et tua larga
Saepe manu, multiſque oneravit limina donis.
Cui rex aetherei breviter ſic fatur Olympi:
Si mora praeſentis lethi tempuſque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere ſentis;
Tolle fuga Turnum, atque inſtantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulſiſſe vacat. ſin altior iſtis

" among the reſt too is to be ſeen the vaſt ocean. Pardon " me, continues he, nor call me an enthuſiaſt, who have " thus dared to compare Virgil to nature. I ſhould indeed " ſpeak beneath the merit of this great poet, if I was to pro- " nounce, that Virgil has blended all the different ſtiles of " the ten rhetoricians which did ſo much honour to Athens." Saturn. c. 1. B. 5.

The whole chapter is well worth the peruſal of the curious critic. Drayton, in his beginning of the ſecond ſong of the Polyolbion, introduces the above ſimile.

867. *While thus the battle bled*] We begin to be tired with ſo many deaths. Virgil, therefore, very artfully ſhifts

While

While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Addreſs'd his conſort in the realms above,
As both from heav'n ſurvey'd the deathful ſcene:
Say, ſiſter-goddeſs, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it ſtill your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands increaſe in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
Can ſuch brave heroes, who ſuch dangers prove,
Depend for ſuccour on the queen of love?
And why, my lord, ſubmiſſive, ſhe rejoin'd,
Theſe words ſevere, to rack my anxious mind?
Did ſtill your love (as ſure it ſhould) remain,
A wife and ſiſter might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing ſire.—
But let him die, ſince Jove has ſo decreed!—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—
And yet his birth might ſome diſtinction claim,
Since from our own celeſtial line he came.
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid.
Thus ſpoke the ſuppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty ſov'reign of the ſkies:
If 'tis your pray'r to ſpare his forfeit breath,
By a ſhort reſpite of approaching death;
Snatch him this inſtant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.

the ſcene. The introducing divinities on theſe occaſions is an excellent practice in an epic poet. CATROU.

Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, ſpes paſcis inanes.
Cui Juno illacrymans: quid ſi, quod voce gravaris,
Mente dares; atque haec Turno rata vita maneret?
Nunc manet infontem gravis exitus; aut ego veri
Vana feror. quod ut o potius formidine falſa
Ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orſa reflectas!
Haec ubi dicta dedit, coelo ſe protinus alto
Miſit, agens hiemem, nimbo ſuccincta, per auras:
Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia caſtra petivit.
Tum dea nube cava tenuem ſine viribus umbram
In faciem Aeneae, viſu mirabile monſtrum,
Dardaniis ornat telis; clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulat capitis: dat inania verba;

911. *There, in Æneas' ſhape.*] This fiction is imitated from Homer, Il. B. 5. where Apollo raiſes a phantom in the ſhape of Æneas. There the ſpectre is raiſed by Apollo, or the *ſun*; and here by Juno, or the *air*; both equally proper, ſays Mr. Pope, to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this ſubject, will obſerve with what admirable art, and what exquiſite ornaments, Virgil has improved and beautify'd his original. Spenſer, F. Q. B. 3. l. 8. ſeems to have improved this imagination in the creation of his falſe Florimel, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occaſion for many adventures. This formation is deſcribed with the utmoſt luxuriancy of fancy:

St. 6.

The ſubſtance whereof ſhe the body made,
Was pureſt ſnow in maſſy mould congeal'd,
Which * ſhe had gather'd in a ſhady glade
Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveal'd
By errant ſprites, but from all men conceal'd;
The ſame ſhe temper'd with fine mercury,
And virgin-wax, that never yet was ſeal'd;

* *The witch.*

For

For if you beg his deſtin'd life to ſpare;
Or turn the courſe and fortune of the war;
Vain your requeſt, and vain your hope appears—
To whom once more, the penſive queen, with tears:
And what, my lord, if you reverſe the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and ſave him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your ſoul this grace if you will give,
(Which ſcarce you promiſe) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I ſee, or in my fears portend,
The guiltleſs youth approaching to his end!
But may thoſe fears, my ſov'reign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recal his doom again!
This ſaid; with momentary ſpeed ſhe flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the ſkies;
In ſable ſtorms ſhe drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her courſe ſhe bore:
There, in Æneas' ſhape, a figur'd ſhade
Of light impaſſive air, the goddeſs made.
A Trojan ſpear the ſpectre ſeem'd to wield,
Wore a proud creſt and imitated ſhield;

And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively ſanguine it ſeem'd to the eye.

7.

Inſtead of eyes two burning lamps ſhe ſet
In ſilver ſockets, ſhining like the ſkies;
And a quick-moving ſpirit did arret
To ſtir and roll them like a woman's eyes:
Inſtead of yellow locks ſhe did deviſe
With golden wire to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not ſo yellow thrice
As Florimel's fair hair; and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a ſprite to rule the carcaſe dead.

Dat ſine mente ſonum, greſſuſque effingit euntis.
Morte obita quales fama eſt volitare figuras,
Aut quae ſopitos deludunt ſomnia ſenſus.
At primas laeta ante acies exſultat imago,
Irritatque virum telis, et voce laceſſit.
Inſtat cui Turnus, ſtridentemque eminus haſtam
Conjicit: illa dato vertit veſtigia tergo.
Tum vero Aenean averſum ut cedere Turnus
Credidit, atque animo ſpem turbidus hauſit inanem:
Quo fugis, Aenea? thalamos ne deſere pactos:
Hac dabitur dextra tellus quaeſita per undas.
Talia vociferans ſequitur, ſtrictumque coruſcat
Mucronem; nec ferre videt ſua gaudia ventos.
Forte ratis, celſi conjuncta crepidine ſaxi,
Expoſitis ſtabat ſcalis, et ponte parato,
Qua rex Cluſinis advectus Oſinius oris.
Huc ſeſe trepida Aeneae fugientis imago
Conjicit in latebras; nec Turnus ſegnior inſtat;
Exſuperatque moras, et pontes tranſilit altos.
Vix proram attigerat; rumpit Saturnia funem,
Avolſamque rapit revoluta per aequora navim.
Illum autem Aeneas abſentem in praelia poſcit;
Obvia multa virum demittit corpora morti.
Tunc levis haud ultra latebras jam quaerit imago,
Sed ſublime volans nubi ſe immiſcuit atrae;
Cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo.

And ſpoke with empty words, in vaunting ſtrain,
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in viſions bred,
And ſuch the gliding ſpectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and ſhook his airy lance.
The Daunian prince his ſounding jav'lin threw;
While, with diſſembled fear, the phantom flew.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, ſaid:
Flies then Æneas, to his fears reſign'd,
And leaves a princeſs' royal bed behind?—
The land, for which he croſs'd the ſtormy wave,
This arm ſhall give—and here he finds a grave!
Then ſhook his ſword, and chas'd him thro' the war;
But his ſhort triumph ſoon was loſt in air!
By chance a ſhip ſtood anchor'd by the ſhore,
(Which late, from Cluſium, king Oſinius bore)
Cloſe-ſhelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty ſides.
Swift to her darkſome hold the ſhade withdrew;
As ſwift glad Turnus to the veſſel flew.
That inſtant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the ſea.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends whole ſquadrons to the ghoſts below.
No more for ſhelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the ſkies.
While Turnus far in open ocean ſails,
(The veſſel wafted by the riſing gales)

Reſpicit ignarus rerum, ingratuſque ſalutis,
Et duplices cum voce manus ad ſidera tendit:
Omnipotens genitor, tanton' me crimine dignum
Duxiſti, et tales voluiſti expendere poenas?
Quo feror? unde abii? quae me fuga, quemve reducet?
Laurenteſne iterum muros aut caſtra videbo?
Quid manus illa virum, qui me meaque arma ſecuti?
Quoſque, nefas, omnes infanda in morte reliqui?
Et nunc palantes video, gemitumque cadentum
Accipio. quid agam; aut quae jam ſatis ima dehiſcat
Terra mihi? vos o potius miſereſcite, venti:
In rupes, in ſaxa, volens vos Turnus adoro,
Ferte ratem, ſaeviſque vadis immittite Syrtis;
Quo neque me Rutuli, neque conſcia fama ſequatur.
Haec memorans, animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc;
An ſeſe mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens
Induat, et crudum per coſtas exigat enſem:

964. *What gulf will open.*] It may perhaps ſeem inconſiſtent, that Turnus, who is here on board a veſſel, ſhould wiſh the earth would open and ſwallow him. Turnus is worked up into a very high fit of phrenſy, ſo that he has not leiſure to conſider his ſituation, and therefore makes uſe of this exclamation ſo common to perſons in diſtreſs. Servius underſtands the paſſage, that "even the wiſhes of the "wretched are taken from me, and I can here find no "earth that will open and ſwallow me." *Quæ jam ſatis ima dehiſcat terra mihi?* But this ſeems to be a far-fetch'd interpretation. Turnus, after having made this inconſiſtent wiſh, immediately corrects himſelf, and, ſenſible of his cir-

Many

Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forſaken friends;
On ſuch hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguiſh, to the ſtars:
What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endleſs infamy to blaſt my name?
This dreadful doom is too ſevere by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here? and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?—ah! how ſhall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon regal walls, or yon deſerted train?
How will my friends purſue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Thoſe friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cauſe and quarrel, to be ſlain!
Ha!—now I ſee 'em fly, or bite the ground!—
I hear, I ſtart at ev'ry dying ſound.
What, what can now be done?—on land or ſea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?
Ye winds, ye ſtorms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on ſome rough rocky ſhore,
Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find me more!

This ſaid; the prince debates, by ſhame oppreſs'd,
Whether to plunge the faulchion in his breaſt;

cumſtances, invokes the winds to drive his veſſel on rocks, and quickſands. Servius ſeems to contradict his firſt expoſition of the paſſage, by obſerving, that the *ima terra*, the

Fluctibus an jaciat mediis, et litora nando
Curva petat, Teucrûmque iterum ſe reddat in arma.
Ter conatus utramque viam: ter maxima Juno
Continuit, juvenemque, animo miſerata, repreſſit.
Labitur alta ſecans fluctuque aeſtuque ſecundo:
Et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.
At Jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
Succedit pugnae, Teucroſque invadit ovantes.
Concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies, atque omnibus uni,
Uni odiiſque viro teliſque frequentibus inſtant.
Ille, velut rupes, vaſtum quae prodit in aequor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expoſtaque ponto,
Vim cunctam, atque minas perfert coelique mariſque;
Ipſa immota manens, prolem Dolicaonis Hebrum
Sternit humi, cum quo Latagum, Palmumque fugacem:
Sed Latagum ſaxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
Occupat os faciemque adverſam: poplite Palmum
Succiſo volvi ſegnem finit; armaque Lauſo
Donat habere humeris, et vertice figere criſtas.
Necnon Evantem Phrygium, Paridiſque Mimanta
Aequalem, comitemque: una quem nocte Theano
In lucem genitori Amyco dedit; et face praegnans
Ciſſeis regina Parin creat: urbe paterna

bottom or centre of the earth, contains and ſuſtains the ſea. Our tranſlator by uſing the word gulf, which may be applied either to land or ſea, in ſome meaſure ſoftens the inconſiſtency of the wiſh.

996. *Theano bore him.*] Homer in Il. 6. ver. 299. calls Theano, Ciſſeis, from her father Ciſſeus king of Thrace; and there ſhe is mentioned as the wife of Antenor. And in Il. 16.

Or

Or from the veſſel leap amid the main,
Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold reſolve his ſoul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the raſh intent.
The goddeſs wafts him down, ſecure from harms,
Lands, and reſtores him to his father's arms.
  Mezentius now, inſpir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
On him, and him alone the Tuſcans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man.
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he ſtood;
A rock, whoſe ſides project into the flood;
That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And ſees the frothy billows break below;
But ſtands unmov'd, majeſtically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the ſky.
  Firſt * Dolicaon's ſon the monarch ſlew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a pond'rous ſtone he took,
And on his viſage daſh'd the broken rock;
Then drove thro' Palmus' knee the pointed ſteel;
And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
His glitt'ring arms young Lauſus' ſhoulders ſpread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful ſpear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;

* *Hebrus.*

Hic

Hic cubat; ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.
Ac velut ille canum morſu de gentibus altis
Actus aper, multos Veſulus quem pinifer annos
Defendit, multoſque palus Laurentia, ſilva
Paſtus arundinea, poſtquam inter retia ventum eſt,
Subſtitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos.
Nec cuiquam iraſci propiuſve accedere virtus,
Sed jaculis tutiſque procul clamoribus inſtant.
Ille autem impavidus partes cunctatur in omnes,
Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit haſtas.
Haud aliter, juſtae quibus eſt Mezentius irae,
Non ulli eſt animus ſtricto concurrere ferro:
Miſſilibus longe, et vaſto clamore laceſſunt.
Venerat antiquis Coriti de finibus Acron,
Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos.

718. Hecuba is called the daughter of Dymas a Phrygian. Thus Homer and Virgil do not agree in this matter. From hence Ruæus concludes, that Theano was not the ſiſter of Hecuba, and that the Theano here mentioned is a name feign'd by the poet. This paſſage, from v. 702. to v. 706. is very confuſed according to the preſent reading. I ſhall here give Dr. Bentley's emendation of it, as quoted by Dr. Clarke in his remark on v. 299. Il. 6.

Quorum quidem verſuum, quum ſententia plane nulla ſit, neque enim omnino quicquam eſt, quo ex linguæ Romanæ conſuetudine iſtud occubat referri poſſit, conjecturâ pulcherrimâ & certiſſimâ ita emendavit Bentleius:

Ad Horatii epod. ver. 28.

——— una quem nocte Theano
In lucem, genitore Amyco, dedit; & face prægnans
Ciſſeis regina Parin. Paris urbe paterna
Occubat; ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

I think, *In lucem dedit* is more elegant without a dative caſe, and *genitore Amyco* has ſtill the ſame effect. The *occu-*

Yet

Yet in his native land was Paris ſlain!
But hapleſs Mimas on a foreign plain!
And as ſome mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, ſhoots down the hanging brow
With ſpeed impetuous to the vale below;
When on the toils the furious monſter flies,
O'er his bent back the ſtarting briſtles riſe;
Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
With ſhouts and darts a diſtant combat wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge ſides, and ſheds the ſcatter'd war.
Thus (tho' inflam'd with juſt revenge they ſtand)
None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their miſſile darts they fling,
And with loud ſhouts provoke the raging king.
Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the ſpouſal bed.

bat, according to the common reading is inelegantly, and almoſt improperly, applied to Paris. The word *ignarus* has here the ſame import as *ignotus*, and ſo it is frequently us'd (ſays A. Gellius) by many authors. Thus Ovid,

Jamque aderat Theſeus proles ignara parenti.

Pierius reads,

Occubat hic; carum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

By *hic* we are to underſtand Paris, and by *carus* the friendſhip between Paris and Mimas. Catrou thinks the reading of Pierius ought not to be rejected; but I believe the learned reader will prefer Dr. Bentley's to all others.

Hunc

Hunc ubi miſcentem longe media agmina vidit,
Purpureum pennis et pactae conjugis oſtro:
Impaſtus ſtabula alta leo ceu ſaepe peragrans,
Suadet enim veſana fames, ſi forte fugacem
Conſpexit capream, aut ſurgentem in cornua cervum;
Gaudet hians immane, comaſque arrexit, et haeret
Viſceribus ſuper incumbens. lavit improba teter
Ora cruor:
Sic ruit in denſos alacer Mezentius hoſtes.
Sternitur infelix Acron, et calcibus atram
Tundit humum expirans, infractaque tela cruentat.
Atque idem fugientem haud eſt dignatus Oroden
Sternere, nec jacta caecum dare cuſpide volnus:
Obvius adverſoque occurrit, ſeque viro vir
Contulit; haud furto melior, ſed fortibus armis.
Tum ſuper abjectum poſito pede nixus et haſta:
Pars belli haud temnenda, viri, jacet altus Orodes.
Conclamant ſocii, laetum Paeana ſecuti.
Ille autem expirans: non me, quicunque es, inulto,
Victor, nec longum, laetabere: te quoque fata

1044. *Soon, like my own.*] Virgil, more than once, makes his dying warriors propheſy. In this he follows Homer, who makes the expiring Hector foretel the death of Achilles his conqueror. CATROU.

In

In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The Tuſcan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring thro' the war.
As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy ſtag, high-ſtalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty ſlew.
His guſhing blood the broken dart diſtains,
And, as he falls, he ſpurns the hoſtile plains.
Now round the king the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
Who ſcorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled;
But, with preventive ſpeed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd ſhort, and bravely fought him, man to man;
Then preſs'd him with his foot and lance; and cries;
Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquiſh'd by your king, the great Orodes dies.
A ſudden tranſport fires the martial train,
And ſhouts of triumph echo round the plain.
When thus the dying chief: inſulting foe!
Soon, like my own, ſhall thy proud head lie low.

Proſpectant paria, atque eadem mox arva tenebis.
Ad quem ſubridens miſta Mezentius ira:
Nunc morere. aſt de me divûm pater atque hominum rex
Viderit. hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urget
Somnus; in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.
Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaſpen;
Partheniumque Rapo, et praedurum viribus Orſen;
Meſſapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Ericeten;
Illum infrenis equi lapſu tellure jacentem;
Hunc peditem pedes. et Lycius proceſſerat Agis;
Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitae
Dejicit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealces,
Inſignis jaculo et longe fallente ſagitta.
Jam gravis aequabat luctus et mutua Mavors
Funera: caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant
Victores, victique: neque his fuga nota, neque illis.

1049. *And let your boaſted.*]
Nunc morere. aſt de me divûm pater atque hominum rex
Viderit. ——

Dr. Trapp would read *tu* for *nunc* which introduces a very ſtriking antitheſis; this piece of atheiſtical irony (as he terms it) is highly beautiful. *Res ſuas Jovi ironice commendat*, ſays De La Cerda.

1054. *Now by brave Cædicus.*] Virgil (ſays Catrou) has been cenſured for not every-where diſtinguiſhing who were of the Trojan, and who of the Latin party. It is only obſerving what names are properly Latin,—ſuch as Cædicus, Sacrator, Rapo, &c. and what are drawn from the Greek, as Alcathous, Hydaſpes, Parthenius, &c. and the confuſion is eaſily removed. This is a new proof that the Trojan tongue was derived from the Grecian.

Ven-

Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die—
However, die thou firſt! the king reply'd
(All-grimly ſmiling with diſdainful pride);
And let your boaſted Jove for me provide.
Then from the corſe the bloody dart he drew;
The ſhades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
Slow, in dim miſts, the heavy vapours riſe,
And in eternal ſlumber ſeal his eyes.
Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell:
Hydaſpes ſunk beneath Sacrator's ſteel;
His weighty ſpear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orſes and Parthenius ſlew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's ſon was ſlain,
And Ericetes preſs'd the bloody plain:
This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd;
That, his mad courſer caſt upon the field.
Next, Tuſcan Valerus, as Agis ſtrode
Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.
Thy faulchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronius' ſide;
The hapleſs victor by Nealces dy'd,
Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unſuſpecting foe.
The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and ſlaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the ſpot, the troops diſdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquiſh'd and the victors die.

1062. *Next, Tuſcan Valerus.*] By mentioning Valerus, the poet pays a compliment to the noble Valerian family. The famous Poplicola was of this houſe. Catrou.

Di Jovis in tectis iram miſerantur inanem
Amborum, et tantos mortalibus eſſe labores.
Hinc Venus, hinc contra ſpectat Saturnia Juno.
Pallida Tiſiphone media inter millia ſaevit.

At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius haſtam
Turbidus ingreditur campo: quam magnus Orion,
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna, viam ſcindens, humero ſupereminet undas:
Aut ſummis referens annoſam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit.
Talis ſe vaſtis infert Mezentius armis.

Huic contra Aeneas, ſpeculatus in agmine longo,
Obvius ire parat. manet imperterritus ille,
Hoſtem magnanimum opperiens, et mole ſua ſtat,
Atque oculis ſpatium emenſus, quantum ſatis haſtae:
Dextra, mihi deus, et telum, quod miſſile libro,
Nunc adſint. voveo praedonis corpore raptis
Indutum ſpoliis ipſum te, Lauſe, tropaeum
Aeneae. dixit, ſtridentemque eminus haſtam
Jecit: at illa volans clypeo eſt excuſſa, proculque
Egregium Antorem latus inter et ilia figit:

1080. —*When Orion ſtrides.*] There is great majeſty and ſublimity in this figure of Orion, ſtalking thro' the waves; and it is not borrow'd from Homer.

From

From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havock of mankind!
Here heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the ſky to view the war;
While pale Tiſiphone, with dire alarms,
Inflames the riſing rage, and calls the hoſts to arms.
Now his vaſt ſpear aloft Mezentius held;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the field.
So thro' mid ocean when Orion ſtrides,
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he graſps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and ſtalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample ſhoulders riſe,
And his huge ſtature heaves into the ſkies!
Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And thro' the ranks ruſh'd furious to the war.
The hero ſtands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he ſaw the mighty chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Now, now, my ſpear, and conqu'ring hand, he cry'd,
(Mezentius owns no deity beſide!)
Aſſiſt my vows; ſucceed my martial toils,
To ſtrip yon pirate of his bloody ſpoils.
Thou, Lauſus! thou, Æneas' arms ſhalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!
He ſaid, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field.
That ſung, and glanc'd obliquely from the ſhield;
But held its furious courſe, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Antores' ſide:

Herculis Antorem comitem, qui miſſus ab Argis
Haeſerat Evandro, atque Itala conſederat urbe.
Sternitur infelix alieno volnere, coelumque
Aſpicit, et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.
Tum pius Aeneas haſtam jacit: illa per orbem
Aere cavum triplici, per linea terga, tribuſque
Tranſiit intextum tauris opus, imaque ſedit
Inguine, ſed vires haud pertulit. ocius enſem
Aeneas, viſo Tyrrheni ſanguine laetus,
Eripit a femore, et trepidanti fervidus inſtat.
Ingemuit cari graviter genitoris amore,
Ut vidit, Lauſus, lacrymaeque per ora volutae.
Hic mortis durae caſum, tuaque optima facta,
Si qua fidem tanto eſt operi latura vetuſtas,
Non equidem, nec te, juvenis memorande, filebo.
Ille pedem referens, et inutilis inque ligatus,
Cedebat, clypeoque inimicum haſtile trahebat.
Prorupit juvenis, ſeſeque immiſcuit armis:
Jamque aſſurgentis dextrae, plagamque ferentis
Aeneae ſubiit mucronem, ipſumque morando

1121. *To diſengage his ſire.*] This alludes to a circumſtance in the Roman hiſtory. Scipio Africanus, when he was but ſeventeen years old, protected his father in this manner; nor did he retreat till he had received twenty-and-ſeven wounds. SERVIUS. Thus Virgil, in Lauſus, very artificially gives us an adumbration of a great atchievement of one of his countrymen.

The

The great Antores (an illuſtrious name),
Evander's gueſt, from antient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god:
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he caſt to heav'n his ſwimming eyes,
Turns his laſt thoughts on Argos, as he dies!
Next, his ſtrong lance the pious Trojan caſt;
Swift thro' the ſhining orb the jav'lin paſt,
Thro' linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury ſtay'd—
The ſtreaming blood the chief with joy ſurvey'd;
Then from the ſheath the ſhining faulchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.
This ſees brave Lauſus, his illuſtrious ſon,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his boſom fire,
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to diſengage his ſire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praiſe, heroic youth! ſhall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth!—in life's firſt early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!
Incumber'd by the ſpear that pierc'd the ſhield,
With tir'd, ſlow ſteps, the monarch quits the field:
Forth ſprings the ſon againſt the Trojan lord,
And ruſh'd beneath the long-deſcending ſword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.

Suſtinuit. ſocii magno clamore ſequuntur,
Dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret:
Telaque conjiciunt, proturbantque eminus hoſtem
Miſſilibus. furit Aeneas, tectuſque tenet ſe.
Ac velut, effuſa ſi quando grandine nimbi
Praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis et agricola; et tuta latet arce viator,
Aut amnis ripis, aut alti fornice ſaxi,
Dum pluit in terris; ut poſſint, ſole reducto,
Exercere diem: ſic obrutus undique telis
Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet, omnem
Suſtinet; et Lauſum increpitat, Lauſoque minatur:
Quo, moriture, ruis? majoraque viribus audes?
Fallit te incautum pietas tua. nec minus ille
Exultat demens. ſaevae jamque altius irae
Dardanio ſurgunt ductori, extremaque Lauſo
Parcae fila legunt: validum namque exigit enſem
Per medium Aeneas juvenem, totumque recondit.

1146. *Whither, to death.*] Pallas is overcome and ſlain by Turnus, and Lauſus by Æneas. Theſe young princes were equal in valour; but there is a wide difference betwixt the bravery of their conquerors. Turnus eagerly ſeeks the combat, boaſtfully challenges and inſults his youthful enemy, who appeared in the field of battle for the firſt time. He wiſhes Evander himſelf was preſent, that he might murder the ſon before the father's eyes. This is the courage and behaviour of an Achilles. Æneas is very far from attacking Lauſus in this manner, when he expoſes himſelf for the ſake of his father. On the contrary, he would fain ſave his life; he begs him to retire from the combat; tells him his tenderneſs for his father Mezentius, will bring on his deſtruction; and does not attack him with eagerneſs and fury, till he finds himſelf obliged to kill him in his own defence. This anger

His

His friends, with darts, the prince at diſtance ply,
And with their loud applauſes rend the ſky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's ſhade.
As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field ſmokes with the ruſhing ſhow'rs,
To the ſafe ſhelving banks the ſwains repair,
Or to ſome cavern'd rock; and, ſhelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempeſt break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by ſhow'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief ſuſtain'd the tempeſt of the war
On his broad ſhield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats the youth in vain:
Whither, to death, ah! whither wouldſt thou run,
And tempt an hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor Lauſus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love.
He warn'd in vain; the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to riſe;
The fates prepare their ſheers; the Dardan lord
Unſheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring ſword:
The thund'ring ſword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his ſide.

is worthy of Æneas, and is the proper character and behaviour of an hero more valiant than Turnus, but more pious than valiant. The extreme danger with which he ſees himſelf ſurrounded, does not hinder him from admiring the filial affection of an enemy, who would willingly deſtroy him.
Bossu, 397.

Tranſiit

Tranſiit et parmam mucro, levia arma minacis,
Et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro;
Implevitque ſinum ſanguis. tum vita per auras
Conceſſit moeſta ad manes, corpuſque reliquit.
At vero ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades pallentia miris,
Ingemuit graviter miſerans, dextramque tetendit,
Et mentem patriae ſubiit pietatis imago.
Quid tibi nunc, miſerande puer, pro laudibus iſtis,
Quid pius Æneas tanta dabit indole dignum?
Arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua; teque parentum
Manibus et cineri, ſi qua eſt ea cura, remitto.
Hoc tamen infelix miſeram ſolabere mortem;
Aeneae magni dextra cadis. increpat ultro

1158. *Fond mother.*] The introducing his mother in this artful manner, produces a very affecting pathos.

1162. *But, when.*] The contraſt of character between Lauſus and his father, is very ſtriking. We are ſorry ſo good a youth ſhould have ſo impious a father. How heroic are the ſentiments of Æneas on the death of this young prince! The *patriæ pietatis imago*, may mean, that he is moved by conſidering how he himſelf ſhould be affected, if the ſame thing ſhould happen to Aſcanius. Dr. Trapp underſtands it of the piety of the ſon to the parent: And then, Æneas is moved with the dutiful behaviour of Lauſus to Mezentius, reſembling his own to Anchiſes. *Patriæ pietatis*, ſays he, can admit of no other ſignification in B. 11. and it is probable, that the poet in both places meant the ſame thing by the ſame words.

1175. *That by the great Æneas' hand.*] The text is,

—— *Æneæ magni dextra cadis.*

It has been a queſtion, whether or no it is conſiſtent with decorum, for the hero to give teſtimony of himſelf, and boaſt as he does likewiſe in the firſt book, where the poet makes him ſay,

The

The thrilling point, with boundleſs rage impreſs'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden veſt,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breaſt was ſtain'd with crimſon gore:
The penſive ſpirit leaves the corſe behind,
Flies to the ſhades, and mixes with the wind.

But, when the pious god-like prince of Troy
Saw the pale viſage of the hapleſs boy
In death's laſt agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart; nor cou'd he bear the view.
His ſoul now melts with ſtern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched ſire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and ſaid;
To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
Lamented youth, too early loſt! receive
The ſole reward a gen'rous foe can give:
Lo! I reſtore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy ſword and buckler, late thy only joy:
Yet, Lauſus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd.

Sum pius Æneas.——

And there may be found perhaps ſome other paſſages like this, to all which I think it neceſſary to anſwer once for all, as it is but one queſtion. I ſay then, that theſe forms of ſpeaking are not contrary to *decorum*, as ſome imagine; and that there are ſome circumſtances, where, without boaſting, a man of honour may give that teſtimony of himſelf, which is due to him. This advantage is particular to heroes, who, being elevated above the common rank of men, ought to have ſentiments agreeable to that elevation. What is neceſſary, is, that they ſhould ſpeak the truth, and that time and place ſhould require them to do ſo. For there is no doubt,

Cunctantes

Cunctantes ſocios, et terra ſublevat ipſum,
Sanguine turpantem comtos de more capillos.

but that in the paſſage of B. I. where Æneas is repreſented overwhelmed with misfortune, bewilder'd in a deſert, and wandering in an unknown country, there is no doubt, I ſay, that the poet makes uſe of it with dignity, to ſhew by the diſcourſe which he puts into his hero's mouth, that misfortune cannot debaſe his ſentiments. There is a certain greatneſs in uſing it thus; and in this laſt example, we may anſwer beſides, that the hero who has juſt perform'd ſuch brave exploits, and in the whole courſe of the poem is ſenſible that he is ſo highly elevated above other men, ſhould from thence conceive great ideas of himſelf. Camilla, in B. XI. having killed Orinthus, a famous hunter, inſults his death, and comforts him nevertheleſs with the honour of dying from her hand, as Æneas does the ſon of Mezentius:

Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidiſſe Camillæ.

Theſe ſentiments have ſomething of a poetical enthuſiaſm in them; and if poets are allowed to boaſt of themſelves, this liberty may well be allowed their heroes. Quintilian allows poets this privilege, *Oportet poetam bene de ſe ſemper ſentire:* and indeed, provided the manner in which the poet expreſſes himſelf be elegant and noble, an expert critic will never find fault with him. Montagne ſays, upon the ſame principle, a great man may ſpeak what is true of himſelf, when there is no reaſon to ſuſpect him of affectation; and blames Tacitus for having ſaid of himſelf, "*It was at a time when I was* "*prætor, which I ſay without vanity.*" Montagne perhaps, as being a Gaſcon, thinks that a man ought not to make any ſcruple of ſpeaking of his good fortunes: he ſays, that ſo great a man as Tacitus ought not to have made uſe of this corrective; and that he ought not to have imagined there could be any vanity in ſaying what was true, tho' to his own advantage, ſince it was neceſſary to bring it as an inſtance by the circumſtances of his diſcourſe. It is only affectation therefore which makes boaſting improper in perſons of lower conditions.

On the contrary, there is ſometimes a magnanimity in publiſhing what a man has moſt meritorious, either belonging to

Then

Then round the corſe he calls his ſocial train,
And rears himſelf the warrior from the plain.
But ah! how chang'd!—with blood diſfigur'd o'er;
And his fair treſſes all-deform'd with gore!

himſelf, or his anceſtors; that is to ſay, when our enemies, or adverſe fortune, have lower'd us; and above all, when a man ſays nothing that is not true: ſuch are the charms of truth, that ſhe even gives a value to words which might be ſuſpected of oſtentation! So much liberty does a noble courage aſſume, when it takes her for a guide in all its actions.

SEGRAIS.

1177. *And rears himſelf the warrior from the plain.*] Catrou obſerves, that Virgil's conduct is admirable, with regard to the difference of character diſcovered by Turnus and Æneas in killing Pallas and Lauſus. The bravery which Turnus exerts in fighting with Pallas, is equal to that of Æneas in conquering Lauſus. But the valour of the Trojan is accompanied with good-nature and gentleneſs; that of the Rutulian with hard-heartedneſs and cruelty. Turnus ſeeks out Pallas, while Lauſus falls into the hands of Æneas. Turnus exclaims, that the deſtinies had reſerved Pallas for himſelf, *ſoli mihi Pallas debetur*; but Æneas, conſcious of the inequality of the combat, cries out, *quo, moriture, ruis?* to the young Lauſus. Pallas is afraid of Turnus, which is one reaſon why he ſhould have ſpar'd him; whereas, in the preſence of Æneas, Lauſus behaves with ſo forward and menacing a ſpirit, that Æneas is oblig'd to fight him againſt his own will. Turnus inſults his wounded antagoniſt: I will give an account to your father, ſays he, of your behaviour and abilities. Æneas compaſſionates Lauſus for the misfortune which he had drawn on himſelf by his own obſtinacy. The Rutulian returns the body of Pallas to his father, on no other account than to diſtreſs the good old king, *Haud illi ſtabunt Æneia parvo beſpitia:* but the Trojan returns the body of Lauſus to be buried among his anceſtors, *Teque parentum manibus, & cineri, ſi qua eſt ea cura, remitto.* Turnus takes away Pallas's belt; but Æneas ſuffers all Lauſus's arms to remain with him. This is an atchievement of the ſame nature: the polite courage of Æneas is oppoſed to the cruel behaviour of Turnus.

Interea

Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
Volnera ficcabat lymphis, corpuſque levabat,
Arboris acclinis trunco. procul aerea ramis
Dependet galea, et prato gravia arma quieſcunt.
Stant lecti circum juvenes: ipſe, aeger, anhelans,
Colla fovet, fuſus propexam in pectore barbam.
Multa ſuper Lauſo rogitat, multoſque remittit,
Qui revocent, moeſtique ferant mandata parentis.
At Lauſum ſocii exanimem ſuper arma ferebant
Flentes, ingentem, atque ingenti volnere victum.
Agnovit longe gemitum praeſaga mali mens.
Canitiem multo deformat pulvere, et ambas
Ad coelum tendit palmas, et corpore inhaeret.

1180. *Meantime.*] This is a fine ſubject for the canvaſs. The mixture of martial and paſtoral circumſtances is highly beautiful. What a noble principal figure would this old tyrant make, reclin'd, among his attendants, at the trunk of a large oak on the banks of a river, with the utmoſt anguiſh and deſpair in his countenance; and yet, at the ſame time, ſeeming to receive ſome refreſhment from the coolneſs of the ſhore; his helmet hung on the boughs, and the reſt of his armour ſcatter'd, confuſedly, around him! We are pleaſed to find ſome parental tenderneſs in Mezentius, whom we have hitherto look'd upon as a moſt unnatural monſter,

Multa ſuper Lauſo rogitat —— is artfully thrown in. See Hector wounded, Iliad 22.

1190. *Much of his Lauſus aſks the penſive ſire.*] The ſtrong paternal love of Mezentius finely ſoftens his ſavage character. There is no perſon, probably, however vicious and depraved, but who hath ſome ſpark of virtue, and ſome good qualities in his heart. The furious and inexorable Achilles is endued with generoſity, the warmeſt friendſhip, and a noble contempt of death. And it has been obſerved, that Milton would not paint the devil without ſome moral virtues; he has not only valour and conduct, but even compaſſionate concern:

Mean-

Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds,
In the cool ſtream to bath his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more!)
In ſullen ſorrow reſted on the ſhore;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguiſh ſtung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.
His heavier arms lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
Round the ſad monarch wait the duteous train:
As (o'er his breaſt his hoary beard declin'd)
The chief enjoy'd the freſhneſs of the wind;
Much of his Lauſus, aſks the penſive ſire;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo! his ſoldiers bear him on a ſhield,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death, and breathleſs, from the field.
Deep in his ſide appear'd the grizly wound;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.
Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And duſt o'er all his hoary locks he threw;
To heav'n, in agonies of anguiſh, ſpread
His hands; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead:

Thrice he eſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, in grief, burſt forth.
B. 1. 619.

Upon theſe principles (ſays Mr. Upton) I cannot defend ſuch a character as Shakeſpear's Richard III. as proper for the ſtage: but much more faulty is the Jew's character in the Merchant of Venice; who is cruel without neceſſity. Theſe are not pictures of human creatures, and are beheld with horror and deteſtation.

Man is of a mixed nature; virtue and vice alternately prevailing; it being as difficult to find a perſon thoroughly vitious, as thoroughly virtuous. See this reaſoning confirmed in Upton's Obſervations on Shakeſpear, pag. 81.

Tantane

Tantane me tenuit vivendi, nate, voluptas,
Ut pro me hoſtili paterer ſuccedere dextrae,
Quem genui? tuane haec genitor per volnera ſervor,
Morte tua vivens? heu, nunc miſero mihi demum
Exilium infelix! nunc alte volnus adactum!
Idem ego, nate, tuum maculavi crimine nomen,
Pulſus ob invidiam ſolio ſceptriſque paternis.
Debueram patriae poenas; odiiſque meorum
Omnes per mortes animam ſontem ipſe dediſſem.
Nunc vivo; neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo:
Sed linquam. ſimul haec dicens attollit in aegrum
Se femur: et quanquam vis alto volnere tardat,
Haud dejectus, equum duci jubet. hoc decus illi,
Hoc ſolamen erat; bellis hoc victor abibat
Omnibus. alloquitur moerentem, et talibus infit:
Rhoebe, diu, res ſi qua diu mortalibus ulla eſt,
Viximus. aut hodie victor ſpolia illa cruenta
Et caput Aeneae referes, Lauſique dolorum

1200. *And oh! can life.*] This ſpeech of Mezentius, over his ſon's dead body, is perhaps as fine a piece of pathos as any in our poet. It is highly aggravated by the confeſſion of his guilt. The pangs of the exile, and of the childleſs father, at once ruſh upon him. The one is awakened and augmented by the other. However, revenge ſoon reaſſumes its ſtation in his violent temper; and, notwithſtanding his wound, he reſolutely marches out to meet Æneas.

1224. *Rhœbus, we long have liv'd*] An hero of a different character would have invoked the aſſiſtance of the gods, in this adventure; but Mezentius, as an atheiſt, addreſſes, and puts all his confidence in, his horſe. See Mr. Pope's nineteenth obſervation on the eighth book of the Iliad.

And

And oh! can life (he cry'd) ſuch pleaſure give?
And bleeds my Lauſus, that his ſire may live?
Have I then loſt thy life, and ſav'd my own?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd ſon!
In my defence could ſuch a ſon expire?
A ſon like him, for ſuch a guilty ſire!
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the ſmart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart.
'Tis keen, 'tis ſharp, 'tis terrible at laſt!
Nor half the bitterneſs of life is paſt!
On thy fair fame, my ſon, I left a ſtain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
To them, to thee, my murder'd child! I owe
All, all the deaths ſuch guilt ſhou'd undergo.
And yet I live, and ſee the golden light!
But ſoon will leave it, for I loath the ſight!
This ſaid; with rage, and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
And, tho' his wound retards him in his ſpeed,
He calls, impatient, for the warrior ſteed;
The ſteed, his pride, his ſolace, and delight,
That bore him ſtill victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his penſive head,
He clapp'd the gen'rous horſe, and thus he ſaid:
Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me!
Soon ſhalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and ſpoils away;
With thy lov'd lord on yon deteſted plain,
Avenge my ſon, my darling Lauſus ſlain,

Ultor eris mecum; aut, aperit ſi nulla viam vis,
Occumbes pariter. neque enim, fortiſſime, credo
Juſſa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.
Dixit: et exceptus tergo conſueta locavit
Membra, manuſque ambas jaculis oneravit acutis;
Aere caput fulgens, criſtaque hirſutus equina.
Sic curſum in medios rapidus dedit. aeſtuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, miſtoque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus:
Atque hic Aenean magna ter voce vocavit.
Aeneas agnovit eum, laetuſque precatur:
Sic pater ille deûm faciat, ſic altus Apollo,
Incipias conferre manum.
Tantum effatus, et infeſta ſubit obvius haſta.
Ille autem: quid me erepto, ſaeviſſime, nato
Terres? haec via ſola fuit, qua perdere poſſes.
Nec mortem horremus, nec divûm parcimus ulli.
Deſine. jam venio moriturus, et haec tibi porto
Dona prius. dixit, telumque intorſit in hoſtem:
Inde aliud ſuper atque aliud figitque, volatque
Ingenti gyro; ſed ſuſtinet aureus umbo.

1238. *His conſcious valour.*] This cruel king is not without his virtues; we are here almoſt apt to pity him. No character ſhould be painted uniformly vile: perhaps there is no ſuch thing in nature, as *monſtrum nulla virtute redemtum.*

As the moſt virtuous man has his vices, ſo the moſt vicious man has his virtues.

1242. *So may great Jove.*] This addreſs of Æneas to the gods is a fine contraſt to the impiety of Mezentius, who acknowleges no other divinity than his own arm; *Dextra mihi*

And

And ſhare together, in the dire debate,
One common conqueſt, or one common fate.
For thou wilt ſcorn, I truſt, the rule abhorr'd,
And the baſe burden, of a Phrygian lord.
This ſaid; the hero mounts the gen'rous horſe,
And to the foe directs his furious courſe.
High on his head the creſted helm he wore,
And in his hands the ſteely jav'lins bore.
His conſcious valour, his recoiling ſhame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, ſet his ſoul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
Inſpire thy ſoul, to ſtand the proffer'd fight!
The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and ſhook the flaming lance.
And why, reply'd the king, this vaunting ſtrain?
The father periſh'd, when the ſon was ſlain!
Strike then, and uſe thy preſent fortune:—ſtrike—
Death, and the fabled gods, I ſcorn alike.
No more—I came to die; but firſt beſtow
This parting preſent on the murd'rous foe.
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he ſped;
Lance after lance, in ſwift ſucceſſion, fled;
Then, in a ſpacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable ſhield;

deus. It is to be obſerved, that this prayer is very ſhort; the preſence of a furious enemy would not permit him to ſay more. Homer has not always this reſervedneſs. CATROU.

Ter circum adſtantem laevos equitavit in orbes,
Tela manu jaciens: ter ſecum Troïus heros
Immanem aerato circumfert tegmine ſilvam.
Inde ubi tot traxiſſe moras, tot ſpicula taedet
Vellere, et urgetur pugna congreſſus iniqua,
Multa movens animo, jam tandem erumpit, et inter
Bellatoris equi cava tempora conjicit haſtam.
Tollit ſe arrectum quadrupes, et calcibus auras
Verberat, effuſumque equitem ſuper ipſe ſecutus
Implicat, ejectoque incumbit cernuus armo.
Clamore incendunt coelum Troëſque Latinique.
Advolat Aeneas, vaginaque eripit enſem,
Et ſuper haec: ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa
Effera vis animi? contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
Suſpiciens hauſit coelum, mentemque recepit:
Hoſtis amare, quid increpitas, mortemque minaris?
Nullum in caede nefas. nec ſic ad praelia veni,
Nec tecum meus haec pepegit mihi foedera Lauſus.
Unum hoc, per, ſi qua eſt victis venia hoſtibus, oro;

1285. *Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!*] Notwithſtanding Mezentius's former contempt of all religious rites, his praying to Æneas for ſepulture is highly natural. We ſee every day, ſays Segrais, the moſt reſolute and harden'd change their opinions and language at the hour of death; ſo natural is it for man to acknowlege the power of a deity in ſpite of himſelf; and ſo difficult is it intirely to efface the firſt impreſſions of religion. We ſhould likewiſe remember, that the antients thought it was the moſt ſevere misfortune to be deprived of the rites of burial: as we have ſeen in the inſtance of Palinurus, and which might be proved from a thouſand paſſages among the antients. To this obſervation of Segrais I muſt add a moſt judicious remark of F. Brumoy: Theatre des Grecs, Tom. 4. pag. 201. Les Phœniciennes.

Thrice

Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
Collected in himſelf, the hero bears,
On the broad ſhield, a riſing grove of ſpears.
But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Preſs'd and fatigu'd with ſuch unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to diſplay his might)
Springs forth; and aims his jav'lin's furious courſe
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horſe.
Stung to the brain the horſe begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and laſh the air.
Headlong at laſt, and madding with the ſteel,
Full on the ſhoulder of his lord he fell.
The hoſts with clamours tempeſt all the ſkies.
With his drawn ſword the fierce Æneas flies:
And where is now the lofty ſtrain (he cry'd)
Of ſtern Mezentius, and the ſcornful pride?
With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he ſpeaks, ſtares wildly at the ſkies);
Why, why, inſulting foe, this waſte of breath
To ſouls determin'd, and reſolv'd on death?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
And fought far leſs to conquer than to die.
My ſon, when ſlaughter'd in the martial ſtrife,
Made no ſuch contract for his father's life;
A worthleſs gift, to live at thy command!
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
But, if a vanquiſh'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!

Corpus humo patiare tegi. ſcio acerba meorum
Circumſtare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem,
Et me conſortem nati concede ſepulcro.
Haec loquitur, juguloque haud inſcius accipit enſem,
Undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

The laſt act of this tragedy of Euripides may, at firſt ſight, appear to be, in ſome meaſure, aſcititious, as well as the laſt of the Ajax of Sophocles, if the reader does not frequently reflect on what I have ſo often inſinuated, that not to be buried was by the antients eſteemed a more dreadful puniſhment than death itſelf. Hence it came to paſs, that the deaths of the heroes of the theatre were, by no means, a ſufficient unravelling of the plot. It was neceſſary to add the honours or want of ſepulture to render the action com-



Too well my ſubjects vengeance have I known;
Then guard my corſe; and lay me by my ſon.
Grant, grant that pleaſure, ere I yield my breath,
To ſhare his dear ſociety in death!
This ſaid; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The ſanguine ſtream his radiant armour dy'd;
The ſoul came ruſhing in the purple tide.

plete. And this, without doubt, gives us a key to all the antient *denoüemens* both of epic poetry, as in Homer's deſcription of the funeral rites for Hector and Patroclus; and of tragedy likewiſe, as in the Ajax, the Phœnicians, and many others; the unravellings of whoſe plots will always diſpleaſe, if we forget the principles and notions received by antiquity.

The Argument.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime, there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed; and the Latin troops are intirely defeated.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER XI.

OCeanum interea ſurgens Aurora reliquit.
Aeneas, quamquam et ſociis dare tempus humandis
Praecipitant curae, turbataque funere mens eſt,

1. *Now, o'er the waves.*] This book, ſays Segrais, is adorned with the epiſode of Camilla, as the ninth is with that of Niſus and Euryalus. There are but few books, which are intirely taken up in relating the affairs belonging to the main ſubject; but we may obſerve how theſe ornaments differ the one from the other. Indeed, all the books have, for the moſt part, one circumſtance common to all; the firſt, ſixth, ſeventh, and eighth, excepted; that is, ſays Scaliger, they conclude with a death. Some ſuppoſe, that this was done deſignedly by the poet; and others, that ſuch a diſtribution came by chance, and that Virgil died without determining how to begin his books.

However, one may well judge, for example, that he intended to begin his ſecond book, with the recital of taking Troy; but it is, by no means, certain, that he had determined to begin all the other books with thoſe very verſes which we now read at their ſeveral beginnings: inſomuch that it is ſtill a diſpute among the critics, whether it would not be better to begin the ſixth book with this line,

Obvertunt pelago proras, tum dente tenaci.

than with the following,

Sic fatur lacrymans, &c.

VIR-

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK.

NOW, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head:
The chief (tho' eager to interr the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to ſend
The relics of his dear departed friend)

And indeed it ſeems, that the ſecond line,

Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur oris,

would have been a good concluſion, and would have been well placed at the end of the fifth book. But as this is not a proper place to diſpute this point, I refer to the commentators. And as to each book's ending with a remarkable death, I content myſelf with obſerving, that they have no reſemblance the one with the other. For if the ſecond book ends with the death of Creuſa, it is eaſy to ſee, that the death of Anchiſes, which ends the third, has no relation either to her death, or to that of Dido at the end of the fourth, and ſtill leſs to Palinurus's death, with which the fifth is ended. Beſides one may obſerve, that theſe four deaths, deſcribed in the firſt part of the poem, have no reſemblance with thoſe which happen in the ſecond; namely, that of Mezentius, Camilla, and Turnus. And theſe latter, tho' very near each other both in time and place, and by the ſubject which renders them alike, are ſtill ſo diverſify'd by the manner in which they are deſcribed, that one cannot ſufficiently admire the poet's art. The three laſt books, which are intirely of war and combats, prove what I advance: and 'tis very dif-

Vota

Vota deûm primo victor ſolvebat eoo.
Ingentem quercum, deciſis undique ramis,
Conſtituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropaeum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes ſanguine criſtas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis ſex thoraca petitum
Perfoſſumque locis; clypeumque ex aere ſiniſtrae
Subligat, atque enſem collo ſuſpendit eburnum.
Tum ſocios, namque omnis eum ſtipata tegebat
Turba ducum, ſic incipiens hortatur ovantes:
Maxima res effecta, viri: timor omnis abeſto
Quod ſupereſt; haec ſunt ſpolia, et de rege ſuperbo
Primitiae: manibuſque meis Mezentius hic eſt.
Nunc iter ad regem nobis muroſque Latinos.
Arma parate, animis et ſpe praeſumite bellum:
Ne qua mora ignaros, ubi primum vellere ſigna
Annuerint ſuperi, pubemque educere caſtris,
Impediat; ſegneſque metu ſententia tardet.

ficult not to fall into the contrary fault, from the reſemblance of warlike actions which muſt neceſſarily be deſcribed. The harangues of Turnus and Drances, the lamentations of Evander and Æneas on the death of Pallas, the little hiſtory of Camilla, the attack of her cavalry compar'd ſo happily to the flux and reflux of the ſea, and laſtly, the general defeat of the Latins after the death of Camilla; all theſe, I ſay, are inimitable pictures. And when I conſider how many excellent paſſages are to be found in theſe laſt three books, I cannot poſſibly imagine how the learned M. Guyet could think they were not written by Virgil. I find few of the learned are of his opinion. It may be granted, that the verſification of theſe laſt books is not ſo cloſe and preſt, as that of the former.—But I don't know whether one might not affirm, that the ſubject-matters which they contain, are not more diverting, and at leaſt more accommodated to our pre-

First to the gods diſcharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The ſhiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumy creſt that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuiraſs next; transfixt in ev'ry part
By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen ſhield was ty'd;
And the dread ſword hung glitt'ring at the ſide.
Thus the rich ſpoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy ſacred to the god of war.
Then to his friends, a glad triumphant train,
Aſſembled round their chief, the prince began:
Diſmiſs your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the ſtern Mezentius is no more!
Lo! where an omen of ſucceſs he ſtands,
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
When heav'n permits, our ſtandard to diſplay,
To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.

ſent manners. Actions of valour, and wonders of the ſword, and different incidents, extremely delight the reader, who loves to ſee continual changes of fortune: and 'tis this which the authors of romances of chivalry perpetually aim at: but this muſt be determined by the reader.

2. *The chief, tho' eager.*] It was a cuſtom of the Romans, never to ſacrifice when they were polluted with the rites of burial: but if it ſo happen'd that any one died, and there was at the ſame time a neceſſity of performing a ſacrifice, the friends of the deceas'd always ſtrove to go thro' with the ſa-

Interea ſocios inhumataque corpora terrae
Mandemus; qui ſolus honos Acheronte ſub imo eſt.
Ite, ait, egregias animas, quae ſanguine nobis
Hanc patriam peperere ſuo, decorate ſupremis
Muneribus; moeſtamque Evandri primus ad urbem
Mittatur Pallas, quem non virtutis egentem
Abſtulit atra dies, et funere merſit acerbo.
Sic ait illacrymans, recipitque ad limina greſſum:
Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acoetes
Servabat ſenior; qui Parrhaſio Evandro
Armiger ante fuit; ſed non felicibus aeque
Tum comes auſpiciis caro datus ibat alumno.
Circum omnes, famulûmque manus, Trojanaque turba,
Et moeſtum Iliades crinem de more ſolutae.
Ut vero Aeneas foribus ſeſe intulit altis,
Ingentem gemitum tunſis ad ſidera tollunt

crifice, before they buried him. Thus, when it was told to Horatius Pulvillus, while he was conſecrating the capitol, that his ſon was dead, he cried out, *Cadaver ſit:* nor would he engage in his funeral, till he had finiſhed the conſecration. According to this cuſtom, Æneas is here introduced paying his vows to heaven, before he celebrates the ſepulture of Pallas, and his companions. See note, v. 227. B. 7. And Macrob. Sat. B. 3. C. 1. on the accuracy with which Virgil has expreſſed the rites and terms of ſacrificing.

35. *To the tent.*]

Recipitque ad limina *greſſum,*
Corpus ubi —— &c.

The Greeks as well as the Italians, placed their dead in the porches of their houſes. Thus Achilles, ſpeaking of Patroclus, Iliad. B. 19.

Ος μοι ενι κλισιη ——
Κειται ανα προθυρον τεθραμμενος.

Who lies in my tent with his face turned towards the door.

Now

Now let our ſlaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The laſt, laſt honours we can pay the dead!
On thoſe brave ſouls be fun'ral rites beſtow'd,
Who bought this country with their deareſt blood:
But firſt the cold remains of Pallas ſend
To his ſad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!
Then to the tent his haſty courſe he ſped,
Where old Acœtes ſits, and guards the dead.
Evander's 'ſquire of old, in fields he ſhone:
A far leſs proſp'rous comrade to the ſon!
His friends, his ſoldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero ſlain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order ſtand around.
Soon as Æneas paſt the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore:

Thus Perſius, *in* portam *rigidos calces extendit*; and Suetonius, of the body of Auguſtus,—*Equeſter ordo ſuſcepit, urbique intulit, atque in veſtibulo domus collocavit.*

42. *The Trojan dames.*] Why does the poet repreſent Trojan dames ſurrounding the body of Pallas, ſince he gave us to underſtand before, that they all remained behind in Sicily, and that the mother of Euryalus alone had courage enough to follow her ſon into Italy? *Solis e matribus auſa.* Servius underſtands female ſlaves in this place, *has Æneæ ancillulas*; but why are they term'd Iliades? This is certainly a little overſight in the poet, which would have been corrected, if he had lived to put the laſt hand to his poem.

43. *Soon as Æneas.*] At the appearance of Æneas their grief and lamentations are renewed; a circumſtance imitated by Statius Theb. B. 6. v. 42.

Pectoribus,

Pectoribus, moeſtoque immugit regia luctu.
Ipſe caput nivei fultum Pallantis et ora
Ut vidit, levique patens in pectore volnus
Cuſpidis Auſoniae, lacrymis ita fatur obortis:
Tene, inquit, miſerande puer, cum laeta veniret,
Invidit fortuna mihi: ne regna videres
Noſtra, neque ad ſedes victor veherere paternas?
Non haec Evandro de te promiſſa parenti
Diſcedens dederam; cum me complexus euntem
Mitteret in magnum imperium, metuenſque moneret
Acres eſſe viros, cum dura praelia gente.
Et nunc ille quidem, ſpe multum captus inani,
Fors et vota facit, cumulatque altaria donis.
Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam coeleſtibus ullis
Debentem, vano moeſti comitamur honore.
Infelix! nati funus crudele videbis.
Hi noſtri reditus, expectatique triumphi?
Haec mea magna fides? at non, Evandre, pudendis
Volneribus pulſum aſpicies: nec ſoſpite dirum

—— *Mox ut mœrentia dignis*
Vultibus Inachii penetrarunt limina reges,
Ceu nova tunc clades, & primo ſaucius infans
Vulnere, lethaliſve irrumperet atria ſerpens;
Sic alium ex alio quanquam loſſata frogorem
Pectora congeminant, integratoque reſultant
Accenſæ clamore fores.——

Catrou remarks, that it was a ceremony among the antients, to renew their lamentations at the approach of a king, or perſon of diſtinction.

73. *His wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt.*]

—— *Non, Evandre, pudendis*
Vulneribus pulſum aſpicies ——

That is, when Evander your father comes forth to meet your dead body, he ſhall find your wounds honourable; of

They

They beat their breaſts; tears guſh from ev'ry eye;
The rich pavilions to their ſhrieks reply.
His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapleſs boy;
Saw the wide wound amidſt his ivory breaſt;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead addreſs'd.
Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
To bleſs my arms, but rob me of my friend?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain!)
Wou'd ſhare the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conqueſt, glad his ſire again.
Far other promiſe to that ſire I paſt!
Nor thought thy firſt, firſt warfare was thy laſt:
Then, when he ſent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, graſp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we muſt wage the war.
Now for his ſon, perhaps, he loads the ſhrine,
And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his Pallas from the fight,
Pale, ſtretch'd in death; and, in his lateſt hour,
Diſclaim'd by ev'ry ruthleſs heav'nly pow'r!
Now, for theſe triumphs, muſt thy mournful eye
See the ſad fun'ral of thy ſon go by!
Such, hapleſs monarch, are the ſpoils we ſend!
Such, the vain boaſt and promiſe of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppreſs'd,
His wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt!

Optabis nato funus pater. hei mihi, quantum
Praeſidium, Auſonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iüle!
Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miſerabile corpus
Imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit
Mille viros, qui ſupremum comitentur honorem,
Interſintque patris lacrymis; ſolatia luctus
Exigua ingentis, miſero ſed debita patri.
Haud ſegnes alii crates et molle feretrum
Arbuteis texunt virgis et vimine querno,
Extructoſque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
Hic juvenem agreſti ſublimem in ſtramine ponunt:
Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem
Seu mollis violae, ſeu languentis hyacinthi;
Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum ſua forma receſſit;
Non jam mater alit tellus, vireſque miniſtrat.
Tum geminas veſtes, oſtroque auroque rigentes,
Extulit Aeneas; quas illi, laeta laborum,
Ipſa ſuis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
Fecerat, et tenui telas diſcreverat auro.
Harum unam juveni, ſupremum, moeſtus, honorem
Induit; arſuraſque comas obnubit amictu:
Multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
Aggerat, et longo praedam jubet ordine duci.
Addit equos et tela, quibus ſpoliaverat hoſtem.

which Ælian Ποικιλ. Ιστ. L. 12. C. 21. "The matrons "of Lacædæmon, when they received the news that their "ſons were ſlain in battle, were wont to come forth, and "inſpect their wounds, both before and behind; and when "they found the greater number was before, they conducted "the bodies of their children to the monuments of their an- "ceſtors, with great ſolemnity, and a kind of ſtern pride in

Better,

Better, than to prolong by ſhame his breath!—
Then hadſt thou curſt thy age, and wiſh'd for death!
Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate hoſt,
And what a friend haſt thou, Aſcanius, loſt!
Thus, while a ſtream of tears he ſhed in vain,
He bids them raiſe the body of the ſlain.
A thouſand warriors from the hoſt he choſe,
To wait the pomp, and ſhare the father's woes,
The due funereal honours to complete;
A ſlender ſolace for a loſs ſo great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they ſpread
The ſwelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier diſpoſe the dead.
There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by ſome lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth ſupplies;
Yet ſtill th' unfaded colour charms the eyes.
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
Robes, which of old the Tyrian princeſs wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he ſpread,
His laſt, laſt gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aſpire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms, and ſteeds, appear,
Won by himſelf; the prizes of the war.

" their countenances: but if they perceived any wounds be-
" hind, weeping and bluſhing for ſhame, they departed with
" the utmoſt ſecrecy, leaving the dead bodies to be interr'd
" in the common ſepulchre; or carried them away by ſtealth,
" to be privately buried at home."

Vinxerat et poſt terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
Inferias, caeſo ſparſuros ſanguine flammam:
Indutoſque jubet truncos hoſtilibus armis
Ipſos ferre duces, inimicaque nomina figi.
Ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes,
Pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora:
Sternitur et toto projectus corpore terrae.
Ducunt et Rutulo perfuſos ſanguine currus.
Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Aethon
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora.
Haſtam alii galeamque ferunt: nam caetera Turnus
Victor habet. tum moeſta phalanx, Teucrique ſequuntur,
Tyrrhenique duces, et verſis Arcades armis.
Poſtquam omnis longe comitum proceſſerat ordo,
Subſtitit Aeneas, gemituque haec addidit alto:
Nos alias hinc ad lacrymas eadem horrida belli

100. *Youths.*] Human ſacrifices were common on theſe occaſions among the antients.

109. *Stripp'd of his trappings.*] This is a moſt affecting image. It is drawn from Iliad 17. where Achilles's horſes weep for their maſter. Ariſtotle and Pliny inform us, that theſe animals often lament their maſters when killed in battle, and even ſhed tears for them. Ælian reports the ſame of elephants, when they are carried from their native country. Suetonius, in *Vit. Cæſ.* tells us, *Proximis diebus, equorum greges, quos in trajiciendo flumine Marti conſecrârat, ac ſine cuſtode vagos dimiſerat, comperit pabulo pertinaciſſime abſtinere, ubertimque flere,* Cap. 18. "The next day the horſes, whom "in paſſing the Rubicon he had conſecrated to Mars, and "turned looſe on the banks, were obſerved to abſtain ob- "ſtinately from food, and to weep abundantly."

114. *The reſt, the victor.*] This is artfully introduced:

Then

Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
Unhappy youths!—devoted to the flame!
With fair inſcriptions of the foes he ſlew,
The nobleſt chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
Supported by his friends, with woes oppreſs'd,
Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breaſt;
This moment, pauſes; then, in ſorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All cover'd o'er with blood, ſucceeds a train
Of hoſtile cars, in honour of the ſlain.
Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horſe, behind,
Moves with a ſolemn, ſlow, majeſtic pace;
And the big tears run rolling down his face.
Theſe, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
The reſt, the victor ſeiz'd, the ſpoils of war.
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian train
Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
The pomp all paſt; thus good Æneas ſaid,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
Hail, mighty ſpirit, hail!—with dire alarms,
The fates recal us to the rage of arms,

——*Nam cætera Turnus*
Victor habet——

The poet takes care to remind us, that ſome of Pallas's inſignia remained with Turnus, which afterwards proved ſo fatal to him.

119. *Hail, mighty ſpirit, hail!*] The ſentiments of this farewel-ſpeech have a noble ſimplicity; the conciſeneſs of it is admirable, and highly proper to the occaſion. With what deteſtation does this pious prince ſpeak of war in thoſe lines!

Fata vocant. ſalve aeternum mihi, maxime Palla,
Aeternumque vale. nec plura effatus, ad altos
Tendebat muros, greſſumque in caſtra ferebat.
Jamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina
Velati ramis oleae, veniamque rogantes;
Corpora, per campos ferro quae fuſa jacebant,
Redderet, ac tumulo ſineret ſuccedere terrae:
Nullum cum victis certamen et aethere caſſis:
Parceret hoſpitibus quondam ſoceriſque vocatis.
Quos bonus Aeneas, haud aſpernanda precantes,
Proſequitur venia, et verbis haec inſuper addit:
Quaenam vos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
Implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos?
Pacem me exanimis, et Martis ſorte peremtis
Oratis? equidem et vivis concedere vellem.
Nec veni, niſi fata locum ſedemque dediſſent;
Nec bellum cum gente gero. rex noſtra reliquit
Hoſpitia, et Turni potius ſe credidit armis.
Aequius huic Turnum fuerat ſe opponere morti.
Si bellum finire manu, ſi pellere Teucros
Apparat; his decuit mecum concurrere telis:
Vixet, cui vitam deus, aut ſua dextra, dediſſet.

Hinc ad lacrymas eadem horrida belli
Fata vocant.

Salve aternum mihi, &c. is plainly the χαιρε μοι, ω Πατροκλε, of Homer, Iliad B. 4.

145. —— *In ſingle fight.*] It ought to be obſerved, that Æneas, in this paſſage, makes the firſt propoſal of deciding the war by a ſingle combat.

And

And to new ſcenes of woe thy friends compel:—
Farewel, brave prince, a long and laſt farewel.
This ſaid; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.
Now from the Latian court a train were ſped,
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
Who aſk a truce, to ſearch th' enſanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves diſpoſe the ſlain:
Beg, that his wrath in conqueſt may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentleſs, with the dead;
But ſpare their nation, late by ſocial ties,
By plighted love, and friendſhip, his allies.
The godlike hero grants their juſt requeſt;
And in theſe words his gen'rous ſoul expreſs'd:
What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds ſo far,
To ſhun our friendſhip, for this waſteful war?
Glad would I grant the truce, you aſk for thoſe
Who dy'd in fight, to my ſurviving foes.—
Had not the fates aſſign'd theſe realms before,
I had not ſail'd to your Heſperian ſhore;
I wage the war but in my own defence;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
Firſt, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus ſtand ('tis juſt and right)
The terrors of this arm in ſingle fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand!
Soon would be known, in combat when we ſtrive,
Which heav'n ordains to periſh, or ſurvive.

Nunc ite, et miſeris ſupponite civibus ignem.
Dixerat Aeneas. olli obſtupuere ſilentes,
Converſique oculos inter ſe atque ora tenebant.
Tum, ſenior, ſemperque odiis et crimine, Drances,
Infenſus juveni Turno, ſic ore viciſſim
Orſa refert: o fama ingens, ingentior armis,
Vir Trojane, quibus coelo te laudibus aequem?
Juſtitiaene prius mirer, belline laborum?
Nos vero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem:
Et te, ſi qua viam dederit fortuna, Latino
Jungemus regi. quaerat ſibi foedera Turnus.
Quin et fatales murorum attollere moles,
Saxaque ſubvectare humeris Trojana, juvabit.
Dixerat haec, unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
Bis ſenos pepigere dies; et pace ſequeſtra
Per ſilvas Teucri, miſtique impune Latini,
Erravere jugis. ferro ſonat icta bipenni
Fraxinus: evertunt actas ad ſidera pinus:
Robora nec cuneis et olentem ſcindere cedrum,
Nec plauſtris ceſſant vectare gementibus ornos.
Et jam fama volans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
Evandrum, Evandrique domos, et moenia complet;
Quae modo victorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.

153. *Struck*] It is very judicious to repreſent the Latins, as deeply affected with the great humanity of Æneas's ſpeech, and, in conſequence of it, highly prejudiced in his favour. And equally artful is the compliment, that Drances pays the hero, in the following lines, proceeding more from his implacable hatred to Turnus, than from his love to Æneas. This ſhort ſpeech prepares us for the ſtriking part he is about to act in this book.

Go then, and burn your ſlaughter'd friends, that ſpread
The purple fields; I war not with the dead.
Struck with the gen'rous ſpeech, they ſtood amaz'd,
And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
When Drances, ſenior of the rev'rend train,
Th' invet'rate foe of Turnus, thus began:
How ſhall my tongue ſo great a prince proclaim,
Whom fame renowns; whoſe deeds tranſcend his fame!
Whoſe force and wiſdom, or in war or peace,
Thought ſcarce can equal; and no words expreſs!
Thy anſwer will we ſoon report, and bring
To thy alliance our deluded king.
And let raſh Turnus other courts implore
His ſinking cauſe and int'reſts to reſtore;
While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
To raiſe this fated town, this ſecond Troy.
He ſaid; the reſt aſſent with equal praiſe,
And fix the truce for twelve ſucceeding days.
Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.
Now the tough aſh the ſounding axes ply;
Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the ſky.
The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous ſtroke,
The ſcented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
The length'ning elms roll lumb'ring down the road.
Now fame, the meſſenger of ſorrow, bears
The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
The glorious tidings of his conqueſts bore.

Arcades ad portas ruere, et de more vetuſto
Funereas rapuere faces. lucet via longo
Ordine flammarum, et late diſcriminat agros.
Contra turba Phrygum veniens plangentia jungit
Agmina. quae poſtquam matres ſuccedere tectis
Viderunt, moeſtam incendunt clamoribus urbem.
At non Evandrum potis eſt vis ulla tenere;
Sed venit in medios. feretro Pallanta repoſto
Procumbit ſuper, atque haeret lacrymanſque gemi-
que,
Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eſt:
Non haec, o Palla, dederas promiſſa parenti,
Cautius ut ſaevo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et praedulce decus primo certamine, poſſet.
Primitiae juvenis miſerae, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum
Vota, preceſque meae! tuque, o ſanctiſſima conjux,
Felix morte tua, neque in hunc ſervata dolorem!

195. *He ſtrove to ſay.*] This grief for a conſiderable time, imply'd in the words *vix* and *tandem*, ſtopt the paſſage of his voice, and at length open'd it; both theſe are true as to different parts of time: exceſs of ſorrow firſt makes us dumb, and then makes us ſpeak.

TRAPP.

197. *Is this thy promiſe then?*] Ariadne breaks out into an apoſtrophe of this ſort, in that pathetic poem of Catullus, intituled Argonautica:

At non haec quondam blanda promiſſa dediſti
Voce mihi; non hoc miſerum ſperare jubebas:
Sed connubia laeta, ſed optatos Hymenaeos,
Quae cuncta aerii diſcerpunt irrita venti.

Ver. 123, &c.

Strait

Strait ruſhing thro' the gates, the people ſtand
In ranks, a fun'ral torch in ev'ry hand.
The mingling blaze a dreadful ſplendor yields,
Flames to the ſkies, and lightens all the fields.
The Phrygian train approach, a ſolemn ſhow!
And join the mourners in the public woe.
Loud ſhriek the matrons, as the corſe appears,
And the whole city ſeems one ſcene of tears.
But nought the wretched father can reſtrain:
He breaks, all-frantic, thro' the parting train;
Then on the bier his aged body threw,
And kiſs'd his ſon, as to the corſe he grew:
While from his eyes the guſhing ſorrows flow,
Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
A thouſand things in vain he ſtrove to ſay,
But ſcarce could theſe for anguiſh find their way:
Is this thy promiſe then, my child, with care
And cool reſerve, to mingle in the war?
Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
Wou'd fire thy youth to ſeek the rough alarms,
In theſe thy firſt eſſays, and rudiments of arms!
Oh! dire eſſays!—too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful leſſons of the fight!
Where now are all my vows (my Pallas), where?
Ah! the ſtern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r!
How bleſt art thou, dear partner of my bed,
Free from this ſtroke, among the happier dead!
Thee, heav'n in mercy ſnatch'd to ſhades below;
Thee, death deliver'd from this ſcene of woe!

Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, ſuperſtes
Reſtarem ut genitor. Troum ſocia arma ſecutum
Obruerent Rutuli telis: animam ipſe dediſſem,
Atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret.
Nec vos arguerim, Teucri, nec foedera, nec, quas
Junximus hoſpitio, dextras: ſors iſta ſenectae
Debita erat noſtrae. quod ſi immatura manebat
Mors natum; caeſis Volſcorum millibus ante,
Ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidiſſe juvabit.
Quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,
Quam pius Aeneas, et quam magni Phryges, et quam
Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenûm exercitus omnis.
Magna tropaea ferunt, quos dat tua dextera letho.
Tu quoque nunc ſtares immanis truncus in armis,
Eſſet par aetas, et idem ſi robur ab annis,

210. *I, in the dregs.*] A true pathos reigns throughout this whole ſpeech of Evander. The various turns of paſſion, and the alternate addreſſes to the living and the dead, are the very language of ſorrow. The circumſtances of tenderly reproaching him for being too forward and eager in the battle; the envying his wife for dying before ſhe could be witneſs to ſo great a calamity; the image of this misfortune's happening to him in extreme old age, when he is by nature incapacitated to ſtruggle with it; the wiſhing he had died in his ſon's ſtead; need not, I hope, be pointed out to any reader of ſenſibility, and a feeling heart. There is ſomething very noble and heroical in his ſaying, that he will not accuſe the Trojans of being the occaſion of his ſon's death, and that he will never reproach himſelf for entering into a league with them. The only circumſtance that can poſſibly adminiſter any conſolation, is, that he died like a true hero; "his wounds all fair, and honeſt, on the breaſt." He concludes by ſaying, that he is aſhamed to have ſo long detained, by his ſorrow, the ſoldiers from the fight; and hopes only to live long enough to ſee his enemy Turnus puniſhed for his cruelty.

I,

I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom!
Uſurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
Still live, and drag a load of ſorrows on!
Live—and (more terrible!) ſurvive my ſon!
Me, in the battle, if the foes had ſlain,
When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train,
I (as I ſhould) had periſh'd; and this ſtate
On the dead father, not the ſon, ſhou'd wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell ſo young;
No!—'tis the father's, who has liv'd ſo long,
With his ſlain ſon to blaſt his cloſing eye,
And wiſh, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
Yet, tho' before his time the fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy; he glorioufly expir'd!
Yet to the deſtin'd ſhore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods! I'm ſatisfy'd—he periſh'd well!
His father thanks you; for in fight he fell!
Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
Than thoſe deſign'd him by the prince of Troy,
Thoſe, the bold Tuſcan hoſts and heroes gave,
To wait the corſe triumphant to the grave:
With thoſe, his own bright trophies be his ſhare,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquiſh'd in the war.
Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadſt ſtood conſpicuous to the fight,
The moſt diſtinguiſh'd trophy of the fight.

Turne,

Turne. ſed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis?
Vadite, et haec memores regi mandata referte:
Quod vitam moror inviſam, Pallante peremto,
Dextera cauſa tua eſt. Turnum natoque patrique
Quam debere vides; meritis vacat hic tibi ſolus
Fortunaeque locus. non vitae gaudia quaero,
Nec fas: ſed nato manes perferre ſub imos.
Aurora interea miſeris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
Jam pater Æneas, jam curvo in litore Tarchon
Conſtituere pyras. huc corpora quiſque ſuorum
More tulere patrum; ſubjectiſque ignibus atris
Conditur in tenebras altum caligine coelum.
Ter circum accenſos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrere rogos; ter moeſtum funeris ignem
Luſtravere in equis, ululatuſque ore dedere.
Spargitur et tellus lacrymis, ſparguntur et arma.
It coelo clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum.
Hinc alii ſpolia occiſis direpta Latinis
Conjiciunt igni, galeas, enſeſque decoros,
Frenaque, ferventeſque rotas; pars munera nota;
Ipſorum clypeos, et non felicia tela.

But why with tears ſo long have I with-held
(Wretch that I am!) the ſoldiers from the field?
Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a ſpectacle of woe!
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy!)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the ſad ſurvivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himſelf, or fortune, now can give;
'Tis for that only, I endure to live.
Life has no joys for me; but I ſhould go
Pleas'd with theſe tidings to my boy below!
And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Reſtor'd their round of labours, and the day.
The Tuſcan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raiſe the fun'ral ſtructures on the ſtrand.
Then to the piles, as antient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relics of the ſlain.
From the black flames the ſullen vapours riſe,
And ſmoke in curling volumes to the ſkies.
The foot thrice compaſs the high-blazing pyres;
Thrice move the horſe, in circles, round the fires.
Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans ſucceeds; and heav'n rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial ſounds.
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The ſwords and helmets of the vanquiſh'd foe.
Some, the known ſhields their brethren bore in vain,
And unſucceſsful jav'lins of the ſlain.

Multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti;
Setigerosque sues, raptasque ex omnibus agris
In flammam jugulant pecudes: tum litore toto
Ardentes spectant socios, semustaque servant
Busta; neque avelli possunt, nox humida donec
Invertit coelum stellis fulgentibus aptum.

Nec minus et miseri diversa in parte Latini
Innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
Multa virûm terrae infodiunt, avectaque partim
Finitimos tollunt in agros, urbique remittunt.
Caetera, confusaeque ingentem caedis acervum,
Nec numero nec honore, cremant. tunc undique vasti
Certatim crebris collucent ignibus agri.
Tertia lux gelidam coelo dimoverat umbram:
Moerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
Ossa focis, tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
Jam vero in tectis praedivitis urbe Latini
Praecipuus fragor, et longe pars maxima luctus.
Hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum
Pectora moerentum, puerique parentibus orbi,
Dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos:

Now

Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
And briſtly ſwine; in honour of the dead,
The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they ſlew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the penſive warriors ſtand,
And watch the dying fires along the ſtrand;
Many a long look they caſt with ſtreaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had ſpangled o'er the ſkies.
Nor with leſs toil the buſy Latian train
Erect unnumber'd ſtructures for the ſlain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
Some to their native coaſts and cities, ſend.
Some, of diſtinguiſh'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
The reſt, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiſcuous carnage of the field!
From the thick piles, the ſtreaming flames ariſe,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the ſkies.
When the third morn diſclos'd the dawning day,
They ſearch'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:
In the warm aſhes their remains they found,
Quench'd with their tears, and bury'd in the ground;
Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound.
But more tumultuous ſhrieks and clamours ring
Thro' the wide town, and palace of the king:
Boys, mothers, wives, and ſiſters, there complain
For fathers, children, lords, and brothers, ſlain.
All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.

Ipſum armis, ipſumque jubent decernere ferro;
Qui regnum Italiae, et primos ſibi poſcat honores.
Ingravat haec ſaevus Drances, ſolumque vocari
Teſtatur, ſolum poſci in certamina Turnum.
Multa ſimul contra variis ſententia dictis
Pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen, obumbrat:
Multa virum meritis ſuſtentat fama tropaeis.
Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu,
Ecce, ſuper moeſti magna Diomedis ab urbe
Legati reſponſa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum
Tantorum impenſis operum; nil dona, neque aurum,
Nec magnas valuiſſe preces: alia arma Latinis
Quaerenda, aut pacem Trojano ab rege petendam.
Deficit ingenti luctu rex ipſe Latinus.
Fatalem Aenean manifeſto numine ferri,
Admonet ira deûm, tumulique ante ora recentes.
Ergo concilium magnum, primoſque ſuorum
Imperio accitos, alta intra limina cogit.
Olli convenere, fluuntque ad regia plenis
Tecta viis. ſedet in mediis, et maximus aevo,
Et primus ſceptris, haud laeta fronte, Latinus.
Atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remiſſos,
Quae referant, fari jubet, et reſponſa repoſcit
Ordine cuncta ſuo. tum facta ſilentia linguis;
Et Venulus, dicto parens, ita farier infit:

319. *The Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate.*] By the words *fatalem Æneam*, the commentators in general underſtand, that Æneas would prove fatal or deſtructive to the Trojans. Our tranſlator, with great juſtice, follows the interpretation of Catrou: *Fatalem Æneam*, that Æneas deſtin'd or call'd by the fates to marry Lavinia, &c.

Let

Let him, whoſe boundleſs and ambitious pride
Aſpires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
Let Turnus (they exclaim) in arms appear,
And with his ſingle ſword decide the war.
This, Drances ſtill inflames; and adds, with ſpite;
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.—
But Turnus to his ſide a number draws,
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cauſe:
He ſtands ſupported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour ſhades his injur'd name.
'Midſt theſe debates the penſive envoys bring
The final anſwer of th' Ætolian king.—
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the coſt,
With all the fruitleſs embaſſy, was loſt.
New ſuccours muſt be ſought; or peace implor'd,
In terms ſubmiſſive, of the Trojan lord.
The Latian king, ſurrounded by his foes,
Sinks in deſpair, and bends beneath his woes.
The wrath of heav'n, the recent tombs, that ſpread
The fields, o'ercharg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To ſway the ſceptre of the Latian ſtate.
He calls a council; at the ſov'reign's call,
The peers, aſſembled, croud the regal hall:
There, 'midſt the rev'rend fathers of the ſtate,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch ſate;
The monarch bids th' embaſſadors report,
Diſtinct, their anſwer from th' Ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the ſolemn train,
With rev'rence due, ſage Venulus began:

Vidimus, o cives, Diomedem Argivaque caſtra;
Atque iter emenſi caſus ſuperavimus omnes;
Contigimuſque manum, qua concidit Ilia tellus.
Ille urbem Argyripam, patriae cognomine gentis,
Victor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
Poſtquam introgreſſi, et coram data copia fandi,
Munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus:
Qui bellum intulerint, quae cauſa attraxerit Arpos.
Auditis ille haec placido ſic reddidit ore:
O fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
Antiqui Auſonii, quae vos fortuna quietos
Sollicitat, ſuadetque ignota laceſſere bella?
Quicunque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros,
Mitto ea quae muris bellando exhauſta ſub altis,
Quos Simois premit ille viros, infanda per orbem
Supplicia, et ſcelerum poenas expendimus omnes,
Vel Priamo miſeranda manus. ſcit triſte Minervae
Sidus, et Euboïcae cautes, ultorque Caphareus.

345. *All, all.*] There is ſomething vaſtly pleaſing to the mind in ſeeing this old hero, whom we remember to have beheld ſo *active and fierce* in the Iliad, retiring from war in his old age, and exhorting the embaſſadors to peace.

354. *Nor Priam's ſelf relate without a tear.*] This ſentiment ſeems to be drawn from a verſe of Pacuvius, preſerved by Servius:

Si Priamus adeſſet, & ipſe ejus commiſereſceret.

355. *This truth.*] The following lines contain an epitome of the ſufferings and adventures of all the Grecian chiefs, that aſſiſted at the ſiege of Troy. 'Tis very natural to make this old hero dwell at large on the misfortunes which had happened to his companions in the war.

Ye peers, a length of lands and perils paſt,
We ſaw the royal Diomede at laſt;
And touch'd, with wonder and reſpectful joy,
The mighty hand that ras'd imperial Troy.
There, bleſt with eaſe, the happy victor builds
A ſecond Argos in the Gargan fields.
Strait to the court admitted, we begun,
And in ſubmiſſive terms addreſs'd the throne;
Preſent our gifts, our names and land diſcloſe;
What war requir'd his aid; and who his foes.
When, with ſoft accents and a pleaſing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch ſpoke:
Ye bleſt Auſonians! bleſt, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
What madneſs rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace, to arms?
All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their ſwords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
(Thoſe chiefs I paſs that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide),
Toſs'd round the world, in ev'ry diſtant clime,
Atone the guilt of that preſumptuous crime.
From that dire war our deſp'rate courſe we bore,
Each driv'n by tempeſts on a diff'rent ſhore.
Such ſcenes of ſorrow not a foe cou'd hear,
Nor Priam's ſelf relate without a tear.
This truth Minerva's vengeful ſtorm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oïleus fell.

Militia ex illa diverſum ad litus abacti,
Atrides Protei Menelaus ad uſque columnas
Exſulat; Aetneaos vidit Cyclopas Ulyſſes.
Regna Neoptolemi referam, verſoſque Penates
Idomenei? Libycone habitantes litore Locros?
Ipſe Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achivûm
Conjugis infandae prima intra limina dextra
Oppetiit: devicta Aſia ſubſedit adulter.
Invidiſſe deos, patriis ut redditus aris
Conjugium optatum et pulchram Calydona viderem?
Nunc etiam horribili viſu portenta ſequuntur;
Et ſocii amiſſi petierunt aethera pennis,
Fluminibuſque vagantur aves, heu dira meorum
Supplicia! et ſcopulos lacrymoſis vocibus implent.
Haec adeo ex illo mihi jam ſperanda fuerunt
Tempore, cum ferro coeleſtia corpora demens
Appetii, et Veneris violavi volnere dextram.
Ne vero, ne me ad tales impellite pugnas.
Nec mihi cum Teucris ullum poſt eruta bellum
Pergama; nec veterum memini laetorve malorum.
Munera, quae patriis ad me portaſtis ab oris,

368. *Adult'rer.*] Ægyſthus. See the Oreſtes of Sophocles; and the Agamemnons of Æſchylus, and Thomſon; and Odyſſey, B. 11. 423. for a moſt noble and pathetic deſcription of this event.

378. *Mad as I was.*] Diomede imputes his misfortunes to his raſhneſs in having wounded Venus: which circumſtance gives a weight and importance to thi goddeſs, the mother and protectreſs of Æneas. 'Tis obſervable he does not mention his having wounded Mars.

The

The * Spartan lord, a baniſh'd wretch, was hurl'd
To † Proteus' pillars, in a diſtant world.
Ulyſſes, on the dread Sicilian coaſt,
Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades loſt.
From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
To Libyan ſhores, the Locrian ſquadrons fly;
To flaming ſuns, that ſcorch the mid-day ſky.
The ‡ king of kings, ill-fated! loſt his life,
Stabb'd in his palace, by his traitreſs wife.
There the great victor of all Aſia bled;
The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
Then, what long woes were mine? by heav'n deny'd
To ſee my native realm, and beauteous bride?
For that bleſt ſight, ſad omens ſhock my eye;
Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the ſky.
Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
The fiſhy floods, or ſcream along the ſhore.
From that curs'd moment all theſe woes were due,
When, fir'd with rage, againſt the gods I flew;
And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
(Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand.
When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
And with her ruins will I war no more.
My ſoul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
On thoſe misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
Bear back the preſents, and the gifts you bring,
('Tis far, far ſafer) to the Trojan king.

* *Menelaus.* † *Egypt.* ‡ *Agamemnon.*

Vertite ad Aenean. ſtetimus tela aſpera contra,
Contulimuſque manus. experto credite, quantus
In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.
Si duo praeterea tales Idaea tuliſſet
Terra viros, ultro Inachias veniſſet ad urbes
Dardanus, et verſis lugeret Graecia fatis.
Quicquid apud durae ceſſatum eſt moenia Trojae,
Hectoris Aeneaeque manu victoria Graiûm
Haeſit, et in decimum veſtigia rettulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo inſignes praeſtantibus armis;
Hic pietate prior. coëant in foedera dextrae,
Qua datur: aſt, armis concurrant arma, cavete.
Et, reſponſa ſimul quae ſint, rex optime regum,
Audiſti; et quae ſit magno ſententia bello.
Vix ea legati: variuſque per ora cucurrit
Auſonidum turbata fremor: ceu, ſaxa morantur
Cum rapidos amnes, clauſo fit gurgite murmur,
Vicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.
Ut primum placati animi, et trepida ora quierunt,
Praefatus divos ſolio rex inſit ab alto:

388. *Heav'ns! with how.*] The teſtimony of ſuch an enemy as Diomede, concerning the prodigious ſtrength and courage of Æneas, greatly exalts our hero's character; and is a fine ſtroke of art in the poet. The compliment is much heighten'd by comparing him afterwards with Hector.

391. *Had Troy.*] The panegyric on Æneas riſes here ſtill higher; eſpecially at ver. 402. adviſing them to make peace with ſuch a formidable enemy.

401. *But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.*] This compariſon of Æneas with Hector is no exaggeration of Virgil, in favour of his own hero. This Homer had done before him. The goodneſs and clemency of Æneas, which followed from his piety, are a reaſon why the Latins ſhould hope for peace. Catrou.

For

For well, too well, the mighty chief I know,
And met in rigid fight the god-like foe;
Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the hoſt;
Heav'ns! with how fierce a ſpring the lance he toſt!
How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
How high he ſhook the ſword, and rais'd the pond'rous ſhield!
Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
Their conduct, courage, ſtrength, and worth, the ſame;
All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred ſtates;
Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates;
Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates.
His conqu'ring ſword, and Hector's valiant hand,
So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
Their ſingle valour ſav'd their native wall,
And ten whole years ſuſpended Ilion's fall.
Æneas ſhone his equal in the field;
But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
To tempt ſo terrible a foe to war.—
This is the ſum, great king, of what he ſaid,
And this th' advice of royal Diomede.
Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
Strait ran a mingled murmur thro' the court.
So when by rocks the torrents are withſtood,
In deep hoarſe murmurs rolls the impriſon'd flood;
Beats on the banks; and, with a ſullen ſound,
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
Soon as the noiſe was ſilenc'd; from the throne,
(Heav'n firſt invok'd) the hoary prince begun;

Ante equidem ſumma de re ſtatuiſſe, Latini,
Et vellem, et fuerat melius; non tempore tali
Cogere concilium, cum muros aſſidet hoſtis.
Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum
Invictiſque viris gerimus; quos nulla fatigant
Praelia, ne victi poſſunt abſiſtere ferro.
Spem, ſi quam accitis Aetolûm habuiſtis in armis,
Ponite; ſpes ſibi quiſque. ſed haec quam anguſta, videtis.
Caetera qua rerum jaceant perculſa ruina,
Ante oculos interque manus ſunt omnia veſtras.
Nec quemquam incuſo. potuit quae plurima virtus
Eſſe, fuit. toto certatum eſt corpore regni.
Nunc adeo, quae ſit dubiae ſententia menti,
Expediam, et paucis, animos adhibite, docebo.
Eſt antiquus ager, Tuſco mihi proximus amni,
Longus in occaſum, fines ſuper uſque Sicanos;
Aurunci, Rutulique ſerunt, et vomere duros
Exercent colles, atque horum aſperrima paſcunt.

413. *Heav'n firſt invok'd.*] It was a cuſtom of the antient orators to uſher in their harangues, with an addreſs to the gods; at leaſt when the ſubject had any concern with the ſtate. Thus Demoſthenes, in the beginning of his ſpeech De Corona: Πρωτον μεν, ω Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, τοις θεοις ευχομαι πασι και πασαις· *In the firſt place, O Athenians, I pray to all the gods and goddeſſes.* All the ſpeeches of Cato and Gracchus, ſays Servius, begin in this ſolemn manner.

433. *A length of lands.*] This propoſal of Latinus, concerning the ceſſion of lands to Æneas, is founded on hiſtory, Cato mentions it, and gives us the length and ſituation of the ground. It conſiſted of ſeven hundred acres [jugera], and extended from the Trojan camp to the city Laurentum. This piece of ground was call'd *antiquus*, becauſe it was the an-

I wiſh,

I wiſh, O rev'rend fathers, we had ſate,
Before theſe perils, on th' endanger'd ſtate:
Far better than a council now to call,
When Troy's embody'd pow'rs ſurround our wall!
An hoſt of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardor can reſtrain;
Tho' vanquiſh'd, ſtrait they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
And now muſt centre in ourſelves alone:
Nor theſe how ſlender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous ſtate.
Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r;
Arms, ſtrength, and courage, could perform no more.
In the dire war, has labour'd ev'ry hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land.
But ſtill in vain our efforts have we try'd;
Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her ſide.
Then hear attentive what my thoughts ſuggeſt—
A length of lands, far-ſtretching to the weſt,
Againſt Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills ariſe.
Theſe tracts, th' Auruncians and Rutulians plow,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.

cient domain of the Latin kings. Cato reports that Æneas accepted of theſe propoſals. CATROU.

439. *And both the nations join.*] Latinus does not propoſe to admit the Trojans as tributaries or vaſſals, but to eſtabliſh them on a complete equality with the other kings of the country. This is the force of thoſe words:

—— *Fœderis æquas*
Dicemus leges.——

CATROU.

Haec

Haec omnis regio, et celſi plaga pinea montis,
Cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas
Dicamus leges, ſocioſque in regna vocemus.
Conſidant, ſi tantus amor, et moenia condant.
Sin alios fines aliamque capeſſere gentem
Eſt animus, poſſuntque ſolo decedere noſtro;
Bis denas Italo texamus robore naves,
Seu plures complere valent. jacet omnis ad undam
Materies: ipſi numerumque modumque carinis
Praecipiant: nos aera, manus, navalia, demus.
Praeterea, qui dicta ferant, et foedera firment,
Centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
Ire placet, paciſque manu praetendere ramos;
Munera portantes aurique eboriſque, talenta,
Et ſellam, regni trabeamque inſignia noſtri.
Conſulite in medium, et rebus ſuccurrite feſſis.
Tum Drances idem infenſus, quem gloria Turni
Obliqua invidia ſtimuliſque agitabat amaris,
Largus opum, et lingua melior, ſed frigida bello
Dextera, conſiliis habitus non futilis auctor,

456. *Then Drances roſe.*] It has been imagined by ſome critics, that under the character of Turnus M. Antony is repreſented, and that Cicero is ſhadowed by Drances. The circumſtances *quo pulchrior alter non fuit*; of *avis ataviſque potens*; of a ſarcaſtical vein, and ironical turn; of an heat and impetuoſity of temper, painted by the epithets *turbidus, amens, furens*; have been all alleged by a late writer as ſtrong characteriſtics of Antony; as the four following lines ſeem to exhibit the unfavourable idea which the courtiers of Auguſtus entertained of Tully:

Largus opum, &c. down to *ferebat*.

Theſe,

Theſe, with their woods, the Trojans ſhall poſſeſs,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
Since ſuch their wiſh, ev'n let the warlike band
Raiſe a new town, and ſettle in the land.
But wou'd they leave our Latian ſhores again,
And for ſome other region croſs the main,
Twice ten ſtrong veſſels let us build, or more
(For thick the foreſts grow along the ſhore):
The form and number let themſelves aſſign;
The work, the rigging, and the coſt, be mine.
Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
An hundred peers and princes of the land,
To firm the ſacred league, in ſolemn ſtate,
With ample preſents on their prince ſhall wait;
Rich gifts of gold, and poliſh'd ivory bear,
The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
Ye peers! with freedom theſe high points debate;
Speak, ſpeak your minds, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances roſe, a proud diſtinguiſh'd name,
With envy fir'd at Turnus' ſpreading fame.
His mother's blood illuſtrious ſplendors grace,
By birth as gen'rous, as his ſire was baſe.

See Catrou, and an anonymous pamphlet intituled, TURNUS and DRANCES. The reader is left to judge of this conjecture. Such kind of interpretations are ſometimes ingenious, but ought to be advanced with caution. A refin'd critic might diſcover in the Æneid parallels for all Auguſtus's courtiers.

Virgil certainly ſeems to be no friend of Cicero's. He does not mention a word of him in his view of the moſt conſiderable Romans, in B. VI. nor in the VIII. though he ſpeaks there of Catiline, ver. 668. SPENCE.

One may add, that there are not to be found, even in

Seditione

Seditione potens, genus huic materna ſuperbum
Nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat,
Surgit, et his onerat dictis, atque aggerat iras:
Rem nulli obſcuram, noſtrae nec vocis egentem,
Conſulis, o bone rex. cuncti ſe ſcire fatentur,
Quid fortuna ferat populi; ſed dicere muſſant.
Det libertatem fandi, flatuſque remittat,
Cujus ob auſpicium infauſtum moreſque ſiniſtros,
Dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur,
Lumina tot cecidiſſe ducum, totamque videmus
Conſediſſe urbem luctu; dum Troïa tentat
Caſtra, fugae fidens, et coelum territat armis.
Unum etiam donis iſtis, quae plurima mitti
Dardanidis dicique jubes, unum, optime regum,
Adjicias; nec te ullius violentia vincat,
Quin natam egregio genero digniſque hymenaeis
Des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere jungas.
Quod ſi tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
Ipſum obteſtemur, veniamque oremus ab ipſo:

Tully himſelf, higher ſtrokes of oratory than in theſe ſpeeches of Drances and Turnus. They have the moſt dramatic air of any part of Virgil.

Potent

Potent and rich, in factious counſels ſkill'd;
Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
Loud he harangu'd the court; and, as he roſe,
Theſe vile reproaches on the warrior throws:
What you propoſe, great monarch, is ſo plain
To all the ſynod, that replies are vain.
But none dares ſpeak; tho' all can underſtand
The ſole expedient our affairs demand.
Let him, by whoſe unhappy conduct led,
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, ſo many chiefs have bled,
So many princes of our land lie low,
Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
Him, who pretends to ſtorm a hoſt, but flies,
While the proud boaſtful coward braves the ſkies;
Let Turnus (for I muſt, I will, purſue
The public good, tho' death is in my view)
Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
At leaſt, of theſe our ſuff'rings to complain!
O king! to thoſe rich gifts deſign'd before
For the great Trojan, add one preſent more:
One that your duteous ſenate muſt requeſt,
And one he values more than all the reſt.
By fear or violence no longer ſway'd,
Give to ſo brave a prince th' imperial maid;
By that ſure pledge a laſting peace obtain;
Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
But ſhould our king ſo bold a ſtep diſclaim,
Aw'd by the terrors of his rival's name;
To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
For his permiſſion, to beſtow the fair,

Cedat jus proprium regi, patriaeque remittat.
Quid miſeros toties in aperta pericula cives
Projicis, o Latio caput horum et cauſa malorum?
Nulla ſalus bello: pacem te poſcimus omnes,
Turne, ſimul pacis ſolum inviolabile pignus.
Primus ego, inviſum quem tu tibi fingis, et eſſe
Nil moror, en ſupplex venio. miſerere tuorum:
Pone animos, et pulſus abi. ſat funera fuſi
Vidimus, ingentes et deſolavimus agros.
Aut, ſi fama movet, ſi tantum pectore robur
Concipis, et ſi adeo dotalis regia cordi eſt;
Aude, atque adverſum fidens fer pectus in hoſtem.
Scilicet, ut Turno contingat regia conjux,
Nos, animae viles, inhumata infletaque turba,
Sternamur campis. et jam tu, ſi qua tibi vis,

508. *If none can pleaſe thee.*] Mr. Dryden, in the dedication before his Juvenal, might have cited many inſtances of Virgil's ſatirical turn by far more ſevere than that of the *Non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas ſtridenti miſerum ſtipula diſpergere carmen?* Some of Turnus's exclamations are bitter to the higheſt degree. In this diſpute between Turnus and Drances, our poet ſhews himſelf a great maſter of artful and elegant abuſe: I have often thought, that K. Henry V. as drawn by Shakeſpeare, greatly reſembles Turnus, in a kind of majeſtic ſcornfulneſs, and as it were an heroic ill-nature. For a proof of this, I refer the reader to ſome of his ſpeeches, life of Henry V. Act 4. S. 8. S. 13. &c. &c.

And

And to our prince and country to reſtore
Their rights, and bluſter on the throne no more.
Why, for thy pride, our lives ſhould we expoſe,
O fatal chief! the ſource of all our woes?
'Tis a deſtructive war; but, to be free
From theſe long ills, we humbly ſue to thee;
To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
And, the ſole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
And firſt, myſelf, thy fanſy'd foe (a name
I ſcorn alike to own, or to diſclaim),
Ev'n I, a ſuppliant, beg thy grace, to ſpare
Our bleeding country, and forſake the war.
In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
Too long have we bemoan'd our ſlaughter'd hoſts,
Our lands diſpeopled, and our waſted coaſts.
If love of glory has thy ſoul poſſeſt
If fame inſpires, or courage warms thy breaſt;
If none can pleaſe thee, but a princeſs—go—
Meet in the liſted field thy gen'rous foe.
Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
For us—no matter—we may well be ſlain!
Unwept, unbury'd; to the fowls reſign'd;
The world's laſt dregs; the refuſe of mankind!
We, worthleſs ſouls! were born for him alone,
And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne!
But go, proud warrior, if one ſpark remains
Of courage in thy ſoul, and warms thy veins;
Go—meet thy rival—anſwer his demand—
Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.

Si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aſpice contra,
Qui vocat.
Talibus exarſit dictis violentia Turni:
Dat gemitum, rumpitque has imo pectore voces:
Larga quidem, Drance, ſemper tibi copia fandi,
Tunc cum bella manus poſcunt, patribuſque vocatis
Primus ades: ſed non replenda eſt curia verbis,
Quae tuto tibi magna volant, dum diſtinet hoſtem
Agger murorum, nec inundant ſanguine foſſae.
Proinde tona eloquio, ſolitum tibi; meque timoris
Argue tu, Drance: quando tot ſtragis acervos
Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, paſſimque tropaeis
Inſignis agros. poſſit quid vivida virtus,
Experiare licet: nec longe ſcilicet hoſtes
Quaerendi nobis: circumſtant undique muros.
Imus in adverſos? quid ceſſas? an tibi Mavors
Ventoſa in lingua pedibuſque fugacibus iſtis
Semper erit?
Pulſus ego? aut quiſquam merito, foediſſime, pulſum
Arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui creſcere Tybrim

526. *Drances, that tongue.*] There is a great deal more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil. The Roman poet's are generally ſet ſpeeches, thoſe of the Greek more in the way of converſation. What Virgil does by two words of a narration, Homer brings about by a ſpeech; he hardly raiſes one of his heroes out of bed without ſome talk concerning it. There are not only replies but rejoinders in Homer; a thing ſcarce ever to be found in Virgil: the conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued converſations, a little reſembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic. POPE.

Yet

Yet the vain boaſter ſoon, I truſt, will fly,
Nor ſtand the terrors of that deathful eye!
  Theſe ſcornful words the haughty youth engage
In all the fiery violence of rage;
Then, while a groan of indignation broke
Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero ſpoke:
  Drances, that tongue a ſtream of words can yield;
Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
Firſt in debate! but ſure 'tis ſafer far
With words to flouriſh, than to wage the war;
To deal in long harangues, while walls incloſe
Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from the foes.
Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
And mouth and bellow to the liſt'ning croud.
Proceed then, daſtard, in thy wonted ſtrain;
Throw forth a ſtorm of eloquence again:
With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
And thy own trophies ſtand as high as mine!
Try, try, this hour, thy courage; ſee! the foes
Advance, approach us, and our walls incloſe:
Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
Shall all thy valour, wretch! conſiſt ſo long
In thoſe ſwift feet, and in that ſwifter tongue?
I routed, monſter! and compell'd to fly?—
Who but thyſelf could forge that ſhameleſs lye?
Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
When Tyber's ſtreams ran purple to the main?

Sanguine, et Evandri totam cum ſtirpe videbit
Procubuiſſe domum, atque exutos Arcadas armis?
Haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens,
Et quos mille die victor ſub Tartara miſi,
Incluſus muris hoſtilique aggere ſeptus.
Nulla ſalus bello. capiti cane talia demens
Dardanio, rebuſque tuis. proinde omnia magno
Ne ceſſa turbare metu, atque extollere vires
Gentis bis victae: contra premere arma Latini.
Nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremiſcunt,
Nunc et Tydides, et Lariſſaeus Achilles;
Amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas.
Vel cum ſe pavidun. contra mea jurgia fingit

573. —— *or his diſſembled fear.*]

Vel cum ſe pavidum contra mea jurgia fingit.

Quintilian, B 9. C. 3. produces this verſe as containing an ἀρχαϊσμος, which at preſent we have no marks of. Heinſius is inclined to read *mis* according to the emendation of J. Marius Matius in his forty-ninth chapter of annot. various authors:

—— *Contra mis jurgia fingit.*

Mis is the old genitive caſe of τυ *ego*, according to Feſtus; and is a word uſed more than once by Ennius. Quintilian informs us, that *mis* is uſed by Virgil; but it is not at preſent to be found in any part of his works. *Cum ſint autem verba propria ficta tralata, propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Nam & ſanctiorem & magis admirabilem efficiunt orationem, quibus non quilibet uſurus: eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii poeta Virgilius unice eſt uſus.* Olli *enim* & quianam & mis & pone *pellucent, & aſpergunt illam, quæ etiam picturis eſt gratiſſima, vetuſtatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem.* B. 8. C. 3. See Voſſius concerning Virgil's obſolete terms, Inſt. Orat. 4. p. 15.

Some think that *vel* is the obſolete term hinted at by Quintilian in this paſſage. I ſhall beg leave to cloſe this dry

Where,

Where, wretch, didſt thou ſit brooding o'er thy fear,
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful ſpear?
When, all in heaps, his vanquiſh'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
When thouſands more my faulchion plung'd to hell
In one victorious day, tho' compaſs'd round
With foes, and preſs'd within the hoſtile mound?
All, all, but thou, ſtood witneſs to the fight!
Nor didſt thou dare look out upon the fight!
'Tis a deſtructive war—Go, daſtard go,
And preach that rule you practiſe, to the foe;
At once avow that int'reſt you embrace:
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms diſgrace;
But praiſe and honour a twice-vanquiſh'd race.
Tell, tell the croud, how ev'ry Argive lord
And monarch trembled at the Phrygian ſword;
That Tydeus' ſon, that Peleus' baffled heir,
Retir'd from Hector, nor cou'd ſtand his war;
That Aufidus himſelf, with ſudden dread,
When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
Ran back, aſtoniſh'd, to his native bed.
Such are his baſe ſuggeſtions, which appear
Falſe as himſelf; or his diſſembled fear

remark with Mr. Pope's admirable ſentiments on the uſe of old words: "A juſt and moderate mixture of old words "may have an effect like the working old abbey-ſtones in- "to a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen to give a kind "of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, "and equality, requiſite to a new work; I mean without "rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent pu-

Artificis ſcelus, et formidine crimen acerbat.
Nunquam animam talem dextra hac, abſiſte moveri,
Amittes: habitet tecum, et ſit pectore in iſto.
Nunc ad te et tua, magne pater, conſulta revertor.
Si nullam noſtris ultra ſpem ponis in armis;
Si tam deſerti ſumus, et, ſemel agmine verſo,
Funditus occidimus, neque habet fortuna regreſſum;
Oremus pacem, et dextras tendamus inertes.
Quanquam o, ſi ſolitae quicquam virtutis adeſſet,
Ille mihi ante alios fortunatuſque laborum,
Egregiuſque animi, qui, ne quid tale videret,
Procubuit moriens, et humum ſemel ore momordit.
Sin et opes nobis, et adhuc intacta juventus,
Auxilioque urbes Italae, populique ſuperſunt;
Sin et Trojanis cum multo gloria venit
Sanguine, ſunt illis ſua funera, parque per omnes

" rity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which " ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In " reading a ſtile judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure " not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but " then the road muſt be as good, as the way is antient; the " ſtile muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, with- " out being put to ſhort ſtops, by ſudden abruptneſſes, or " puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions: no man " delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our " love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, " and an heap of rubbiſh another." Poſtſcript to the Odyſſey.

Milton and Philips, and perhaps ſome other writers of blank verſe, have uſed too many obſolete and antiquated words; and, as B. Johnſon ſays of Spencer, for that reaſon, *Write no language*; I mean in ſuch parts of their poems as are ſtuffed with ſuch expreſſions. Mr. Pope has well obſerved, that the imitators of Milton, like moſt other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricatura's* of their original; they are an hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo

Of

Of my revenge: that vanity reſign;
Such blood ſhall never ſtain a ſword like mine!
Still may thy ſoul diſmiſs that idle care,
Lurk in that abject breaſt, and tremble there!—
But to reſume, O king! our great debate
(Your dread commands), the ſolemn cares of ſtate:
Since on our arms no farther ſtreſs you lay,
But loſe at once all courage, with the day;
If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
If all our future proſpects are no more;
Gods! let us raiſe theſe coward hands, to gain
Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
Yet, O ye princes! did the leaſt remains
Of our bold fathers courage warm our veins;
Thoſe I ſhou'd ever deem the truly great,
Thoſe, who in fields of battle brave their fate;
Thoſe, who, to 'ſcape that ſhame, with glory fir'd,
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!
But ſince a yet-unbroken force we find,
Confed'rate towns, and nations ſtill behind;
Since Troy, ſo nobly by our troops withſtood,
Has bought her glory with her deareſt blood;
Since, in their turn, the tempeſt threatens all;
Since, with the vanquiſh'd, the proud victors fall;

in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every-where alike; but employs them much more, where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt, and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, and chaos, than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like.

Tempeſtas; cur indecores in limine primo
Deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
Multa dies variuſque labor mutabilis aevi
Rettulit in melius; multos alterna reviſens
Luſit, et in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit.

600. *Time oft has ſuccour'd*, &c.] What the critics call *ſentences* or moral reflections, ſhould be rarely introduced in an epic poem. The poet ſhould inſtruct by the circumſtances of his narration, and the noble behaviour of his hero, and not by direct and downright precepts. The *ſentences* of Virgil ſeldom exceed one verſe: Moſt of them, ſays Segrais, are ſtill ſhorter, and thrown into the form of a tranſition; but are moſt frequently put into the mouth of ſome hero. Young readers, who are charmed with this figure of ſpeaking, accuſe Virgil for what is a great inſtance of his judgment. This is what Petronius obſerves in the beginning of his ſatire; he attributes the decay of eloquence to the declaimers; and ſays, that they infected the youth of Rome with a falſe taſte; *nunc rerum & ſententiarum vaniſſimo ſtrepitu hoc tantum perficiunt.* If they read an author, they retain only ſuch paſſages; and the taſte which they have for this ſort of beauty, makes them not reflect on the propriety of the time and place in which it is introduced: whereas all that conſtitutes ornament may become deformity. If the moſt beautiful noſe in the world, or the fineſt eye imaginable, was out of its proper place, what would it become? One ſhould underſtand then, what a *ſentence* is. F. Mambrun has largely treated on it in his diſſertation on the epopœia. He defines it according to Ariſtotle, *Enuntiatio non de ſingularibus, ſed univerſalibus.* He tells us it ought to conſiſt principally of three qualities: the firſt is, that it ſhould be deliver'd in plain and general terms; the ſecond, that it be ſhort; the third, that it regard the manners. The reaſon of the firſt quality, that it ſhould be general and evident, is, becauſe it doth not inſtruct otherwiſe, and would be without any weight; of the ſecond, becauſe it would be tedious, and inſipid. And, laſtly, it ſhould treat of the manners, in order to exclude all precepts and maxims relating to arts more foreign and abſtruſe, which

Why,

Why, on our firſt attempt, this low deſpair?
This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has ſuccour'd an endanger'd ſtate
By ſome new change, and ſnatch'd her from her fate!
Some kingdoms ſtrange viciſſitudes ſuſtain;
Now cruſh'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!

conduce nothing to the inſtruction of a man of honour, which is the end of the epic poem.

I muſt add to this remark of Segrais, that the affectation of moralizing, and ſtuffing in ſentences and reflections on human life, has greatly disfigured our Engliſh modern tragedy.

Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while paſſion ſlept.
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread;
Philoſophy remain'd, tho' nature fled.

Mr. Samuel Johnson.

It will not be improper to conclude this note with ſome excellent obſervations of N. Heinſius, in his preface before Val. Flaccus: *Perpetuus* [*Lucanus*] *declamator, & ſine ullo judicio, inanes quaſdam ſententias, ut ſcholaſticus, infarciens, tumore & faſtu ſolo conſpicuus eſt.—Nam non moramur perverſum illorum hominum judicium, qui omnis diſciplinæ poeticæ ignariſſimi, ſtatim ſcriptorem venerantur, & laudibus in cælum vehunt, ubi graves quaſdam de moribus ſententias, & longas de vitiis & virtutibus diſputationes, verſibus comprehenſas offendunt.*—And afterwards; ſpeaking of the action of a poem; *Omne autem poetæ munus ſola heroicæ iſtius actionis narratione abſolvitur, quæ per omnes epici carminis leges & partes producta, vicem inanium diſputationum implet; & non tam ex ſententiarum pondere, & dictorum gravitate, quam ex ipſa actione lector ea addiſcere debet, quæ poeta docere animo ſuo propoſuit. Ipſa illuſtria veterum heroum geſta, ſive quæ geſſiſſe fingunt, animos legentium afficere & attrahere oportet.—Inſpice omnium conſenſu habitum poetarum principem Virgilium*, &c.

Non

Non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus, et Arpi.
At Meſſapus erit, felixque Tolumnius, et, quos
Tot populi miſere, duces. nec parva ſequetur
Gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
Eſt et Volſcorum egregia de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, et florentes aere catervas.
Quod ſi me ſolum Teucri in certamina poſcunt,
Idque placet, tantumque bonis communibus obſto;
Non adeo has exoſa manus victoria fugit,
Ut tanta quicquam pro ſpe tentare recuſem.
Ibo animis contra: vel magnum praeſtet Achillem,
Factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma,
Ille licet. vobis animam hanc ſoceroque Latino
Turnus ego, haud ulli veterum virtute ſecundus,
Devoveo. ſolum Aeneas vocat; et vocet, oro.
Nec Drances potius, ſive eſt haec ira deorum,
Morte luat; ſive eſt virtus et gloria, tollat.
Illi haec inter ſe dubiis de rebus agebant
Certantes; caſtra Aeneas aciemque movebat.
Nuncius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
Ecce, ruit, magniſque urbem terroribus implet:

626. *Nor let.*] Though Turnus had recovered his temper a little, during the time of his addreſſing part of his ſpeech to the king, yet he cannot conclude without falling once more into paſſion, and giving a ſevere ſtroke to Drances.

What

What tho' th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our ſide,
Yet, with Meſſapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, ſtill ſucceſsful in the wars;
And many a glorious chief, who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from diſtant lands.
Beſides our Latian youth, of matchleſs might,
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volſcian princeſs leads her valiant train,
All ſheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But ſince my foes and friends the fight demand;
The public peace no longer I withſtand:
Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles, to the lifted field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian ſhield!
Nor ſhall my deeds my anceſtry diſgrace,
Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your ſelf-devoted Turnus fall!—
Me does my rival to the fight demand?
Grant, O ye gods! the challenge ſtill may ſtand;
Nor let yon wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide.
Meantime Æneas, 'midſt the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to ſeize the gate.
The Trojan ſquadrons, and the Tuſcan train,
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew ſwift, and ſcar'd the city and the court;

Inſtructos

Inſtructos acie Tyberino a flumine Teucros,
Tyrrhenamque manum totis deſcendere campis.
Extemplo turbati animi, concuſſaque vulgi
Pectora, et arrectae ſtimulis haud mollibus irae.
Arma manu trepidi poſcunt: fremit arma juventus.
Flent moeſti muſſantque patres. hic undique clamor
Diſſenſu vario magnus ſe tollit in auras.
Haud ſecus, atque alto in luco cum forte catervae
Conſedere avium; piſcoſove amne Paduſae
Dant ſonitum rauci per ſtagna loquacia cycni.
Imo, ait, o cives, arrepto tempore, Turnus,
Cogite concilium, et pacem laudate ſedentes:
Illi armis in regna ruunt. nec plura locutus
Corripuit ſeſe, et tectis citus extulit altis.
Tu, Voluſe, armari Volſcorum edice maniplis:
Duc, ait, et Rutulos. equitem Meſſapus in armis,
Et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis.
Pars aditus urbis firment, turreſque capeſſant:
Caetera, qua juſſo, mecum manus inferat arma.
Ilicet in muros tota diſcurritur urbe.
Concilium ipſe pater et magna incepta Latinus
Deſerit, ac triſti turbatus tempore differt:
Multaque ſe incuſat, qui non acceperit ultro

651. *Thou, thou.*] This fierce and ſpirited ſpeech of Turnus judiciouſly begins at once, without any introductory *inquit*, or *ait*.

660. *The penſive father.*] The king's accuſing himſelf too late, for having liſtened to the counſel of Amata, is a fine ſtroke of nature.

The

The crouds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
The youth ruſh forth to war; the ſires complain,
And ſtrive to ſtop the growing rage in vain.
From either ſide the diff'rent murmurs riſe,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the ſkies.
So ring the foreſts with the feather'd brood,
A thouſand notes re-echoing thro' the wood:
So ſcream the ſwans on fair Paduſa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling ſounds.
Is this an hour, cool methods to deviſe,
And talk of peace? the fiery Turnus cries;
Declaim, ye daſtards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and ſtorms the town!
He ſaid; and ruſh'd impetuous to the plain;
Lead, lead, brave Voluſus, our Ardean train,
And ſummon to the fight the Volſcian force;
Thou, thou, Meſſapus, range th' embattled horſe,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to ſpread the op'ning war.
All, all, be ready; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the paſſes; you defend the tow'rs.
Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way.
The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
The penſive father of the Latian ſtate
(Confus'd, amaz'd) ſuſpended the debate;
And his own conduct blames, that he reſign'd
To the queen's counſel his compliant mind;

Dardanium Æneam, generumque aſciverit urbi.
Praefodiunt alii portas, aut ſaxa ſudeſque
Subvectant: bello dat ſignum rauca cruentum
Buccina. tunc muros varia cinxere corona,
Matronae puerique: vocat labor ultimus omnes.
Necnon ad templum ſummaſque ad Palladis arces
Subvehitur magna matrum regina caterva,
Dona ferens: juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
Cauſa mali tanti, atque oculos dejecta decoros.
Succedunt matres, et templum thure vaporant,
Et moeſtas alto fundunt de limine voces:
Armipotens, praeſes belli, Tritonia virgo,
Frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis, et ipſum
Pronum ſterne ſolo, portiſque effunde ſub altis.
Cingitur ipſe furens certatim in praelia Turnus:
Jamque adeo Rutulum thoraca indutus ahenis
Horrebat ſquamis, ſuraſque incluſerat auro,

673. —— *To Minerva's fane.*] It was a privilege of the Roman ladies (ſays Catrou) to be carried in a chariot to the gates of the temples. Virgil alludes to this cuſtom in repreſenting Amata and Lavinia carried to the temple of Pallas. But the worſhip of this goddeſs was introduced into Italy by Æneas; and the poet ſpeaks of a temple dedicated to her, already exiſting at Laurentum. However, theſe anachroniſms are allowable in poetry. The prayer to the goddeſs is tranſlated from Homer:

O awful goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid!
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' ſpear, and let him fall,
Prone on the duſt, before the Trojan wall.
POPE, Iliad 6. v. 380.

685. —*Drew the corſlet on.*] Macrobius, B. 5. c. 20. and 6. 7. and A. Gellius, Noc. Att. c. 6. read *rutilum thoraca.* Thus V. Flaccus, B. 7. 620.

On

On ſuch wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.
To ſink a trench before the gates, they run,
Fix the ſtrong pile, and roll the pond'rous ſtone.
Alarm'd, and ſummon'd by the trumpet's ſound,
Boys, maids, and matrons, croud the ramparts round.
All aids theſe dire extremities demand,
Fire ev'ry heart, and ſtrengthen ev'ry hand.
Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
Ride with large preſents to Minerva's fane:
Lavinia grac'd her ſide; the royal fair;
The guiltleſs cauſe of this deſtructive war.
To earth her ſtreaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
In ſad proceſſion move the croud behind.
They burn rich odours at the ſacred ſhrine,
And ſeek, with ſuppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine:
Againſt the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
O queen of battles! great Tritonian maid!
Break, break his jav'lin; let him meet his fate,
And grind the duſt beneath our lofty gate!
Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus ſhone:
Firſt, the brave hero drew the corſlet on;
Thick ſcales of braſs the coſtly work infold:
His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.

——— *Prior enſe ſequaci*
Æquat humo truncos, rutilum *thoraca ſecanti,*
Aut primas a matre manus.———

But we have *Argivum enſem*, Æneid 2. and, in another part of Virgil, *Cuſpidem Auſoniam*; *Cytæam caſſidem* in V. Flaccus, B. 5. and *Caſſidem Auruncam* in Silius Italicus.

HEINSIUS.

Tem-

Tempora nudus adhuc; laterique accinxerat enſem,
Fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce;
Exſultatque animis, et ſpe jam praecipit hoſtem.
Qualis, ubi abruptis fugit praeſepia vinclis,
Tandem liber, equus, campoque potitus aperto;
Aut ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum,
Aut aſſuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto
Emicat, arrectiſque fremit cervicibus alte
Luxurians, luduntque jubae per colla, per armos.

696. *So the gay.*] Mr. Pope very juſtly obſerves, that this ſimile is better apply'd by Homer to Paris, than by Virgil to Turnus. Yet, take the ſimile as a deſcription abſtractedly, Virgil's is by far the moſt noble:

Ειωθως λυεσθαι ἐϋῤῥειος ποταμοιο.

Is a moſt harmonious echo to the ſenſe: but, as Dr. Trapp obſerves,

Emicat, arrectiſque fremit cervicibus alte
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos,

will perhaps be a match for it. Ennius has imitated this ſimile from Homer, Lib. 2. Annal.

Et tum ſicut equus qui de præſepibus altis
Vincla ſuis magnis animis abrupit; & inde
Fert ſeſe campi per cærula, lataque prata,
Celſo pectore, ſæpe jubam quaſſat ſimul altam:
Spiritus ex anima calida ſpumas agit albas.

It is a great pity, that ſo much of Ennius is loſt: Virgil, we find, has cloſely imitated him in many paſſages which are preſerved; and we may with reaſon ſuppoſe, that he has improved upon numberleſs paſſages in Ennius's poems, which are now periſhed. Where Ennius imitated a fine paſſage from Homer, it was cuſtomary with Virgil to refine (as I have before hinted) upon Ennius's imitation.

Taſſo (ſays Mr. Pope) has improved the juſtneſs of this ſimile in his 16th book, Stan. 28. where Rinaldo, returning from the arms of Armida to battle, is compared to the ſteed that is taken from his paſtures and mares, to the ſervice of the war; the reverſe of the circumſtance better agreeing

Bare

Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
The ſtarry ſword hung glitt'ring at his ſide.
Bold and exulting, with a dauntleſs air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun.
The golden ſplendors, dazling to the view,
Flaſh'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
So the gay pamper'd ſteed, with looſen'd reins,
Breaks from the ſtall, and pours along the plains;
With large ſmooth ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
Bathes his bright ſides, and cools his fiery blood;
Neighs as he flies; and, toſſing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the diſtant mead;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.

with the occaſion. I ſhall tranſcribe the paſſage, in Fairfax's tranſlation:

As a fierce ſteed, for age withdrawn from war,
Wherein the glorious beaſt had always won,
That in vile reſt, from fight ſequeſter'd far,
Feeds with the mares at large, his ſervice done,
If arms he ſee, or hear the trumpet's jar,
He neigheth loud, and thither faſt doth run,
And wiſhes on his back the armed knight,
Longing for juſts, for tournament, and fight.

There is a very elegant ſimile in Spenſer, F. Q. B. 2. C. 3. Stanza 36 which, tho' the ſubject of it be different from this, yet as its circumſtances bear ſome relation to it, I hope the reader will excuſe my tranſcribing:

A fearfull fowle that long in ſecret cave,
For dread of ſoaring hawke herſelf has hid,
Not caring how, her ſilly life to ſave,
She her gay painted plumes diſorderid,

Obvia cui, Volſcorum acie comitante, Camilla
Occurrit, portiſque ab equo regina ſub ipſis
Deſiluit: quam tota cohors imitata relictis
Ad terram defluxit equis. tum talia fatur:
Turne, ſui merito ſi qua eſt fiducia forti,
Audeo, et Aeneadum promitto occurrere turmae,
Solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obvia contra.
Me ſine prima manu tentare pericula belli:
Tu pedes ad muros ſubſiſte, et moenia ſerva.
Turnus ad haec, oculos horrenda in virgine fixus:
O, decus Italiae, virgo, quas dicere grates,
Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc, eſt omnia quando
Iſte animus ſupra, mecum partire laborem.
Aeneas, ut fama fidem miſſique reportant
Exploratores, equitum levia improbus arma
Praemiſit, quaterent campos: ipſe ardua montis
Per deſerta jugo properans adventat ad urbem.
Furta paro belli convexo in tramite ſilvae,
Ut bivias armato obſidam milite fauces.
Tu Tyrrhenum equitem collatis excipe ſignis.
Tecum acer Meſſapus erit, turmaeque Latinae,

Seeing at laſt herſelf from danger rid,
Peeps forth, and ſoon renews her native pride;
She gins her feathers foule-disfigured
Proudly to prune, and ſet on ev'ry ſide,
So ſhakes off ſhame, ne thinks how ſhe herſelfe did hide.

Him,

Him, at the gate, thus iſſuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train;
Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous ſteed;
The beauteous band alight with equal ſpeed:
Prince, if the bold and brave (ſhe cries) may dare
Truſt their own valour for ſucceſs in war;
Myſelf, with theſe, will ſtand the Trojan force;
Myſelf will vanquiſh all the Tuſcan horſe.
Guard thou the city; be that province thine;
But let the dangers of the field be mine.
O queen! thy country's pride, the chief replies
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes);
To ſuch uncommon worth, heroic maid!
What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?
Since thoſe, and death, you ſcorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day divide.
The Trojan, bent his fraudful ſcheme to frame
(In this my ſpies confirm the voice of fame),
Has ſent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to ſcour the open field.
Meantime himſelf, along the lofty crown
Of yon ſteep mountain, haſtens to the town.
But, in the wood, an ambuſh I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies impriſon'd in that narrow ſtreight;
And, if he moves, he ruſhes on his fate.
Go thou, ſupported by our Latian force,
Go—with ſpread enſigns meet the Tuſcan horſe.
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Meſſapus, wait thee to the fight.

Tiburtique manus: ducis et tu concipe curam.
Sic ait, et paribus Meſſapum in praelia dictis
Hortatur, ſocioſque duces; et pergit in hoſtem.
Eſt curvo anfractu valles, accommoda fraudi
Armorumque dolis; quam denſis frondibus atrum
Urget utrimque latus: tenuis quo ſemita ducit,
Anguſtaeque ferunt fauces adituſque maligni.
Hanc ſuper, in ſpeculis ſummoque in vertice montis,
Planities ignota jacet, tutique receptus;
Seu dextra laevaque velis occurrere pugnae;
Sive inſtare jugis, et grandia volvere ſaxa.
Huc juvenis nota fertur regione viarum,
Arripuitque locum, et ſilvis inſedit iniquis.
Velocem interea ſuperis in ſedibus Opim,
Unam ex virginibus ſociis ſacraque caterva,
Compellabat, et has triſti Latonia voces
Ore dabat: graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla,
O virgo, et noſtris nequicquam cingitur armis,
Cara mihi ante alias. neque enim novus iſte Dianae
Venit amor, ſubitaque animum dulcedine movit.
Pulſus ob invidiam regno vireſque ſuperbas,
Priverno antiqua Metabus cum accederet urbe,

759. *E'er ſince ſtern Metabus.*] Taſſo has applied this ſtory of Camilla to Clorinda, as it is related by her eunuch Arſetes: he has introduced many additional and romantic circumſtances. See B. 12. Stanza 20. &c.

Beneath

Beneath thy care, ſhall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command.
This ſaid; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager ſpeed to circumvent the foes.
A winding vale there lay, within the ſhade
Of woods, by nature for an ambuſh made.
To this, a rough and ſlender paſſage led;
Above, a ſmooth and level plain was ſpread,
Unknown, and ſtretching o'er the mountain's head.
There ſafe, the ſoldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' aſcending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And daſh the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, ſeiz'd the poſt, and cloſe in ambuſh lay.
But now Latonia, in th' ethereal ſphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,
Beſpoke ſwift Opis, in a mournful ſtrain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To ſeek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
See! where ſhe ruſhes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my ſoul the darling maid I lov'd;
And time the growing fondneſs has improv'd;
E'er ſince ſtern Metabus, her hapleſs ſire,
Forc'd by his rebel ſubjects to retire,
Fled from Privernum, his imperial town,
And loſt his old hereditary crown.

Infantem, fugiens media inter praelia belli,
Suſtulit exſilio comitem, matriſque vocavit
Nomine Caſmillae, mutata parte, Camillam.
Ipſe ſinu prae ſe portans juga longa petebat
Solorum nemorum: tela undique ſaeva premebant,
Et circumfuſo volitabant milite Volſci.
Ecce, fugae medio ſummis Amaſenus abundans
Spumabat ripis; tantus ſe nubibus imber
Ruperat. ille, innare parans, infantis amore
Tardatur, caroque oneri timet. omnia ſecum
Verſanti ſubito vix haec ſententia ſedit.
Telum immane, manu valida quod forte gerebat
Bellator, ſolidum nodis et robore cocto;
Huic natam, libro et ſilveſtri ſubere clauſam,
Implicat, atque habilem mediae circumligat haſtae;
Quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:
Alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix Latonia virgo,
Ipſe pater famulam voveo: tua prima per auras
Tela tenens ſupplex hoſtem fugit. accipe, teſtor,
Diva, tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris.
Dixit, et adducto contortum haſtile lacerto
Immittit: ſonuere undae. rapidum ſuper amnem
Infelix fugit in jaculo ſtridente Camilla.

782. *With cork.*] There is a large wood of cork-trees juſt on the other ſide of Piperno (ſee v. 540. in the original); and the tree is common about all thoſe parts. Spence.

771. *When lo!*] There is ſomething exceedingly wild and romantic, and very amuſing to the imagination, in this part of the ſtory of the infant Camilla. The circumſtance in line 776. is very tender.

Safe

Safe he convey'd, thro' crouds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight thro' wilds and deſerts came;
The ſavage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burden bore;
While with their jav'lins, in an endleſs tide,
The Volſcians preſs'd their prince on ev'ry ſide:
When lo! old Amaſenus' ſtreams delay
His courſe, and foam acroſs the warrior's way:
For late, the flood, increas'd with ſudden rains,
Had burſt the banks, and floated half the plains.
Firſt he reſolves to ſwim, and gain the ſhore;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thouſand ſchemes divide his breaſt,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the beſt:
His mighty pond'rous ſpear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this ſtrong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant oſiers wrapt around.
Then pois'd the loaded ſpear, in act to throw;
But for my favour firſt addreſs'd his vow:
To thee, chaſte goddeſs of the foreſt wild,
Behold! a father dedicates his child;
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows are thine.
Thus then I ſend, to thy protecting care,
Thy little ſuppliant thro' the fields of air.
This ſaid; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;

At Metabus, magna propius jam urgente caterva,
Dat ſeſe fluvio, atque haſtam cum virgine victor
Gramineo, donum Triviae, de ceſpite vellit.
Non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus, urbes
Accepere; neque ipſe manus feritate dediſſet:
Paſtorum et ſolis exegit montibus aevum.
Hic natam in dumis interque horentia luſtra,
Armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino
Nutribat, teneris immulgens ubera labris.
Utque pedum primis infans veſtigia plantis
Inſtiterat, jaculo palmas oneravit acuto;
Spiculaque ex humero parvae ſuſpendit, et arcum.
Pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae,
Tigridis exuviae per dorſum a vertice pendent.
Tela manu jam tum tenera puerilia torſit,
Et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena,
Strymoniamque gruem, aut album dejecit olorem.
Multae illam fruſtra Tyrrhena per oppida matres

805. — *Sought ev'ry foſter-mother.*]

—— ὁ δὲ ταν ευωλενον
Θρεψαλο παιδα κυραναν·
Α μεν ουθ' ἱππων παλιμβα-
-μους εφιλασεν οδους,
Ουτε δειπνων εισουριαν
Μεθ' εταριαν τερψαις·
Αλλ' ακοντεσι τε χαλκειοις,
Φασγανῳ τε μαρναμενα
Κραϊξεν αγριος
Θηρας. —— PINDAR.

Then

Then the bold warrior, preſs'd on ev'ry ſide
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood ſurmounted, and the jav'lin tore,
Charg'd with the ſacred infant, from the ſhore.
Each town with ſtern unhoſpitable hate,
Againſt the wand'ring monarch ſhut her gate:
Nor could he bear (his ſcorn was grown ſo high)
To ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by the public eye.
From all ſociety of men he fled;
A ſhepherd's life among the mountains led;
There with his daughter paſt the hours away,
In dens of beaſts, and ſavages of prey;
Sought ev'ry foſter-mother of the wood,
And in her lips diſtill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon could go;
He on her ſhoulders hung a ſlender bow:
A ſmall light quiver at her ſide ſhe wore,
And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore.
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs enfold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The ſpoils of ſome fierce tyger wrapt her round,
That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the ſounding ſling,
Strike the long crane, or ſnowy ſwan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the ſky.
Her charms ſurpris'd the Tuſcan matron train,
Who court the huntreſs for their ſons in vain.
Not all their courtſhip, nor their pray'rs, could move
The maid, from ſworn virginity, to love.

Optavere

Optavere nurum. ſola contenta Diana
Aeternum telorum et virginitatis amorem
Intemerata colit. vellem haud correpta fuiſſet
Militia tali, conata laceſſere Teucros:
Cara mihi, comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
Verum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis,
Labere, nympha, polo, fineſque inviſe Latinos,
Triſtis ubi infauſto committitur omine pugna.
Haec cape, et ultricem pharetra deprome ſagittam:
Hac, quicunque ſacrum violarit volnere corpus,
Tros Italuſve, mihi pariter det ſanguine poenas.
Poſt ego nube cava miſerandae corpus et arma
Inſpoliata feram tumulo, patriaeque reponam.
Dixit: at illa leves coeli demiſſa per auras
Inſonuit, nigro circundata turbine corpus.

At manus interea muris Trojana propinquat,
Etruſcique duces, equitumque exercitus omnis,
Compoſiti numero in turmas. fremit aequore toto
Inſultans ſonipes, et preſſis pugnat habenis,
Huc obverſus et huc: tum late ferreus haſtis

845. *Now to the walls.*] The infantry conducted by Æneas advanced towards the city by narrow paſſes; and the Etruſcan cavalry, under the command of Tarchon, march'd to Laurentum over the plains. Catrou.

With

With Dian's love content, ſhe keeps her vow;
She ſhoots my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow.
Ah! from my ſoul I wiſh, the hapleſs fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then ſtill my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But, ſince her doom is ſeal'd, her fate is nigh,
Deſcend, my nymph, this inſtant from the ſky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, ſee! in arms ſhe ruſhes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful ſheath,
Draw forth the winged meſſenger of death.
And, who the ſacred virgin ſhall deſtroy,
Or of the Latian bands, or ſons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the ſacrilege with blood.
Then will I bear the breathleſs maid away,
Her ſpoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And ſafe diſpoſe 'em in her native plains.
The goddeſs ſaid; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a ſounding whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Now to the walls (a cloſe-embody'd force)
March the ſwift Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming courſers prance and bound,
Preſs on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Trembling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.

Horret

Horret ager, campique armis ſublimibus ardent.
Nec non Meſſapus contra, celereſque Latini,
Et cum fratre Coras, et virginis ala Camillae,
Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris, et ſpicula vibrant:
Adventuſque virûm, fremituſque ardeſcit equorum.
Jamque intra jactum teli progreſſus uterque
Subſtiterat: ſubito erumpunt clamore, frementeſque
Exhortantur equos: fundunt ſimul undique tela
Crebra, nivis ritu, coelumque obtexitur umbra.
Continuo adverſis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
Connixi incurrunt haſtis, primique ruinam
Dant ſonitu ingenti, perfractaque quadrupedantum
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt. excuſſus Aconteus,
Fulminis in morem, aut tormento ponderis acti,
Praecipitat longe, et vitam diſpergit in auras.
Extemplo turbatae acies, verſique Latini
Rejiciunt parmas, et equos ad moenia vertunt.

856. *The Latian troops.*]

—— *Celereſque Latini.*

He alludes to the Roman ſoldiery; Romulus had three hundred horſemen, which were called *celeres*, either from their ſwiftneſs [*celeritate*]; or from their leader Celer, who is ſaid to have ſlain Remus: for which action Romulus made him a *tribunus equitum*, and he was called *tribunus celerum*. Servius.

Spears,

Spears, nodding helms, and ſhields, with mingled rays,
Flame round, and ſet the region in a blaze.
Nor with leſs ſpeed, beneath Meſſapus' care,
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
O'er all diſtinguiſh'd in the martial ſcene,
Rode with her female train the Volſcian queen.
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Protend, and poiſe, and ſhake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of duſt their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient courſers neigh, and ſnuff the diſtant fight.
At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear
Both hoſts; and, ſhouting, join the horrid war;
Rouſe to the fight their gen'rous ſteeds, and pour
Their darts inceſſant, in a rattling ſhow'r.
In one dark ſtorm the ſounding lances fly,
Shade the bright ſun, and intercept the ſky.
Firſt, horſe to horſe, and man to man, oppos'd,
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed ſpear,
And urg'd his courſer in a full career;
The ſteeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring ſound,
Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as diſcharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing ſtone, or lightning from the ſkies;
So ſwift the warrior, from his courſer far,
Shoots with a ſpring, and breathes his fiery ſoul in air.
Now all the Latian horſe diſorder'd run,
(Their ſhields ſlung back) tumultuous, to the town.

Troës

Troës agunt: princeps turmas inducit Aſylas.
Jamque propinquabant portis, rurſuſque Latini
Clamorem tollunt, et mollia colla reflectunt:
Hi fugiunt, penituſque datis referuntur habenis.
Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
Nunc ruit ad terras, ſcopuloſque ſuperjacit undam
Spumeus, extremamque ſinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc rapidus retro, atque aeſtu revoluta reſorbens
Saxa, fugit, lituſque vado labente relinquit.
Bis Tuſci Rutulos egere ad moenia verſos:
Bis rejecti, armis, reſpectant, terga tegentes.
Tertia ſed poſtquam congreſſi in praelia, totas
Implicuere inter ſe acies, legitque virum vir;
Tum vero et gemitus morientum, et ſanguine in alto
Armaque, corporaque, et permiſti caede virorum
Semianimes volvuntur equi: pugna aſpera ſurgit.
Orſilochus Remuli, quando ipſum horrebat adire,
Haſtam intorſit equo, ferrumque ſub aure reliquit:

882. *Thus, in alternate.*] Theſe are ſome of the moſt laboured and ſpirited lines in this 11th book.

The ſimile is not borrowed from Homer; yet is, notwithſtanding, great and ſublime; as is likewiſe the deſcription, that immediately follows, of the hurry and tumult of the battle; particularly,

Tum vero et gemitus, &c.

The

The chace with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Aſylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach'd the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their ſteeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquiſh'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terror, meaſur'd back the field.
Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the ſtrand
Swells the vaſt ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy ſurges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as ſhe came before,
With all the floating trophies of the ſhore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes purſue.
Till in the third aſſault the hoſts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguiſh'd rage.
All, man to man, and breaſt to breaſt, oppos'd,
In one dire ſhock the charging ſquadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of ſlain,
Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the plain.
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd;
And cries and agonizing groans reſound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And courſers plunging in the pangs of death.
With cautious eyes, Oriſilochus from far
Obſerv'd ſtrong Remulus, and mark'd for war;
Nor durſt approach the chief; but hurl'd the ſpear,
With all his ſtrength, beneath his courſer's ear.

Quo ſonipes ictu furit arduus, altaque jactat
Volneris impatiens, arrecto pectore, crura.
Volvitur ille excuſſus humi. Catillus Iolam,
Ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis,
Dejicit Herminium; nudo cui vertice fulva
Caeſaries, nudique humeri. nec volnera terrent;
Tantus in arma patet. latos huic haſta per armos
Acta tremit, duplicatque virum, transfixa, dolore.
Funditur ater ubique cruor: dant funera ferro
Certantes, pulchramque petunt per volnera mortem.
At medias inter caedes exſultat Amazon,
Unum exſerta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla:
Et nunc lenta manu ſpargens haſtilia denſet;
Nunc validam dextra rapit indefeſſa bipennem.
Aureus ex humero ſonat arcus, et arma Dianae.
Illa etiam, ſiquando in tergum pulſa receſſit,
Spicula converſo fugientia dirigit arcu.
At circum lectae comites, Larinaque virgo,
Tullaque, et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia ſecurim,
Italides; quas ipſa decus ſibi dia Camilla
Delegit, paciſque bonas bellique miniſtras.

917. *Herminius lies.*] The name Herminius is taken from the Roman hiſtory: Herminius and Lartius oppoſed the Tuſci, when the *Pons Sublicius* was broken down. SERVIUS.

939. *There, Tarpeia wields*, &c.] Servius, and after him, Catrou, tells us, that the names of Camilla's companions, are all drawn from the Roman hiſtory, and are here introduced as a compliment to ſome illuſtrious families in Rome.

Stung

Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the wound,
He rears, and paws in air, with many a bound,
And caſts his hapleſs maſter on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' ſteel;
By the ſame hand the huge Herminius fell:
All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant ſize:
Th' intrepid chief (his head and ſhoulders bare,
Tall, and diſtinguiſh'd by his golden hair)
Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Thro' his broad ſhoulders paſt, the deadly wound
Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimſon ſtreams are dy'd:
And the vaſt carnage ſmokes on ev'ry ſide.
The charms of honour ev'ry boſom fire,
To win the day; or glorioufly expire.
Her breaſt half-naked, thro' the direful ſcene
Of blood and ſlaughter flew the Volſcian queen.
The ſhafts and quiver at her ſide appear,
The poliſh'd bow, and all Diana's war.
Now the ſwift dart with matchleſs might ſhe caſt;
Now with her ax ſhe laid the battle waſte:
Ev'n when ſhe flies, ſhe bends the backward bow,
And ſends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her ſiſter warriors ride,
All-bright in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
Her brazen pole-ax, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her ſupreme delight;
In peace her friends; her comrades in the fight.

Quales Threïciae cum flumina Thermodoontis
Pulſant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, ſeu cum ſe Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Foeminea exſultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo,
Dejicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?
Eumenium Clytio primum patre; cujus apertum
Adverſi longa tranſverberat abiete pectus.
Sanguinis ille vomens rivos cadit, atque cruentam
Mandit humum, morienſque ſuo ſe in volnere verſat.
Tum Lirin Pagaſumque ſuper: quorum alter habenas
Suffoſſo revolutus equo dum colligit, alter
Dum ſubit, ac dextram labenti tendit inertem,
Praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amaſtrum

943. *So round their queen.*] In this ſimile (ſays Dr. Trapp) the ideas ſeem too near a-kin; it is almoſt comparing a thing to itſelf.—The poet, it muſt be owned, compares Amazons to Amazons; yet at the ſame time, an image intirely new is repreſented. Virgil, that he may give us as grand an idea as poſſible of this female hero, attended by her companions, tells us that ſhe reſembled Hippolyte or Penthesilea, the moſt renowned of Amazons, marching o'er the banks of Thermodoon; the *pictis armis*, the *Martia curru ſe Penthesilea refert*, the *magno ululante tumultu*, the *flumina Thermodoontis*, and the *peltis lunatis*, are circumſtances which ſufficiently clear the ſimile from Dr. Trapp's imputation. Beſides (as Catrou remarks) Camilla is not really an Amazon, in the true ſenſe of the word; that is, her left breaſt was not ſear'd off for the convenience of drawing the bow: ſhe is indeed a female warrior, as were the Amazons; and, like them too, has the left ſide uncover'd in fight. The true Amazons were thoſe of Thrace only, and ſpoken of in this compariſon. Ruæus tells us, that the Amazons inhabited not the European, but the Aſiatic Thrace. But, after all, I much doubt the ſtory

So

So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Pentheſile's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant Amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
Proudly they march, and claſh their painted arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
With female ſhouts they ſhake the ſounding field;
And fierce they poiſe the ſpear, and graſp the moony ſhield.

Who firſt, who laſt, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! ſunk breathleſs on the ſand?
Firſt, Clytius' ſon, the great Eumenius, dies;
Thro' his broad breaſt the quiv'ring jav'lin flies:
Grimly he grinds the duſt, diſtain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in the crimſon flood.
Liris and Pagaſus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field:
One ſtoop'd, to reach his wounded courſer's rein;
One flew, to prop his ſinking friend, in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave ſon Amaſtrus fell;
And now ſhe threatens, with the pointed ſteel,

of the Amazons being ſo call'd from having one breaſt cut off; becauſe, in all the numerous antique figures of Amazons now remaining, there is not one inſtance of any ſuch thing.

951. *Who firſt, who laſt.*] Thus Homer, Il. B. 16. turns his diſcourſe to Patroclus:

Who firſt, brave hero, by thy arm was ſlain?
Who laſt beneath thy vengeance preſs'd the plain?
POPE, 847.

He does not accoſt his muſe, as it is uſual with him to do; but inquires of the hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who

Hippotaden: ſequiturque incumbens eminus haſta,
Tereaque, Harpalycumque, et Demophoonta, Chromimque:
Quotque emiſſa manu contorſit ſpicula virgo,
Tot Phrygii cecidere viri. procul Ornytus armis
Ignotis, et equo venator Iapyge fertur:
Cui pellis latos humeros erepta juvenco
Pugnatori operit: caput ingens oris hiatus,
Et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
Agreſtiſque manus armat ſparus. ipſe catervis
Vertitur in mediis, et toto vertice ſupra eſt.
Hunc illa exceptum, neque enim labor agmine verſo,
Trajicit, et ſuper haec inimico pectore fatur:
Silvis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putaſti?
Advenit qui veſtra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leve patrum
Manibus hoc referes, telo cecidiſſe Camillae.
Protinus Orſilochum et Buten, duo maxima Teucrûm
Corpora; ſed Buten adverſum cuſpide figit
Loricam galeamque inter, qua colla ſedentis
Lucent, et laevo dependet parma lacerto:
Orſilochum, fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem,
Eludit gyro interior, ſequiturque ſequentem.

was the laſt who fell by his hand. This addreſs, ſays Mr. Pope, diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes Patroclus (to whom Homer uſes it more frequently than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome genius, or divine being; and at the ſame time it is very pathetical, and apt to move our compaſſion.

Tereus

Tereus the ſwift, Harpalycus the ſtrong;
And drove in heaps the hoſtile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful ſpear;
She pours, and hangs tempeſtuous in the rear.
Thus thro' the ranks of war ſhe rag'd, and ſlew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart ſhe threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courſer fought the war:
A bull's black hide his ample ſhoulders ſpread;
A wolf's rough ſpoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
A bended ſpear he brandiſh'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conſpicuous o'er the martial band.
With eaſe, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She ſlew the foe, and thus inſults the dead:
Me, Tuſcan, didſt thou deem thy deſtin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boaſt is anſwer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!—let thy ſire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla ſent thee to the ſhades below!
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant ſize,
Butes, and tall Orſilochus, ſhe flies.
But Butes, face to face, ſhe brav'd in war;
Swift thro' the neck ſhe drove the pointed ſpear,
Where the bright helm and corſlet left a part,
To let in fate, wide-open to the dart.
From fierce Orſilochus the virgin wheel'd
At firſt, in flight diſſembled, round the field:
But, in a ring ſtill leſſening, to delude
The furious chief, ſhe fled, till ſhe purſu'd:

Tum validam perque arma viro perque oſſa ſecurim,
Altior inſurgens, oranti et multa precanti
Congeminat: volnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
Incidit huic, ſubitoque aſpectu territus haeſit,
Apenninicolae bellator filius Auni,
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata ſinebant.
Iſque ubi ſe nullo jam curſu evadere pugna
Poſſe, neque inſtantem reginam avertere, cernit;
Conſilio verſare dolos ingreſſus et aſtu,
Incipit haec: quid tam egregium, ſi foemina forti
Fidis equo? dimitte fugam, et te cominus aequo
Mecum crede ſolo, pugnaeque accinge pedeſtri:
Jam noſces, ventoſa feret cui gloria laudem.
Dixit: at illa, furens acrique accenſa dolore,
Tradit equum comiti, paribuſque reſiſtit in armis,
Enſe pedes nudo, puraque interrita parma.
At juvenis, viciſſe dolo ratus, avolat ipſe,
Haud mora, converſiſque fugax aufertur habenis,
Quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.
Vane Ligus, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes:
Nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.

1014. —— *And graſps her maiden ſhield.*] By the *pura parma* Catrou underſtands, that Camilla had never made a campaign, and had as yet atchieved no action, to be painted or engraved on her ſhield.

Then

Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-riſing to the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains ruſh ſmoking to the ground.
The ſon of Aunus croſs'd her in her way,
And for a while ſtood trembling in diſmay;
A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the deſign.
Soon as he found it vain to ſhun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Reſolv'd to circumvent the hoſtile maid,
Thus to the queen the low diſſembler ſaid:
Where is the mighty praiſe, to vaunt the force,
And truſt the ſwiftneſs, of your rapid horſe?
Diſmiſs your ſteed, vain maid! and let us ſtand
Engag'd in ſingle combat, hand to hand.
Soon ſhall be known, proud princeſs, what you can,
When, on theſe terms, a woman fights a man.
Thus he:—the queen ſprings furious on the plain
From her fleet ſteed, and gives him to the train.
On foot ſhe dares the daſtard to the field,
Draws her bright ſword, and graſps her maiden ſhield.
Fluſh'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud ſucceed,
He turns, he flies, and, to his utmoſt ſpeed,
With goring ſpurs provokes his ſmoking ſteed.—
Deluded fool! (ſhe cries, in lofty ſtrain)
On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;
Nor hence, ev'n yet, in ſafety ſhalt thou run,
To pleaſe thy ſire with falſhoods like his own.

Haec fatur virgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis
Tranſit equum curſu, freniſque adverſa prehenſis
Congreditur, poenaſque inimico a ſanguine ſumit.
Quam facile accipiter ſaxo ſacer ales ab alto
Conſequitur pennis ſublimem in nube columbam,
Comprenſamque tenet, pedibuſque eviſcerat uncis;
Tum cruor et vulſae labuntur ab aethere plumae.
At non haec nullis hominum ſator atque deorum
Obſervans oculis ſummo ſedet altus Olympo.
Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchontem in praelia ſaeva
Suſcitat, et ſtimulis haud mollibus injicit iras.
Ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon
Fertur equo, variiſque inſtigat vocibus alas,
Nomine quemque vocans; reficitque in praelia pulſos.
Quis metus, O nunquam dolituri, O ſemper inertes
Tyrrheni? quae tanta animis ignavia venit?
Foemina palantes agit, atque haec agmina vertit?
Quo ferrum? quidve haec gerimus tela irrita dextris?

1022 *And, ſpringing with a fiery courſe.*] This action of Camilla, in which ſhe is repreſented on foot, outrunning an horſe at full ſpeed, and ſeizing his bridle, would have appeared too incredible to the reader, had not the poet judiciouſly prepared him for it in thoſe celebrated verſes at the cloſe of the ſeventh book, where the ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs of our heroine is deſcribed. CATROU and SEGRAIS.

1026. *Not with more eaſe.*] Spenſer has, I think, improved this image, F. Q. B. 2. Cant. 11. St. 42.

—— adown he keſt
This lumpiſh corſe unto the ſenſleſſe ground,
Adown he keſt it with ſo puiſſant wreſt,
That back again it did aloft rebound,
And gave againſt his mother earth a groneful ſound.

She ſaid; and, ſpringing with a fiery courſe,
The raging maid out-ſtripp'd the flying horſe;
Turn'd, ſeiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle ſtood;
Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.
Not with more eaſe the falcon, from above,
Shoots, ſeizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove;
All ſtain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the looſe plumes come flutt'ring down the ſky.
Meantime th' almighty ſire of men and gods,
Inthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuſcan chief inſpires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.
Thro' all the cleaving ranks, with eager ſpeed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid ſteed;
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.
Ye ſcandal of your race, your country's ſhame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breaſt controuls,
Un-nerves your limbs, and chills your trembling ſouls?
Thus then, from one flies all our ſcatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand!
Oh! caſt away the ſword, the ſhield and ſpear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!—

43.

As when Jove's harneſſe-bearing bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proude diſdain,
The ſtone dead quarry falls ſo forcibly,
That it rebounds againſt the lowly plain.

The diſuſe of falconry among us renders this ſimile not ſo ſtriking, as it muſt have been in the age of the poet.

At

At non in Venerem ſegnes, nocturnaque bella;
Aut, ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes et plenae pocula menſae.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium; dum ſacra ſecundus aruſpex
Nunciet, ac lucos vocet hoſtia pinguis in altos.
Haec effatus, equum in medios moriturus et ipſe
Concitat: et Venulo adverſum ſe turbidus infert,
Dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hoſtem,
Et gremium ante ſuum multa vi concitus aufert.
Tollitur in coelum clamor; cunctique Latini
Convertere oculos. volat igneus aequore Tarchon
Arma virumque ferens: tum ſumma ipſius ab haſta
Diffringit ferrum, et partes rimatur apertas,
Qua volnus lethale ferat. contra ille repugnans
Suſtinet a jugulo dextram, et vim viribus exit.
Utque volans alte raptum cum fulva draconem
Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus haeſit;

1058. *Thus in his arms, with matchleſs ſtrength, he bore.*] This action ſeems to be impoſſible; but Servius gives us an example of its poſſibility, drawn from the ephemerides of C. Cæſar. Julius Cæſar himſelf us'd to relate, that he was lifted up [after this manner] by a Gaul; who as he was carrying him along, met in his way with another Gaul who knew Cæſar, and cried out *leces* Cæſar. Theſe words by good luck meant, in their language [ſays Catrou], *laiſſe le aller*, let him go. The Gaul inſtantly dropp'd his prey out of favour to his brother ſoldier. Plutarch reports the ſame thing of a Roman.

1068. *As when th' imperial.*] Macrobius prefers to this ſimile that in Homer, Il. B. 12. for a reaſon which proves he miſunderſtood the aim and application of it. Virgil ſimply compares two warriors ſtruggling with each other to an eagle, *&c.* But Macrobius obſerves, *Virgilius ſolam aquilæ prædam refert, neque Homericæ aquilæ omen advertit; quæ & ſiniſtra veniens vincentium prohibebat acceſſum, & accepto*

Yet

Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the ſofter battles of the night!
When pipes proclaim the ſacred revels nigh,
How ſwift, how eager, to the feaſt you fly!
In the full bowls you centre all your love;
Pleas'd, when the prieſt invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repaſt;
The firſt at banquets, but in fights the laſt!
He ſaid; and, bent on death, in deep deſpair,
Ruſh'd on his ſteed amidſt the thickeſt war:
Then urg'd at Venulus his furious courſe,
Seiz'd him at once, and ſnatch'd him from his horſe,
Thus in his arms, with matchleſs ſtrength, he bore,
Fierce as he rode, the hapleſs chief, before.
His troops behold the ſcene with ſtrange ſurprize,
And peals of ſhouts run rattling round the ſkies;
While with his captive, all in open view,
O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.
The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part,
And meditates the wound; the ſtruggling foe
Defends his throat, and diſappoints the blow.
As when th' imperial eagle ſoars on high,
And bears ſome ſpeckled ſerpent thro' the ſky:

a captivo ſerpente morſu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque tripudio ſoliſtimo cum clamore dolorem teſtante prætervolat: quibus ominibus victoriæ prævaricatio ſignificabatur. His prætermiſſis, quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanimum in Latinis verſibus corpus remanſit. This ſimile is certainly drawn from Homer; but what is here a ſimile, is a narrative in the Greek poet; the not conſidering which miſled the judgment of Macrobius.

Saucius

Saucius at ſerpens ſinuoſa volumina verſat,
Arrectiſque horret ſquamis, et ſibilat ore
Arduus inſurgens: illa haud minus urget obunco
Luctantem roſtro, ſimul aethera verberat alis:
Haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon
Portat ovans. ducis exemplum eventumque ſecuti
Maeonidae incurrunt. tum fatis debitus Aruns
Velocem jaculo, et multa prior arte Camillam
Circuit, et, quae ſit fortuna facillima, tentat.
Qua ſe cunque furens medio tulit agmine virgo,
Hac Aruns ſubit, et tacitus veſtigia luſtrat;
Qua victrix redit illa, pedemque ex hoſte reportat,
Hac juvenis furtim celeres detorquet habenas.
Hos aditus, jamque hos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Undique circuitum, et certam quatit improbus haſtam.
Forte, ſacer Cybele, Chloreus, olimque ſacerdos,
Inſignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis,
Spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis ahenis
In plumam ſquamis auro conſerta tegebat.
Ipſe, peregrina ferrugine clarus et oſtro,
Spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu.

1091. *Chloreus, the prieſt.*] It is to be obſerved (ſays Catrou), that thoſe prieſts of the gods, who are introduced as warriors in the Æneid, are diſtinguiſhed by dreſſes, *&c.* of an uncommon magnificence.

While

While her ſharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play;
Her ſtarting brazen ſcales with horror riſe;
The ſanguine flames flaſh dreadful from her eyes:
She writhes, and hiſſes at her foe, in vain,
Who wings at eaſe the wide aëreal plain;
With her ſtrong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the ſtruggling prey, triumphant, thro' the ſkies.
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;
And, kindling at the fight, the troops their prince purſue.
Now Aruns on the Volſcian princeſs waits
(Aruns the deſtin'd victim of the fates);
Wheels round, and ſeeks with ev'ry wily art
The favouring moment to diſcharge the dart.
Where-e'er the furious maid her ſteps inclin'd,
The wretch in ſilence follows cloſe behind:
When from the conquer'd foes ſhe bends her courſe,
Thither th' inſidious warrior turns his horſe;
Oft ſhifts his place; runs anxious to and fro:
Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
Aims his ſure jav'lin at the beauteous foe.
Chloreus, the prieſt of Cybele, from far
Shone in bright arms amid the crouded war.
Magnificently gay, he proudly preſs'd
A prancing ſteed, in ſtately trappings dreſs'd;
Rich ſcales of braſs and gold, inwrought with art,
Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
Himſelf, in purple clad, amid the foe
Sent his ſwift arrows from a Lycian bow.

Aureus

Aureus ex humeris ſonat arcus, et aurea vati
Caſſida: tum croceam chlamydemque ſinuſque crepantes
Carbaſeos fulvo in nodum collegerat auro,
Pictus acu tunicas, et barbara tegmina crurum.
Hunc virgo, ſive ut templis praefigeret arma
Troïa, captivo ſive ut ſe ferret in auro,
Venatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae
Caeca ſequebatur; totumque incauta per agmen,
Foemineo praedae et ſpoliorum ardebat amore.
Telum ex inſidiis cum tandem, tempore capto,
Concitat, et ſuperos Aruns ſic voce precatur:
Summe deum, ſancti cuſtos Soractis, Apollo,
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
Paſcitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multa premimus veſtigia pruna;
Da, pater, hoc noſtris aboleri dedecus armis,

1110. *For this bright prize*, &c.] Mr. Addiſon obſerves, that Virgil has very finely touched upon the female paſſion for dreſs and ſhew, in the character of Camilla; who, though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other weakneſſes of her ſex, is ſtill deſcribed as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great ſlaughter of the enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the fineſt purple. The Amazon immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed warrior, being ſeized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings, that he was adorned with:

——*Totumque incauta per agmen*
Fœmineo prædæ & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedleſs purſuit after theſe glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, repreſents to have been the deſtruction of his female hero.

Spectator, No. 15.

Gold

Gold was the bow, that from his ſhoulder ſounds,
And gold the helmet, that his head ſurrounds.
His robes, with many a ruſtling ſilken fold,
With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold:
His crimſon tunic was embroider'd o'er;
And purple buſkins on his legs he wore.
This chief ſhe ſingles from the warring crew,
And, blind to danger, thro' the ſquadrons flew;
With the rich ſpoils to deck Diana's ſhrine;
Or that herſelf in Trojan arms may ſhine.
All, all the woman in her boſom roſe!
For this bright prize, ſhe plung'd amid the foes!
When, from his covert, Aruns launch'd his ſpear;
But firſt to heav'n preferr'd his ſuppliant pray'r:
O Phœbus! guardian of Soracte's woods,
And ſhady hills; a god above the gods!
To whom our natives pay the rites divine,
And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine;
Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name;
Unhurt, unſindg'd, and ſacred from the flame;
Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
The deep dark ſtains of this diſgraceful day.

This remark of Mr. Addiſon ſeems to be taken from Boſſu 4. 11.

1118. *Unhurt, unſindg'd.*] Pliny, B. 7. tells us, *Haud procul urbe Roma familiæ ſunt paucæ, quæ vocantur Hyrpiæ, quæ ſacrificio annuo, quod fit ad montem Soractem Apollinis, ſuper combuſtam ligni ſtruem ambulantes, non comburuntur.* Varro, who is ever inveighing againſt religious rites (ſays Servius), mentions a kind of medicinal preparation, which theſe people made uſe of, in paſſing thro' the fire, *Eo, uti ſolent Hirpini ambulaturi per ignem, medicamento plantas unguunt.* Aruns belonged to this people or ſect.

Omni-

Omnipotens. non exuvias, pulſaeve tropaeum
Virginis, aut ſpolia ulla, peto. mihi caetera laudem
Facta ferent. haec dira meo dum volnere peſtis
Pulſa cadat, patriam remeabo inglorius urbem.
Audiit, et voti Phoebus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres diſperſit in auras.
Sterneret ut ſubita turbatam morte Camillam,
Annuit oranti: reducem ut patria alta videret,
Non dedit; inque notos vocem vertere procellae.
Ergo, ut miſſa manu ſonitum dedit haſta per auras,
Convertere animos acres, oculoſque tulere
Cuncti ad reginam Volſci. nihil ipſa neque aurae,
Nec ſonitus, memor, aut venientis ab aethere teli;
Haſta ſub exſertam donec perlata papillam
Haeſit, virgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.
Concurrunt trepidae comites, dominamque ruentem
Suſcipiunt. fugit ante omnes exterritus Aruns,
Laetitia miſtoque metu: nec jam amplius haſtae
Credere, nec telis occurrere virginis, audet.
Ac velut ille, prius quam tela inimica ſequantur,
Continuo in montes ſeſe avius abdidit altos
Occiſo paſtore, lupus, magnove juvenco,

1132. *The fair ruſh'd on.*] Our heroine, eagerly engaged in the purſuit of Chloreus, that ſhe may adorn herſelf with his fine armour, and rich trappings, is intirely regardleſs of all danger, and ſo hurried away by the tranſports of female vanity, that ſhe does not hear the fatal dart of Aruns hiſs along the air. Catrou.

——— *Nihil ipſa neque auræ,*
Nec ſonitus, memor ———

Catrou prefers *illa* to *ipſa*, as more harmonious; not without the authority of ſome MSS.

Nor ſpoils nor trophies from the maid I claim;
No—to my future life I truſt for fame.
If by my hand this raging peſt be ſlain,
I aſk no honour; but retire again,
Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain.
The god conſents to half his warm requeſt,
But in the fleeting winds diſpers'd the reſt.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His ſafe return was loſt in empty air.
Now as the jav'lin ſings along the ſkies,
All to the Volſcian princeſs turn their eyes.
The fair ruſh'd on, regardleſs of the ſound,
Till in her pap ſhe felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon ſtood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her ſuccour fly her female train,
And in their arms the ſinking queen ſuſtain;
But far more ſwift affrighted Aruns fled,
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head:
Back he retires, all-trembling and diſmay'd;
Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid!
As when a prowling wolf, whoſe rage has ſlain
Some ſtately heifer, or the guardian ſwain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous ſpeed,
Confus'd, and conſcious of the daring deed,

1138. *But far more ſwift.*] Virgil draws the character of Aruns with great propriety; he attacks Camilla not openly, like an hero of true bravery; but ſecretly and by ſtratagem, *inſidiis, & tempore capto*; and after having killed her, he does not await the event of his victory, but ſkulks away like a guilty perſon.

Conſcius audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
Subjecit pavitantem utero, ſilvaſque petivit:
Haud ſecus ex oculis ſe turbidus abſtulit Aruns,
Contentuſque fuga mediis ſe immiſcuit armis.
Illa manu moriens telum trahit: oſſa ſed inter
Ferreus ad coſtas alto ſtat volnere mucro.
Labitur exſanguis: labuntur frigida letho
Lumina: purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
Tum ſic expirans Accam ex aequalibus unam
Alloquitur; fida ante alias quae ſola Camillae,
Quicum partiri curas; atque haec ita fatur:
Hactenus, Acca ſoror, potui: nunc volnus acerbum
Conficit, et tenebris nigreſcunt omnia circum.
Effuge, et haec Turno mandata noviſſima perfer:
Succedat pugnae, Trojaneſque arceat urbe.
Jamque vale. ſimul his dictis linquebat habenas,
Ad terram non ſponte fluens: tum frigida toto
Paullatim exſolvit ſe corpore, lentaque colla
Et captum letho poſuit caput, arma relinquens:

1154. *She ſinks, ſhe ſwoons*] Catrou, from the authority of Donatus, has here alter'd the text, from *Labitur exanguis*, to *Labitur et ſanguis*. Camilla does not fall from her horſe till ſome time afterwards:

—— *Simul his dictis linquebat habenas,*
Ad terram non ſponte fluens.—— ver. 827. infra.

However, this remark may be too refin'd. *Labitur exanguis*, may very probably mean, ſhe droop'd her head, ſhe ſwoon'd away at the deadly ſtroke, tho' ſhe did not then fall from her horſe. Our tranſlator ſeems to have thus underſtood the paſſage.

1164. *Go, and my dying words.*] Wonderful (ſays Dr. Trapp) is the magnanimity of this ſhort ſpeech. She makes

Clap

Claps cloſe his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him riſe:
Not leſs confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.
The dying queen, in agonizing pain,
Tugs at the pointed ſteel, but tugs in vain.
Deep-riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She ſinks, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe ſcarcely draws her breath,
And, all-around her, ſwim the ſhades of death.
The ſtarry ſplendors languiſh in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies.
A maid ſhe calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace; her ſiſter in the wars.
Acca; no more;—for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy miſt of darkneſs ſwims around:
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis paſt!
This hour, this fatal moment, is my laſt!
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him, this inſtant to the field repair;
This inſtant, from the town the foe repel:—
And now, dear friend, a long and laſt farewel!
With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
And from her courſer ſunk upon the plain.
In thick ſhort ſobs the vital ſpirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as ſhe dies!

no womaniſh complaints; but employs her laſt breath in giving orders for the battle:

Effuge, & hæc Turno mandata noviſſima perfer:
Succedat pugnæ, &c.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.
Tum vero immenſus ſurgens ferit aurea clamor
Sidera: dejecta crudeſcit pugna Camilla.
Incurrunt denſi, ſimul omnis copia Teucrûm,
Tyrrhenique duces, Evandrique Arcadis alae.
At Triviae cuſtos jamdudum in montibus Opis
Alta ſedet ſummis, ſpectatque interrita pugnas.
Utque procul medio juvenum in clamore furentum
Proſpexit triſti multatam morte Camillam;
Ingemuitque, deditque has imo pectore voces:
Huc nimium, virgo, nimium crudele luiſti
Supplicium, Teucros conata laceſſere bello!
Nec tibi deſertae in dumis coluiſſe Dianam
Proſuit, aut noſtras humero geſſiſſe pharetras.
Non tamen indecorem tua te regina relinquet
Extrema jam in morte; neque hoc ſine nomine lethum
Per gentes erit, aut famam patieris inultae.
Nam quicunque tuum violavit volnere corpus,
Morte luet merita. fuit ingens monte ſub alto
Regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere buſtum
Antiqui Laurentis, opacaque ilice tectum.
Hic dea ſe primum rapido pulcherrima niſu
Siſtit, et Aruntem tumulo ſpeculatur ab alto.

1188. *In vain made.*] This ſentiment of Opis is by no means injurious to the character of Diana, as if ſhe had not ſufficiently protected her votreſs: it was Camilla's own fault, that ſhe forſook the harmleſs pleaſures of the chace, to engage in martial purſuits. Catrou.

Her

Her radiant arms beſtrew the field of fight:
Her ſoul, indignant, ſought the realms of night.
Then, from the hoſts the doubling clamours riſe,
And ſhouts tumultuous echo to the ſkies.
The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuſcan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horſe,
Ruſh furious to the field; the ſlaughter ſpread;
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.
Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
A while unmov'd ſurvey'd the fight below.
But when from far ſhe ſaw Camilla ſlain,
And, round the corſe, the ſhouting hoſtile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory boſom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Too, too ſeverely, much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou haſt paid!
In vain made ſacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
Nor yet in death thy goddeſs will diſclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endleſs fame!
Thy praiſe ſhall round the nations be diſplay'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance ſhall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good;
The guilty wretch ſhall render blood for blood.
Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks diſplay'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy ſhade.
Hither the goddeſs took her rapid flight,
And ſpy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.

Ut vidit laetantem animis, ac vana tumentem;
Cur, inquit, diverſus abis? huc dirige greſſum:
Huc, periture, veni; capias ut digna Camillae
Praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianae?
Dixit, et aurata volucrem Threïſſa ſagittam
Depromſit pharetra, cornuque infenſa tetendit,
Et duxit longe, donec curvata coirent
Inter ſe capita, et manibus jam tangeret aequis,
Laeva aciem ferri, dextra nervoque papillam.
Extemplo teli ſtridorem auraſque ſonantes
Audiit una Aruns, haeſitque in corpore ferrum.
Illum exſpirantem ſocii atque extrema gementem
Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt:
Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.
Prima fugit, domina amiſſa, levis ala Camillae;
Turbati fugiunt Rutuli; fugit acer Atinas;
Disjectique duces, deſolatique manipli
Tuta petunt, et equis averſi ad moenia tendunt.

1210. *Fierce in her rage.*] Homer, Il. B. IV. gives us a very minute and circumſtantial deſcription of Pandarus drawing his bow againſt Menelaus; which paſſage the Roman poet here imitates. But as the ſhot of Pandarus was of ſo much importance, as it was the ἑρμα ὀδυνάων, the foundation of future woes, Homer thought fit, ſays Mr. Pope [note on ver. 144.] not to paſs it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow; but to give a deſcription ſomewhat correſpondent to its importance; and afterwards obſerves, that Virgil has not failed to copy it with the greateſt happineſs imaginable.—But why ſhould the drawing a bow to kill Aruns, an incident of little conſequence, be deſcribed with ſo much circumſtantial exactneſs? All that can be anſwer'd is, that tho' the death of Aruns be of little con-

There as the youth exults, and ſwells with pride,
Whither, poor daſtard, wouldſt thou fly? (ſhe cry'd)
Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go—to the ſhades of hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!
She ſaid; and inſtant from the golden ſheath
Drew forth the feather'd meſſenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns ſhe bends
To the full ſtretch, and joins the doubling ends.
One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
And to her breaſt ſtrain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murd'rer heard the ſounding dart,
And felt the ſteely vengeance in his heart.
He lies deſerted by his ſocial train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on ſpread pinions mounts the golden ſkies.
First fled Camilla's band (their princeſs kill'd);
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' ſelf, the chiefs, and armies, run,
And ſpur their ſmoking courſers to the town.

ſequence, yet in itſelf it is a grand incident, as it is a revenge for the death of an heroine who has performed ſo many remarkable exploits. In ſhort, this minute deſcription renders the death of Camilla more ſignificant.

1222. *The chiefs, and armies, run.*]

—— *Deſolatique manipli.*

That is, ſays Servius, the ſtandard-bearers were deſerted. The Roman generals were particularly careful, that the ſtandard bearer ſhould be well attended with ſoldiers; as we read in Salluſt.

Nec quiſquam inſtantes Teucros lethumque ferentes
Suſtentare valet telis, aut ſiſtere contra:
Sed laxos referunt humeris languentibus arcus,
Quadrupedumque putrem curſu quatit ungula campum.
Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra
Pulvis; et e ſpeculis percuſſae pectora matres
Foemineum clamorem ad coeli ſidera tollunt.
Qui curſu portas primi irrupere patentes,
Hos inimica ſuper miſto premit agmine turba:
Nec miſeram effugiunt mortem, ſed limine in ipſo,
Moenibus in patriis, atque inter tuta domorum
Confixi exſpirant animas. pars claudere portas;
Nec ſociis aperire viam, nec moenibus audent
Accipere orantes: orituraque miſerrima caedes
Defendentum armis aditus, inque arma ruentum.
Excluſi ante oculos lacrymantumque ora parentum,
Pars in praecipites foſſas, urgente ruina,
Volvitur; immiſſis pars caeca et concita frenis
Arietat in portas et duros obice poſtes.
Ipſae de muris ſummo certamine matres,
Monſtrat amor verus patriae, ut videre Camillam,
Tela manu trepidae jaciunt; ac robore duro,
Stipitibus, ferrum ſudibuſque imitantur obuſtis
Praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent.

1227. *And with.*] This line, in the original, is uſually quoted as an inſtance of Virgil's adapting the ſound to the ſenſe. The tranſlator has done it juſtice.

1230. *From the tall tow'rs.*] Tumult, confuſion, and diſtreſs, are painted with great force and ſpirit, and many pathetic ſtrokes, from hence to verſe 1252. of the tranſlation.

Nor

Nor can the troops ſuſtain, nor dare oppoſe
The ſlaught'ring ſwords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th'unbended bows they ſlung;
And with their trampling ſteeds the ſounding champain rung.
The city now th' advancing hoſt appalls:
A cloud of duſt, thick-gath'ring to the walls,
From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons ſpy;
And female ſhrieks, tumultuous, rend the ſky.
Mixt with their foes, ruſh headlong thro' the gate
The Latian ſquadrons, nor can ſhun their fate;
In vain for ſhelter to their houſes fly;
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some cloſe the gates, exclude their ſocial train,
Who beg admiſſion to the town in vain.
While theſe defend th' endanger'd poſts, and thoſe
Ruſh on their ſwords, a dreadful ſlaughter roſe.
With piercing ſhrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parents eyes.
While cloſe behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe;
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;
Some with looſe reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous ſteeds againſt the gate.
But, when Camilla's corſe appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a ſtorm of jav'lins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough ſtaves repel the riſing war.
Fierce they ruſh on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Interea

Interea Turnum in ſilvis ſaeviſſimus implet
Nuncius, et juveni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:
Deletas Volſcorum acies, cecidiſſe Camillam,
Ingruere infenſos hoſtes, et Marte ſecundo
Omnia corripuiſſe; metum jam ad moenia ferri.
Ille furens, et ſaeva Jovis ſic numina poſcunt,
Deſerit obſeſſos colles, nemora aſpera linquit.
Vix e conſpectu exierat, campumque tenebat,
Cum pater Aeneas, ſaltus ingreſſus apertos,
Exſuperatque jugum, ſilvaque evadit opaca.
Sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
Agmine; nec longis inter ſe paſſibus abſunt.
Ac ſimul Aeneas fumantes pulvere campos
Proſpexit longe, Laurentiaque agmina vidit;
Et ſaevum Aenean agnovit Turnus in armis,
Adventumque pedum flatuſque audivit equorum.
Continuo pugnas ineant, et praelia tentent;
Ni roſeus feſſos jam gurgite Phoebus Ibero
Tingat equos, noctemque die labente reducat.
Conſidunt caſtris ante urbem, et moenia vallant.

The circumſtance of the women renewing their rage at the ſight of Camilla's dead body is well imagined.

1269. *Perceiv'd the footſteps*] The throwing in ſuch lively and minute circumſtances is what chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from hiſtory, and renders the former a more cloſe and juſt repreſentation of life than the latter.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambuſh'd in the ſhade,
The careful nymph the diſmal news convey'd;
That in the fight the Volſcian queen was ſlain;
That the proud foe purſu'd the vanquiſh'd train,
Who, fluſh'd with full ſucceſs, ruſh'd furious on,
And ſpread the growing terror to the town.
The chief, (for ſo his adverſe fates requir'd!)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But ſcarce deſcended to the ſubject plain,
Ere the great Trojan ſeiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and iſſu'd from the wood.
By the black clouds of duſt, Æneas found
The Latian hoſt embattled wide around:
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud ſhouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footſteps of the trampling foe,
And heard diſtinct the fiery courſers blow.
Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the ſun roll'd down the rapid light;
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian ſea,
The panting ſteeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
Theſe to defend; and thoſe to ſtorm the tow'rs.

REFLECTIONS

On the CHARACTER of

IAPIS in VIRGIL:

OR,

The CHARACTER of

Antonius Muſa, Phyſician to *Auguſtus*.

By FRANCIS ATTERBURY, late Biſhop of *Rocheſter*.

IN hiſtory-painting, the particular figures, we know, are often taken from the life; and the caſe, I doubt not, is the ſame with reſpect to many characters in the Æneid, which were not drawn by the poet at random. The manner in which Virgil repreſents thoſe feigned perſons, has ſomething in it, that ſhews them to have been copied from living originals; and therefore, beautiful as thoſe images are, we loſe half their beauty, by not knowing who ſat for them.

Virgil ſeems particularly touch'd with the charms of friendſhip; and has therefore employ'd all his art to illuſtrate it in the perſons of Euryalus and Niſus; whom he introduces for the purpoſe, into two of his beſt epiſodes, and dwells largely, in both, on the little circumſtances of their ſtory. This he has not done with regard to any other of the ſubaltern characters in the Æneid, and we muſt ſuppoſe him therefore very fond of the ſubject; eſpecially, if conſidered as the moſt exact, reſerved, and judicious of writers. Is it not natural to think,

think, that in this, and many other caſes, he has ſcatter'd thro' his works, under feign'd names, the true reſemblances of ſome of his moſt intimate friends; endeavouring by that means, to give them a ſhare of the immortality, which his poem was to enjoy? Tho' by the negligence and ſtupidity of thoſe who made comments upon him, and ſaid nothing of theſe ſecret views, his deſign has in great meaſure miſcarried.

For inſtance: can any one read thoſe admirable lines at the end of the ſecond epiſode, relating to thoſe two friends,

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo,
Dum domus Æneæ capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

I ſay, can any one read theſe lines, without judging immediately, that Virgil muſt have had two Romans in his eye when he wrote them, whoſe character, friendſhip, and fate, are deſcribed under that of Euryalus and Niſus? What elſe can juſtify ſo pathetic an excurſion of the poet in his own name?

——*Si quid mea carmina poſſunt*, &c.

A liberty not allowed to epic writers, and ſcarce taken by him in any other part of his work; except where he invokes the muſe to aſſiſt him on ſome extraordinary occaſion. Nor would it perhaps have been altogether excuſable here, had not known perſons, and a real event, been ſhadowed under this poetical fiction. That Auguſtus ſat for the character of Æneas, is agreed by the commentators, even by thoſe of them that are leaſt attentive to ſuch obſervations. And indeed, what Horace, and Virgil himſelf, ſay on this head, puts it out of doubt. Virgil, in the introduction to his third Georgic, added probably after he had formed the plan of the Æneid, intimates his deſign in theſe verſes:

Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas
Cæſaris,

Cæſaris, et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar:

Which implies, that the battles and other famous exploits of Auguſtus ſhould be delivered down to poſterity, in the reſembling circumſtances of thoſe of Æneas. Horace ſpeaks yet more plainly to the point, where he writes to Auguſtus himſelf, and gives him an advantage over the Macedonian hero in this reſpect, that Alexander's lineaments only had been taken by the exquiſite artiſts of his time; whereas the very mind and manners of Auguſtus had been deſcribed by Virgil and Varius. He mentions their names; and then adds:

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Magnorum apparent.

Varius had done this in his panegyric on Auguſtus, now loſt; and Virgil can only be ſuppoſed to have done it in the character and actions of Æneas.

As the hero of Virgil was certainly intended to expreſs Auguſtus (of which many proofs, if neceſſary, might be given), ſo divers characters in his poem were doubtleſs deſign'd, as I have ſaid, for particular perſons, well known at the time when Virgil wrote. Such I ſuppoſe the character of Iapis in the twelfth Æneid to have been, and Antonius Muſa the phyſician of Auguſtus to be repreſented by it. He was of the court and retinue of that prince, and attended his perſon, as Iapis attends Æneas, in his campaigns and voyages. He was very intimate with Virgil and Horace, as appears from an epigram addreſs'd to him by the former, ſtill remaining among the Catalecta, and by what the latter ſays of him in one of his epiſtles. Both of them had infirm conſtitutions: one, we know, was under Muſa's care on that account; and ſo, we may juſtly believe, was the other. It was no wonder therefore, if Virgil, the moſt grateful of men to his friends and benefactors, ſhould have been willing to do honour to his memory by finding a place for him in his poem. He ſeems to have

have wounded Æneas on purpoſe to introduce Iapis for the cure: which, after ſome thoughts ſpent on the reaſonableneſs of this incident, as he has plac'd it, is the beſt account I can give of it. For it is certainly employed, when one would leaſt have expected it, when the Æneid haſtens towards a cloſe, when the two armies are engaged for the laſt time, and with the greateſt fury, and when the ſingle fight between Æneas and Turnus is juſt coming on, by which the whole is to be determin'd; the action, then grown hot, and at its height, cools and ſtands perfectly ſtill, while Iapis is performing the cure on Æneas. At ſuch a time, and in ſuch an exigence, the friendly deſign of the poet to immortalize the phyſician, is perhaps the beſt account we can give of his conduct.

Indeed Muſa deſerv'd to be thus honour'd by the pen of Virgil; for he was eminent in his faculty beyond all his contemporaries, as Iapis is ſaid to have been, *Phœbo ante alios dilectus.* He had recovered Auguſtus from a dangerous illneſs, and was ſo dear to the people of Rome on that account, that a public ſtatue was erected to his honour. Iapis in like manner heals Æneas; and it may be obſerved (if that remark be not too minute), that both the cures were perform'd by bathing. The ſtatue for Iapis was wanting to complete the parallel. Virgil has added it, by giving us ſuch a noble likeneſs of him, as will outlaſt braſs and marble.

For certainly the character of Iapis, here diſplay'd, is one of the moſt moral, beautiful, and perfect in its kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole Æneid. It is painted according to the diſtinction made by the Italians, as to the works of their great maſters; not only *con diligenza*, or *con ſtudio*, but *con amore*. There is a fondneſs of expreſſion (if I may be allowed that phraſe) uſed by Virgil in tracing and heightening the ſeveral parts of it; ſo that it muſt have been a favourite piece: and, upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking, that he had ſome friend of the faculty preſent to his mind, while he was drawing it.

'Tis for the ſake of ſuch another, that I ſhall inlarge my reflections on this head; and in the courſe of them

ſhall

ſhall have him often in my view, as Virgil had Muſa, without naming him.

Æneas, juſt ready to engage Turnus, is wounded by an arrow from an unknown hand, and obliged to retire from the field of battle to his tent, ſupported by Mneſtheus and Achates.

The words of Virgil, on the occaſion of this wound receiv'd, are very remarkable:

" *Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,*
" *Incertum qua pulſa manu, quo turbine adacta,*
" *Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, caſuſne Deuſne*
" *Attulerit, preſſa eſt inſignis gloria facti;*
" *Nec ſeſe Æneæ jactavit vulnere quiſquam.*"

Why all this variety of expreſſion, to tell us that it was not known from what hand the wound came? Nothing is more common than ſuch a circumſtance in a battle. He lays, one would think, more weight on this particular than it deſerves; but he intends it by way of contraſt to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that heal'd the wound, but give us alſo a particular account of his talents and character: and it will heighten the praiſes he gives to the one, that he paſſes over the other altogether in ſilence.

I ſhall recite the whole paſſage relating to Iapis as it lies in the poem, and then ſuggeſt ſome reflections upon it. Some of theſe may perhaps be new, even to thoſe who are well acquainted with Virgil; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his antient or modern commentators:

Jamque aderat Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iaſides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipſe ſuas artes, ſua munera, lætus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque dedit, celereſque ſagittas.

Ille, ut depoſiti proferret fata parentis,
Scire poteſtates herbarum, uſumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.
Stabat acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in haſtam,
Æneas, magno juvenum & mœrentis Iuli
Concurſu, lacrymis immobilis. Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu,
Multa manu medica, Phœbique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam ſpicula dextra
Solicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit: nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit: & ſævus campis magis ac magis horror
Crebreſcit, propiuſque malum eſt. Jam pulvere cœlum
Stare vident: ſubeunt equites, & ſpicula caſtris
Denſa cadunt mediis. It triſtis ad æthera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, & duro ſub Marte cadentum.
Hic Venus, indigno nati concuſſa dolore,
Dictamnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæſere ſagittæ.
Hoc Venus, obſcuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
Detulit: hoc fuſum labris ſplendentibus amnem
Inficit, occulte medicans: ſpargitque ſalubres
Ambroſiæ ſuccos, & odoriferam panaceam.
Fovit ea vulnus lympha longævus Iapis
Ignorans; ſubitoque omnis de corpore fugit
Quippe dolor: omnis ſtetit imo in vulnere ſanguis.
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit, atque novæ rediere in priſtina vires.

Arma

Arma citi properate viro. quid ſtatis? Iapis
Conclamat, primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Æneа, mea dextera ſervat:
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
Ille avidus pugnæ, &c. ———

How recommendable and beautiful an idea has Virgil here given us of this phyſician? He reckons up the four arts *, in which Apollo was ſuppoſed to excel, which were under his peculiar patronage, and which he diſ-

* Horace trac'd the ſteps of Virgil in his Carmen Seculare, where he enumerates in one ſtanza theſe four attributes of Apollo:

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptuſque novem Camenis,
Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
Corporis artus.

The words are good, but do not, I think, riſe up to the force and beauty of Virgil's expreſſion. There is a ſecond inſtance in the ſame ode, wherein Horace imitates another celebrated paſſage of Virgil, and falls equally ſhort of it:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Says the one.

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

Says the other.

It cannot be doubted, upon the compariſon, whether the firſt of theſe be not ſaid with more dignity and grace than the latter. And ſo it muſt happen to any man, even to Horace himſelf, that ventures to ſay the ſame thing Virgil did, after a different manner. Let me add, that the deſign of Horace to imitate Virgil decides the diſpute, that has been rais'd about a various reading of *impetret* for *imperet*, which plainly refers to the *imperio* of Virgil.

tributed, as he pleas'd, to his votaries and favourites. In three of theſe, he tells us, Iapis, when young, had made great advances; but neglected the ſtudy of them, and purſu'd only the fourth, the ſkill of medicine, that by the means of it, he might protract the life of an aged father, then labouring under ſome great infirmity; whoſe name therefore Virgil records, together with that of the ſon, Iapis Iaſides.

Of all the motives that could determine a man to the ſtudy of phyſic preferably to other arts and ſciences, ſure the worthieſt and beſt is that of filial piety. 'Tis what diſtinguiſhes the character even of the hero of the Æneid, and was a remarkable part of Virgil's own, as appears from ſome verſes he compos'd at the time of his flight from Mantua, wherein his father accompany'd him, and of whoſe danger he there ſpeaks with all imaginable concern and tenderneſs. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his friend with a quality, which he himſelf priz'd and poſſeſs'd: and perhaps, if we knew Muſa's ſtory, we ſhould find that there was ſomething in it parallel, even in this reſpect, to what is here ſaid of Iapis.

His determining himſelf to be a phyſician upon the laudable motive before-mention'd, is ſtill farther recommended to us by this heightening circumſtance, that he poſſeſſed the other arts in perfection, and exercis'd them with ſkill and ſucceſs. Thus much, I think, is ſtrongly implied in theſe emphatical words:

" —— *Acri quondam cui captus amore*
" *Ipſe ſua artes, ſua munera, lætus Apollo,*
" *Augurium, citharamque* dedit, *celeresque ſagittas.*"

The gifts of the gods to thoſe they favour and love, are always to be ſuppoſed perfect, and not made by halves: Iapis therefore muſt have excell'd in thoſe arts, which he renounced for the ſtudy of phyſic; and theſe arts were all ſuch as the Romans held in high eſteem. The college of augurs, and the library of Apollo in the Vatican, ſufficiently prove the regard that was paid to the two firſt; and as to the third, expreſs'd by *ſagittæ*, it

it means the *peritia jaculandi* in general; includes the art of managing the javelin or dart, as well as the bow; and was one of thoſe military exerciſes, in which the Romans, whoſe empire was owing to their arms, excelled.

Divination, poetry, and ſoldiery, were all honourable and advantageous to thoſe that profeſs'd them; and yet Iapis, intent upon recovering his father, quits them all for a profeſſion, which was not then in high repute, and made no great figure and noiſe in the world, except what it borrow'd ſometimes from the character and perfections of ſome excellent perſon, who happen'd to practiſe it.

——*Uſumque medendi*
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder, that Virgil rewards this pious concern of Iapis for the life of his father by lengthening his own: he ſtiles him *ſenior* in one place, and *longævus* in another. He makes him on this account dearer to the god of medicine than the reſt of the tribe, and advances him to be prime phyſician to the founder of the Roman empire, and author of the race of Iulus. The good qualities and great talents of Iapis have, by Virgil's means, a recompence which is proportion'd to his merit, and the juſt conſequence of it. Were the prime phyſicians of princes always preferr'd with as much juſtice, perhaps many of thoſe princes would ſit longer on their thrones than they do, and reach the years of Æneas or Auguſtus.

It may be obſerv'd, how ſhort, and yet juſt and full, an account Virgil here gives us of the extent of phyſic and ſurgery, as then jointly exercis'd. He makes them to conſiſt in the knowlege of the power of ſimples, and in great uſe and experience:

Scire poteſtates herbarum, uſumque medendi.

The one relates to the theory of that art, the other to the practice: without the latter of theſe, he inſinuates the former can be of no ſervice; and for this reaſon alſo

he may be ſuppos'd to have aſcrib'd *longevity* to his Iapis. The *materia medica*, then conſiſting chiefly in botany, might be acquir'd in early years; but age, and long uſe, were requiſite to mellow and ripen the phyſician in the art of healing. There are no uſeleſs words, we ſee, in Virgil; all he ſays is full of good ſenſe, and will afford us wiſe reflections, if we have but the ſkill and the patience ſufficient to unfold them.

It will not be thought refining, I hope, if I ſuppoſe alſo Virgil's meaning, in this paſſage, to have been to intimate to us, that art and induſtry, however neceſſary in phyſic, are not ſufficient without an happy genius or diſpoſition of nature, which peculiarly fits men for that profeſſion, and which ſeems born with them, and derived immediately from the Deity. 'Twas by the particular favour of Apollo that Iapis excelled: if he had not been *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never arrived to the height of his faculty. The ſon of Sirach has ſaid the ſame thing with greater authority. "Honour a "phyſician," ſays he, "with the honour due unto him; "for the Lord hath created him. Of the Moſt High "cometh healing. And he hath given men ſkill, that "he might be honoured in his marvellous works." It may be thought indecent thus to mix what is ſacred with what it profane: but I cite the author of Eccleſiaſticus on this occaſion, merely as a wiſe obſerver of men and things, without regard to his character on other accounts. And as ſuch perhaps I ſhall take leave to cite him again ere I end theſe papers.

When Iapis goes to work, we find the methods employed by him to have been, a bath of herbs, and the uſe of the forceps. In the one of theſe, Virgil includes the remedies, in the other the inſtruments, of ſurgery. And he particularly, more than once, takes notice of the *manus medica*,

——— *Multa manu medica—trepidat* ———

——— *Spicula dextra*

Solicitat ———

Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta.

——— *Neque*

—— *Neque te, Æneа, mea dextera ſervat.*

Or that dexterity in handling the part affected, which is looked upon, as one of the beſt and happieſt qualification of thoſe that are employed on ſuch occaſions. He ſeems alſo to imply, that the practitioners of that time had a peculiar and becoming dreſs, by which they were diſtinguiſhed; and which was tucked up, or thrown back, but not laid aſide, at the time when they performed ſuch operations. At leaſt, ſuch an habit is by Virgil provided for Iapis; and, by that means, ſome addition, as it were, is made to the gravity of his character.

—— —— *Ille retorto*
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu.

Un'eſs we will ſay, that this circumſtance was intended to expreſs the extraordinary diligence of Iapis in dreſſing his maſter, without loſing any time, even by laying aſide his habit. I ſhould have thought ſo indeed, if the words *Pæonium in morem* did not ſeem to refer to ſomewhat cuſtomary.

Virgil has otherwiſe taken care to expreſs the diligence of Iapis in attending Æneas, and his ſolicitude in performing the cure. The firſt words, by which he introduces him, are, *Jamque aderat, &c.* He is at the tent, we ſee, almoſt as ſoon as Æneas himſelf; nor does it appear, that he was ſo much as ſent for on this occaſion. The rumour of the maſter's wound ſoon reached the faithful and vigilant ſervant; and immediately we find him on the ſpot: *Jamque aderat.* This is not always the caſe of thoſe who excel in the faculty; but where-ever it is, it gives a particular luſtre to their character.

The care and anxiety of Iapis in the operation, and his turning himſelf every way to give Æneas relief, are thus in the moſt lively and emphatical manner ſet out:

—— —— —— *Ille retorto*
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu
Multa manu medica, Phoebique potentibus herbis,

Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam ſpicula dextra
Solicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit. —— ——

Several methods of his art, which he employed, are particularly expreſſed; and it is intimated to us, that he employed all, though none ſucceeded. Nevertheleſs he deſiſts not, nor is diſcouraged; but continues his applications, till a divine power comes to his aſſiſtance, and bleſſes his honeſt and ſkilful, tho' hitherto fruitleſs, endeavours:

Hic Venus, indigno nati concuſſa dolore.
Dictamnum genetrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, et flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæſere ſagittæ.

The moral I would ſuppoſe couched under this part of the relation is, that where human art fails, divine aid begins, whenever the cauſe and the perſon juſtify ſuch an interpoſition. And it is intimated alſo to us, that the gods ſometimes give extraordinary ſucceſs to the preſcriptions of a good phyſician, who is at the ſame time a good man: ſo that it is wiſe in us, when we want the aſſiſtance of the faculty, to make uſe of thoſe in it, who are of this character. It is plain, that Iapis relied not wholly on his own ſkill, but had ſecretly invoked the god of medicine, while he was buſied in the cure. The words,

—— —— *Nihil auctor Apollo*
Subvenit —— ——

ſufficiently imply it.

This method of practice would now perhaps be thought a little ſingular; nor was it then, I ſuppoſe, very common; ſince the eldeſt and moſt famous profeſſor

ſeſſor of the art, Hippocrates, is obſerved, through all his works to have mentioned τὸ θεῖον but once; and even then it is diſputed by his commentators, whether that phraſe had any relation to the Deity. However, Virgil, we ſee, was not aſhamed to join theſe two qualifications together, the uſe of remedies, and a dependence on the gods for the ſucceſs: and he has done it not here only, but in other places of his poem; particularly, where he mentions Hippolytus, as brought to life by the favour of Diana, and the ſkill of Æſculapius:

Pæoniis revocatum herbis, et amore Dianæ.

Will it be indecent after this, if I once more cite the ſon of Sirach's authority to the ſame purpoſe? "There "is," ſays he, "a time, when in the hand of the phy-"ſician there is good ſucceſs: for he ſhall (not only "preſcribe, but) pray unto the Lord, that he would "proſper what he gives for eaſe and remedy to prolong "life." This, it ſeems, was a notion that prevailed among the Jews and heathens, as to the practice of phyſic: would it be any diſgrace to us, if it were countenanced a little among Chriſtians? But theſe reflections are perhaps too ſerious. I proceed to thoſe that may be thought leſs exceptionable.

After Venus had ſecretly made the infuſion,

Fovit ea vulnus lympha longævus Iapis
Ignoranſ ——

Though Virgil repreſents Iapis as knowing and experienced in his art, he thinks not, that he leſſens his character by imputing ignorance in the preſent caſe to him. Divine aſſiſtances are unſeen and unfelt at the time they are communicated: they appear only by the effect; which when it happened, we ſhall find Iapis to be the firſt who perceived and owned it. 'Tis no reproach to his ſkill, that he did not himſelf light on this remedy, and apply it. How ſhould he? when two of the ingredients were ſuch as a god only, at that inſtant, could furniſh, the juice of ambroſia, and the dictamnum or dittany, that grew on mount Ida, and on that mountain only? It

ſeems

ſeems the virtue of that herb conſiſted in applying it green, and in the flower:

——— *Puberibus foliis, et flore comantem*
Purpureo ——— ———

In like manner, as the wild goats of Crete made uſe of it*. Iapis therefore could not poſſibly be maſter of it without the help of ſome divinity. Each way Virgil takes care, that the confeſſed ignorance of Iapis ſhould be no blemiſh to him here; as we ſhall find, that his own ready acknowlegement of it afterwards does him great honour.

Upon Iapis's continuing to bathe the part, after this infuſion, the cure is performed in an inſtant:

——— *Subitoque omnis de corpore fugit*
Quippe dolor: omnis ſtetit imo in vulnere ſanguis.
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit ——— ———

Three different ſymptoms of this cure are in theſe verſes diſtinctly expreſſed. The pain Æneas felt vaniſhed at once, the blood ceaſed to guſh from his wound, and the arrow itſelf dropped eaſily out of it. It is obſervable how theſe ſeveral effects are adapted to the ſeveral ingredients, that were thrown into the bath by Venus. The dittany looſens the arrow: the plant he calls panacea re-

* *Auditum eſt—capras in Creta feras, cum eſſent confixæ venenatis ſagittis, herbam quærere, quæ dictamnus vocatur; quam cum guſtavisſent, ſagittas excedere dicunt è corpore.* Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 2. I ſuppoſe Virgil to have had this paſſage of Cicero in his eye, becauſe I find, that both he and Horace were very well verſed in Cicero's writings, and made uſe ſometimes of his very words; tho' they were too good courtiers to venture the diſpleaſure of Auguſtus, by mentioning him with reſpect (as they muſt have done, if they had mentioned him at all) in their poems. And yet both had proper occaſions of doing honour to his memory (as I could ſhew); but avoided them.

mov'd

mov'd the pain (for ſo the very derivation of the word implies); and the *ſuccus ſalubris ambroſiæ*, whatever that juice was, helped to ſtanch the blood, and cloſe the wound by its healing quality. So exactly has Virgil made the cauſe and the effect, the remedy and the cure, to correſpond with each other. The iſſue of all is, after the enumeration of theſe ſymptoms, that Æneas's ſtrength was immediately and intirely reſtored:

—— *Atque novæ rediere in priſtina vires.*

This effect was too unuſual and ſudden to flow merely from a natural cauſe: and therefore is added to ſhew, that the cure was miraculous; and ſo we ſhall ſee Iapis underſtands and declares it to be, without the leaſt heſitation.

He had been hitherto ſilent while the operation was going forward: nor could he indeed then have ſaid any thing but what was diſcouraging. Now in a rapture he cries out:

Arma citi properate viro ——

Arms, and the man who had now recovered his ſtrength to wield them, are terms ſuited to each other: they are thoſe, by which Virgil opens his Æneid, and includes in them the whole ſubject of it. He there uſes them in his own perſon, and now, when the action draws to a cloſe, he puts them again into the mouth of his favourite phyſician, who thus proceeds:

—— —— *Quid ſtatis? Iapis*
Conclamat, primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Æneа, mea dextera ſervat:
Major agit deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

From theſe few words, and this ſhort account of his behaviour, many things may be obſerved to his advantage, which Virgil with a maſterly hand has either expreſſed or inſinuated, in order to raiſe the character of Iapis, and render it every way amiable and venerable.

His

His public ſpirit, his zeal for Æneas's ſafety, and affection for his cauſe, are here apparent. What can declare them more, than the abrupt manner of his entering on this honeſt and beautiful expoſtulation?

He ſtays not to congratulate his great patient upon the cure, or to receive the congratulations of others: his concern is only leſt any moment ſhould be loſt; and, therefore, he addreſſes himſelf immediately to the croud, and reproaches the delay of thoſe, who ſtupidly looked on, and forbore to bring the hero his armour. Intent upon the common good, and puſhed by a ſtrong impulſe, he neglects little decencies; and, forgetting his profeſſion, is the firſt to encourage the drooping ſoldiers, and to warm them into a deſire of renewing the combat:

—— *Primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.*

Virgil plainly intended by this account to tell us, that he was no leſs a good patriot, than an excellent phyſician.

His modeſty, probity, and piety, appear at the ſame time to us. He diſclaims all pretences to merit in this cure: he denies that art in general, or that his art in particular, did or could perform it:

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat.

He acknowleges the interpoſition of a divine power, without which all his own induſtry and ſkill had been fruitleſs; and having, by this means, ſhewn his maſter to be the immediate care of providence, he fears not to promiſe him and his army ſucceſs in the approaching engagement. The divinity that ſupplied the means, he was ſure, would accompliſh the work; and therefore is ſo far from being alarmed at the new dangers which Æneas might run, that he puſhes him anew into the midſt of them:

Major agit deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.

This is painting to the life, tho' in miniature; every ſtroke of the pencil diſcovers ſome new feature, ſomething

thing particularly beautiful, in the perſon intended to be drawn. Apollo, Virgil had told us, beſtowed, originally, on Iapis three arts, in which he excelled:

Augurium, citharamque dedit, celereſque ſagittas.

Tho' Iapis had intermitted the ſtudy of thoſe arts to purſue that of medicine; yet ſtill we find him poſſeſſed of the two firſt at leaſt, and exerting them here in a very remarkable manner. His ſkill in divination *(augurium)* manifeſts itſelf by his firſt lighting on the cauſe of Æneas's cure, and then foretelling the event of it. His talent for poetry and muſic, which the word *cithara* implies, Virgil has taken care to ſecure to him, by thoſe fine lines he makes him utter on this occaſion, which are as juſt and numerous as any in the Æneid. And as to his knowlege of the *celeres ſagittæ*, there is, methinks, ſome little reference, ſome alluſion, to that gift, in the very nature of the operation, about which he is employ'd. So that the poet forgets not in the concluſion of this little epiſode (if I may ſo call it) what he had ſaid at the entrance of it. His account of Iapis is throughout conſiſtent, and of a piece. And I may, after this particular examination of it, now ſafely appeal to men of judgment and taſte, whether what I laid down concerning the character of Iapis be not true; that it is certainly one of the moſt moral, beautiful, and perfect, that occurs throughout the poem; and conſequently muſt have been deſigned to repreſent ſome phyſician of note, with whom Virgil was particularly acquainted; and who could that be but Antonius Muſa? Happy he was to be acquainted with ſuch a poet, and ſuch a friend, who knew his worth, and did ſuch juſtice to it, that I perſuade myſelf, if Muſa outlived Virgil, and the edition of his poem (as I think he did), he valued himſelf more upon theſe verſes of his, than upon all the liberalities of Auguſtus.

An endeavour to ſet this point in a true light, was the real occaſion of what I have written; wherein I have alſo intermix'd reflections of a different kind as they occurr'd, and as I judg'd them uſeful to illuſtrate the art and conduct of Virgil in managing this incident. Some of theſe reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refin'd,

and

and rather fanciful than juſt. I am apt to think them ſo myſelf, and that I have here and there indulg'd my paſſion for Virgil, and aſcrib'd to him more than he expreſly intended. A very pardonable fault in his commentators and admirers! who are ſure to omit ten obſervations, that might be made to his advantage, for any one which they ſtart, that does not ſtrictly belong to him. However, moſt of the thoughts I advance, have, if I miſtake not, a real and ſolid foundation. Such as they are, they have offer'd themſelves to me without the help of books, of which I am not now maſter; and if I were, ſhould, perhaps, have choſen not to conſult them; being perſuaded, that the text of great authors, well conſider'd, is always the beſt comment on itſelf, and affords the trueſt light towards entering into the ſenſe and ſpirit of them.

The contemners of the antients take more pains to cenſure than underſtand them. Such reflections as theſe, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juſter notions than they have, of the exactneſs and propriety of Virgil's thoughts and expreſſions, and lead them to peruſe his works with more attention and reverence than they uſually beſtow upon them. For certainly he was a man, who with a noble ambition aim'd at immortality, and took the trueſt ways to compaſs it. He had always in his eye that important advice of Longinus, given to thoſe writers who deſire to excel: That they ſhould frequently aſk themſelves the queſtion, πως ο μετ εμε ακουσει αιων, How will ages to come think and ſpeak of me? In this ſpirit, and with this view, he writ his Æneid. Had he given it his laſt hand, it would, I am perſuaded, have been the nobleſt work, that the mind of man by its natural powers (not only did ever produce, for ſuch it now is, but) is capable of producing. That is not the caſe; for he died before he could finiſh it, and laid that diſappointment ſo much to heart, as to endeavour to deſtroy what did not anſwer the idea of perfection he had conceiv'd. There is no room to diſpute this fact; the authorities for it are beyond exception; and it gives us an higher notion of Virgil, than even his poem can furniſh us with; ſince it was, doubtleſs, a greater proof of

of his ſuperior judgment and genius to reſolve to burn what he had written, becauſe he held it imperfect, than to have been able to compoſe it. We are beholden to Varius and Tucca, that this reſolution was not executed; and poſterity ought ever to be grateful to their memory on that account. What they writ themſelves is loſt, and loſt, perhaps, by the ſurpaſſing excellence of the poem which they preſerved, and by the extraordinary praiſes, which they themſelves (whoſe judgment was then held in high repute) without envy beſtow'd upon it.

How different has the fate of Virgil been in our days! When men have try'd their reputation on the ruin of his; and by finding faults with his matchleſs work, to make way for the reception of their own inſipid performances. The ill ſucceſs of the attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. Theſe, I hope, may be the laſt efforts, that ignorance, and want of taſte, will make on the characters of men, whom the univerſal applauſe of ſo many ſucceeding ages has put beyond the reach of our cenſure, and whom it will ever be our happineſs to admire, and our glory to imitate.

Hæc ego luſi
Ad Sequanæ ripas, Tameſino a flumine longe,
Jam ſenior, languenſque, ſed ipſa in morte meorum,
Quos colui, patriæque memor, nec degener uſquam.

The

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a ſingle combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculouſly cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whoſe death the poem concludes.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER XII.

TUrnus ut infractos adverſo Marte Latinos
Defeciſſe videt, ſua nunc promiſſa repoſci,
Se ſignari oculis; ultro implacabilis ardet,

I have forborn hitherto (ſays Segrais) to ſpeak of one of the principal beauties of this poem; which is, the unity and ſimplicity of its action, and to ſhew, that it ought to terminate happily; becauſe it ſeemed to me, that the reader would be more capable of judging of this beauty, when he came to the end of the poem, than when he had not ſo much as begun it. This rule, that the action ſhould be *one* and *ſimple*, is founded on the authority of Ariſtotle, and the opinion of all his commentators. But the reaſons of this practice are clear of themſelves: for if, in general, poetry be an imitative art, there is no doubt, but that the imitation of an object is much more perfect when it is ſimple, than when not. In the ſecond place, if the poet write to divert, it is as evident, that he will divert and amuſe the reader ſo much the leſs in bewildering him in a variety of things which he propoſes for his ſubject, than if he had kept only one point in view.

The great beauty which ſprings from this truth, is viſibly manifeſted by the faultineſs of its contrary; ſo that one need only ſurvey the abſurdities which ariſe from a confuſion of the ſubject, to have a juſt idea of the excellencies of thoſe maxims, which Virgil and Homer have laid down for their patterns. But let us now particularly examine this beauty in the poem before us. Virgil has choſen for the action of the

VIR-

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK.

WHEN Turnus ſaw the Latians, in deſpair,
Sink with the weight of unſucceſsful war,
Himſelf the object of the public ſpite
Mark'd out, and ſummon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the ſingle combat claims,
And conſcious courage ſets his ſoul in flames.

Æneid, the arrival of the hero Æneas in Italy: there is nothing more ſimple, and at the ſame time (ſo great the art of this poet) there is nothing but what is contained in this action, whether paſt, preſent, or to come.

For tho' Æneas is toſt by a tempeſt; tho' he arrives at Carthage, and relates the hiſtory of Troy, and his different adventures; tho' he is beloved by Dido, ſo that ſhe kills herſelf for grief at his departure; tho' he afterwards celebrates games at the tomb of his father, deſcends into hell, and, in fine, comes to make war againſt the moſt brave people of Italy; all this doth not fall into the action which is declared in the poet's propoſition; and yet, at the ſame time, what can be more ſimple, what more truly one, than this action? If you conſider the conſequence of this action, ſimple as it appears, it is the foundation of the moſt illuſtrious nation, and the moſt famous empire, that ever exiſted: and by the incredible addreſs, and wonderful genius, of Virgil, what is there in this divine work derogatory from that grandeur? Or what is there more abſurd, than to imagine, that this

Attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis,
Saucius ille gravi venantum volnere pectus,
Tum demum movet arma leo, gaudetque comantes
Excutiens cervice toros, fixumque latronis
Impavidus frangit telum, et fremit ore cruento.

poem is not complete, becauſe the nuptials of Lavinia are not conſummated? There is no need to obſerve, that the nuptials are not mentioned in the propoſition of the poem. Indeed there is much more reaſon to find fault with Aſcanius's not founding the kingdom of Alba; for it muſt be owned, that the poet ſays, that the arrival of Æneas in Italy gave riſe to the kings of Alba:

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.

But we may plainly perceive, that theſe kings of Alba are not in the action, but a conſequence of it; and the poet ſpeaks of them, only to ſhew the importance of that action. And yet, the ſame art which Virgil has made uſe of, in bringing in ſo *apropos* every circumſtance preceding the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and all that could add to the beauty of his fable, or his ſubject, has ſo conducted the matter, that there is nothing omitted, which was ſubſequent to the action of Æneas, whether it regarded himſelf, or had any reference to the grandeur of the Cæſars, or the glory of Rome. It is impoſſible to attempt any ſupplement to this work, without being obliged to repeat what Virgil has already ſaid; for whether we bring the *apotheoſis* of Æneas, or his unhappy death, and his reigning but three years after having conquer'd Turnus, as a proof of what I have advanced; all this is mentioned in the poem, and each circumſtance has its proper place allotted it. In the imprecations which Dido utters againſt Æneas, 'tis plain that ſhe hints at the misfortune which will befal him, where ſhe ſays;

——*Nec, cum ſe ſub leges pacis iniquæ*
Tradiderit, regno aut optata pace fruatur:
Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena.

And what befel Lavinia, when ſhe was deliver'd of Sylvius, ſurnamed Poſthumus, after the death of Æneas, is plainly expreſſed in the prediction of Anchiſes, B. VI.

As,

As, pierc'd at diſtance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouſes at the ſmart;
And loudly roaring traverſes the plain;
Scourges his ſides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the ſpear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies.

Sylvius, Albanum nomen, tua poſthuma proles,
Quem tibi longævo ſerum Lavinia conjux
Educet ſylvis regem, regumque parentem:
Unde genus longa noſtrum dominabitur Alba.

And, by the way, I muſt obſerve, that the word *longævo* does not ſignify, that Æneas was then very old (as all the commentators have it); but that he was immortal, as the gods, who are ſo called, becauſe their life is without end. And this very *apotheoſis* is promis'd by Jupiter in the prediction which he makes B. I. by way of conſolation to Venus for the troubles which Æneas was to ſuffer. And this is again confirmed by what he ſays to Juno herſelf, B. XII.

Indigetem Æneam ſcis ipſa, & ſcire fateris,
Deberi cœlo fatiſque ad ſidera tolli.

In a word, every thing ſubſequent to the fight between Turnus and Æneas; for inſtance, the peace made with the Latins by the means of the nuptials of Lavinia; the union of the two nations; and the extinction of the Trojan name; all this, I ſay, is plainly expreſſed, in the treaty which Jupiter and Juno make, B. XII. So that, on the whole, we muſt neceſſarily conclude, that the action is not only ſimple, and one, but that it is likewiſe intirely perfect. All the commentators on Virgil have made the truth of this evidently appear, by giving ſuch ſtrong reaſons for it, that it is needleſs to add any thing farther on this head: and, indeed, the reaſons are ſo ſelf-evident, that the foregoing plain remark will be ſufficient to give the reader a clear inſight into the whole.

The reaſon why the action ſhould end happily, may be accounted for in the ſame manner: Since the deſign in propoſing every action is to excite brave men to great and glorious enterprizes, ſhould it be previouſly known, that it

Haud ſecus accenſo gliſcit violentia Turno.
Tum ſic affatur regem, atque ita turbidus infit:
Nulla mora in Turno: nihil eſt quod dicta retractent
Ignavi Aeneadae; nec, quae pepigere, recuſent.
Congredior. ſer ſacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
Aut hac Dardanium dextra ſub Tartara mittam
Deſertorem Aſiae, ſedeant ſpectentque Latini,
Et ſolus ferro crimen commune refellam:
Aut habeat victos; cedat Lavinia conjux.
Olli ſedato reſpondit corde Latinus:
O praeſtans animi juvenis, quantum ipſe feroci
Virtute exſuperas, tanto me impenſius aequum eſt
Conſulere, atque omnes metuentem expendere caſus.

would neceſſarily end unhappily, it would be rather a means of deterring from, than exciting them to the execution of any grand exploit.

I will only add, that, among all the books of the Æneid, there is not one, where the poet has conducted that part which concerns the marvellous, with greater art and addreſs. Surprize and admiration are ſo frequently raiſed in this book, that one muſt quote every paſſage, if one would remark all that is calculated to raiſe our wonder and aſtoniſhment. Among numberleſs inſtances, let us juſt examine the turns and changes of fortune: A peace is concluded upon; an augury breaks it: A battle enſues: The Trojans are victorious: Æneas is wounded: The Latins repulſe the Trojans to their camp; Venus heals Æneas in a miraculous manner: The hero relieves his own party: He cannot oblige Turnus to renew the engagement: He prepares to attack the town of the Latins: At laſt Turnus is compelled to fight him in ſingle combat: And every thing which happens during this combat, all theſe taken together, compoſe the different peripeties of this book; and which detain the reader in ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible to deſiſt till he has gone thro' the whole.

So

So ſtorm'd proud Turnus; and, in wrathful ſtrain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
Where is this Trojan foe, ſo bold and brave?
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My ſoul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the ſacred rite;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight.
This hand ſhall wipe our late diſgrace away
(Our hoſts may ſit ſpectators of the day!)
This truſty ſword the daſtard ſhall deſtroy,
And plunge to hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms reſign the royal fair.
So ſpoke the furious prince, with ſcornful pride.
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
The more, brave youth, thy try'd, diſtinguiſh'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it ſhould concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardor to aſſwage
With the cool caution of conſid'rate age.

15. *Where is this Trojan foe.*] No contraſt can be more finely managed, than the fierceneſs, the fire, and haſtineſs, of Turnus's ſpeech (conſiſting of ſhort, broken ſentences, unconnected with particles), oppos'd to the cool reaſoning, the ſober ſedateneſs, of the good old king Latinus's anſwer, which immediately follows. The poet himſelf, to mark this oppoſition more ſtrongly, has artfully added the preparatory epithet *ſedato*, and introduces Turnus's ſpeech with

——*Ita turbidus infit.*

Sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, ſunt oppida capta
Multa manu; nec non aurumque animuſque Latino eſt.
Sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus agris;
Nec genus indecores. ſine me haec haud mollia fatu
Sublatis aperire dolis; ſimul haec animo hauri.
Me natam nulli veterum ſociare procorum
Fas erat, idque omnes divique hominesque canebant.
Victus amore tui, cognato ſanguine victus,
Conjugis et moeſtae lacrymis, vincla omnia rupi:
Promiſſam eripui genero; arma impia ſumſi.
Ex illo qui me caſus, quae, Turne, ſequantur
Bella, vides; quantos primus patiare labores.
Bis magna victi pugna vix urbe tuemur
Spes Italas: recalent noſtro Tiberina fluenta
Sanguine adhuc, campique ingentes oſſibus albent.
Quo referor toties? quae mentem inſania mutat?
Si, Turno extincto, ſocios ſum accire paratus;
Cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo?
Quid conſanguinei Rutuli, quid caetera dicet
Italia, ad mortem ſi te, fors dicta refutet!

How many vanquiſh'd cities are thy own,
Beſides a fair hereditary throne!
Me too theſe wealthy warlike lands obey:—
Thus both may reign with independent ſway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illuſtrious race.
Then, undiſguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Tho' harſh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my conſort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all ſacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire ſource to tell what miſchiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know:
Fights, deaths, defeats, that ſpeak the wrath divine;
Where all the ſad pre-eminence is thine.
In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our laſt hopes are ſhelter'd in the town:
Huge heaps of bones ſtill whiten all the ſhore,
And the full ſtreams of Tyber ſmoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irreſolute and blind?
What changeful phrenſy turns my wav'ring mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the ſtern debate may end!
How would all Italy my name diſgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shouldſt thou (which heav'n avert!) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!

Prodiderim, natam et connubia noſtra petentem?
Reſpice res bello varias: miſerere parentis
Longaevi, quem nunc moeſtum patria Ardea longe
Dividit. haudquaquam dictis violentia Turni
Flectitur: exſuperat magis, aegreſcitque medendo.
Ut primum fari potuit, ſic inſtitit ore:
Quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me
Deponas, lethumque ſinas pro laude paciſci.
Et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra
Spargimus, et noſtro ſequitur de volnere ſanguis.
Longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem
Foeminea legat, et vanis ſeſe occulat umbris.
At regina, nova pugnae conterrita ſorte,
Flebat, et ardentem generum moritura tenebat:
Turne, per has ego te lacrymas, per ſi quis Amatae
Tangit honos animum, ſpes tu nunc una, ſenectae
Tu requies miſerae; decus imperiumque Latini
Te penes; in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit;
Unum oro: deſiſte manum committere Teucris.

If I ſhould haſten to ſo ſad an end
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend!
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars;
Pity thy rev'rend father's ſilver hairs,
Who mourns thy abſence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of ſo dear a ſon!
  But no ſucceſs theſe warm intreaties found:
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce cou'd he ſpeak for rage, diſdain, and pride;
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
O beſt of fathers! all this needleſs care
For Turnus' life, at his requeſt, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with ſcorn diſclaim,
For the bright purchaſe of immortal fame.
This hand, theſe weapons too, are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound.
Nor in this combat ſhall his mother ſhroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud,
Nor ſhield the coward with her aid divine:—
This day, ye gods! this glorious day, is mine.
  But now the frantic queen, on theſe alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one requeſt;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breaſt
For loſt Amata, to theſe ſorrows yield!
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my ſtreaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years!
Our ſinking houſe relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.

Qui te cunque manent iſto certamine caſus,
Et me, Turne, manent. ſimul haec inviſa relinquam
Lumina, nec generum Aenean captiva videbo.
Accepit vocem lacrymis Lavinia matris,
Flagrantes perfuſa genas; cui plurimus ignem
Subjecit rubor, et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro
Si quis ebur, vel miſta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba roſa: tales virgo dabat ore colores.
Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus;
Ardet in arma magis, pauciſque affatur Amatam:
Ne, quaeſo, ne me lacrymis, neve omine tanto,
Proſequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,

98. *Nor live a captive.*] Virgil here prepares the firſt part of the unravelling of his poem. This conſiſts in the death of Amata, who obſtructs the execution of the marriage of her daughter with Æneas. This obſtacle could not be removed, but by the death of this queen. Catrou.

99. *With pity touch'd.*] This picture ſhews how great a maſter Virgil is of grace. Lavinia, ſtrongly affected with the queen's pathetic addreſs to Turnus, weeps for the danger to which he is going to expoſe himſelf; and at the ſame time bluſhes, and looks downward, from a conſciouſneſs of his loving her. Her tears and bluſhes inflame him afreſh with love; he gazes on her with the utmoſt ardency, and is ſtill more deſirous of engaging with Æneas. It is to be obſerved, that Turnus ſpeaks to the dear object of his wiſhes with a look only: what eloquence is there implied in *figitque in virgine vultus!* He gazes only at Lavinia, but ſpeaks his reſolution to Amata in expreſs terms. Spenſer has borrowed his image of Shamefacedneſs from this appearance of Lavinia.

105. —— *Then, gazing on the fair.*] What Dr. Trapp, in this place, calls a new nominative caſe, is, I think, extremely elegant:

Illum turbat amor, figitque in virgine vultus.

In

In thy misfortune muſt Amata join;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan ſon.
With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and anſwers with her tears.
A lovely bluſh the modeſt virgin warms,
Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, ſtain'd with red;
So roſes, mixt with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—Then, gazing on the fair,
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—O royal mother! ceaſe your fears,
Nor ſend me to the fight with boding tears.

He had no occaſion to ſay, *Turnum turbat amor*; every reader muſt ſee Turnus implied in the word *illum*, as it was for him Lavinia bluſhed and wept.

107. *And thus—O royal mother!*] Turnus does not ſtay for an anſwer from Amata, but inſtantly goes to arm himſelf for the fight. This is quite agreeable to his impetuous temper. His pride and pleaſure at ſeeing his ſteeds approach him inſtantly after having called for them, is conceived in a moſt lively manner. As this is the laſt time of his going to battle, the laſt deciſive day, the poet deſcribes the armour he is putting on, more minutely, and particularly. The image of his ſnatching, or as it were, violently catching at, his vaſt ſpear, which always ſtood againſt a maſſy pillar in the old hall of Latinus, is nobly drawn. This is imitated (but highly improved in every circumſtance) from Homer's Odyſſ. B. I. His addreſs to the ſpear, while he is ſhaking it, is quite in character. See Hector arming himſelf, Il. XIX.

108. *Nor ſend me.*] Tears and apprehenſions of danger were deemed, among the antients, bad preſages, when the people were going out to war; as a falſe ſtep, when one is ſetting out on a journey. Catrou.

Jaſon ſpeaks in the ſame manner to his mother, Apollon. B. I.

O mater:

O mater: neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
Nuncius haec, Idmon, Phrygio mea dicta tyranno
Haud placitura refer: cum primum craſtina coelo
Puniceis invecta rotis aurora rubebit,
Non Teucros agat in Rutulos: Teucrûm arma quieſcant
Et Rutulûm. noſtro dirimatur ſanguine bellum:
Illo quaeratur conjux Lavinia campo.

Haec ubi dicta dedit, rapiduſque in tecta receſſit;
Poſcit equos, gaudetque tuens ante ora frementes,
Pilumno quos ipſa decus dedit Orithyia;
Qui candore nives anteirent, curſibus auras.
Circumſtant properi aurigae, manibuſque laceſſunt
Pectora plauſa cavis, et colla comantia pectunt.

Ipſe dehinc, auro ſqualentem alboque orichalco,
Circumdat loricam humeris: ſimul aptat habendo
Enſemque, clypeumque, et rubrae cornua criſtae:
Enſem, quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipſe parenti
Fecerat, et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
Exin, quae in mediis, ingenti adnixa columnae,
Aedibus adſtabat, validam vi corripit haſtam,

123. *Of old, to great Pilumnus.*] How could Orithyia (ſay the commentators), who was of Attica, and carried by Boreas into Thrace, give theſe horſes to Pilumnus, who was an Italian? Catrou obſerves, that the fiction is a little forced; and urges, in defence of Virgil, that Pilumnus was a god, and Orithyia a goddeſs. They had opportunity of knowing each other in the aſſemblies of the gods; and Pilumnus might receive from her this breed of horſes that came from Thrace, where Orithyia reigned.

'Tis

'Tis not in me, if heav'n has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable courſe of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go! and inſtant bear
This dreaded meſſage to the Phrygian's ear:
Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field:
Our ſingle valour ſhall diſpute the day
(The hoſts in peace the combat ſhall ſurvey).
Thus ſhall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride.
He ſaid; and furious to the palace ſpeeds;
There, at his call, ruſh forth the fiery ſteeds,
Of matchleſs ſpirit, and immortal kind,
White as the ſnow, and ſwifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
The ſires of theſe Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous courſers bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently ſtroke their cheſts, and ſooth their noble pride.
Meantime the hero drew his armour on;
With gold and burniſh'd braſs the cuiraſs ſhone.
The glitt'ring helmet, next his temples ſpread;
The crimſon creſt plays dreadful o'er his head;
He graſps the pond'rous ſhield, and flaming blade,
The ſword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchleſs temper; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hiſſing in the Stygian flood.
Laſt the bright ſpear he ſeiz'd, large, ſtrong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midſt the lofty hall;

Actoris

Actoris Aurunci ſpolium, quaſſatque trementem,
Vociferans: nunc, o nunquam fruſtrata vocatus
Haſta meos, nunc tempus adeſt: te maximus Actor,
Te Turni nunc dextra gerit. da ſternere corpus,
Loricamque manu valida lacerare revolſam
Semiviri Phrygis, et foedare in pulvere crines,
Vibratos calido ferro, myrrhaque madentes.
His agitur furiis: totoque ardentis ab ore
Scintillae abſiſtunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.
Mugitus veluti cum prima in praelia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque iraſci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventoſque laceſſit
Ictibus, et ſparſa ad pugnam proludit arena.
Nec minus interea, maternis ſaevus in armis,
Aeneas acuit Martem, et ſe ſuſcitat ira,
Oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
Tum ſocios moeſtique metum ſolatur Iüli,
Fata docens; regique jubet reſponſa Latino
Certa referre viros, et pacis dicere leges.
Poſtera vix ſummos ſpargebat lumine montes

165. *Expounds the fates.*] The deſtinies had determined, that Æneas ſhould be eſtabliſhed in Italy, and that he ſhould lay the firſt foundations of the Roman empire. Turnus was fated to fall a victim to this eſtabliſhment. CATROU.

167. *Scarce had the morn.*] With what magnificence does the poet repreſent the ſun riſing on this important deciſive day! *Scindum*, ſays Servius, *nunquam diem ſic potenter deſcripſiſſe Virgilium.* One would think it ſurpriſing, that the ſpirit of alteration and correction, extravagant as it is, ſhould ſo ſtrangely infatuate ſome commentators, as to perſuade them to read *è latis* for *elatis*; to deſtroy a fine image, for the ſake of becoming the authors of a various reading, however inſipid, and inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of true poetry.

The

The mighty Actor's ſpoil. The hero ſhook
The beamy jav'lin; and with fury ſpoke:
My truſty ſpear, ſtill faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to anſwer my command;
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield!
And mine now throws; the terror of the field!
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But ſtretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain:
Oh! give me, thro' his heart thy point to thruſt,
And ſoil his ſcented treſſes in the duſt,
The coſtly cuiraſs from his breaſt to tear,
And by one noble ſtroke to terminate the war!
  Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flaſh the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his ſtern brows, and puſhes at the air;
And paws the flying ſands, the prelude of the war.
  As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celeſtial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He ſets his ſorrowing friends and ſon at eaſe;
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees;
And inſtant bids the meſſengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.
  Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold!)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;

Orta dies, cum primum alto ſe gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucemque elatis naribus efflant;
Campum ad certamen, magnae ſub moenibus urbis,
Dimenſi Rutulique viri Teucrique parabant,
In medioque focos, et dis communibus aras
Gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
Velati lino, et verbena tempora vincti.

Procedit legio Auſonidum, pilataque plenis
Agmina ſe fundunt portis. hinc Troïus omnis,
Tyrrhenuſque ruit variis exercitus armis:
Haud ſecus inſtructi ferro, quam ſi aſpera Martis
Pugna vocet. necnon mediis in millibus ipſi
Ductores auro volitant oſtroque decori,
Et genus Aſſaraci Mneſtheus, et fortis Aſylas,
Et Meſſapus equûm domitor, Neptunia proles.
Utque, dato ſigno, ſpatia in ſua quiſque receſſit,
Defigunt tellure haſtas, et ſcuta reclinant.
Tum ſtudio effuſae matres, et vulgus inermum,
Invalidique ſenes, turres et tecta domorum
Obſedere: alii portis ſublimibus adſtant.

At Juno e ſummo, qui nunc Albanus habetur,
Tunc neque nomen erat, neque honos, neque gloria monti,
Proſpiciens tumulo, campum aſpectabat, et ambas
Laurentum Troumque acies, urbemque Latini.

187. *The ſign.*] It was highly proper to introduce ſo ſolemn and important a thing as this league, on the keeping which ſacredly, the whole action was to turn, with all the pomp and ſolemnity deſcribed from hence to verſe 250.

195. *Albano's ſhady brows.*] The particularizing this mountain muſt have been highly pleaſing to the Roman readers of this poem.

The

The ſun's fierce ſteeds, high-bounding o'er the ſea,
From their wide noſtrils ſnort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in juſt limits cloſe the liſted ground:
Then verdant altars raiſe to all the pow'rs
Of earth or heav'n, whom either hoſt adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The ſacred fire, and water from the ſpring.
Here, with bright lances, all th' Auſonian train
Pour thro' the op'ning portals to the plain:
The Trojans there, and Tuſcans in array,
And ranks embattled, bend their eager way.
Amid the thouſands with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders ſhine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Aſylas ſtood;
Great Mneſtheus there, of Troy's imperial blood:
There, brave Meſſapus, of immortal ſtrain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The ſign now giv'n thro' each impatient hoſt,
Each chief retires to his appointed poſt.
At eaſe the ſoldiers fall their pond'rous ſhields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields.
Old ſires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crouds on crouds preſs forward thro' the gate.
But from the fam'd Albano's ſhady brows,
(Tho' then without a name the mountain roſe)
The queen of heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hoſts embattled, and the crouded field.

Extemplo Turni ſic eſt affata ſororem,
Diva deam, ſtagnis quae fluminibuſque ſonoris
Praeſidet: hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem
Jupiter erepta pro virginitate ſacravit:
Nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratiſſima noſtro,
Scis, ut te cunctis unam, quaecunque Latinae
Magnanimi Jovis ingratum aſcendere cubile,
Praetulerim, coelique lubens in parte locârim.
Diſce tuum, ne me incuſes, Juturna, dolorem.
Qua viſa eſt fortuna pati, Parcaeque ſinebant
Cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi:
Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis;
Parcarumque dies, et vis inimica, propinquat.

199. *Then to brave Turnus' ſiſter.*] The ſiſter of Turnus was called Juturna. Virgil here relates the accident which was the occaſion of her being ranked among the gods. What gave Virgil an opportunity of forming this fiction was, that near the river Numicus ſprung up a fountain, which was called Juturna *a juvando*, becauſe its waters were of a ſalutary nature. To this nymph a temple was dedicated, and a feaſt inſtituted in honour of her, call'd Juturnalia. CATROU.

See the ſtory of this nymph in Ovid Faſt. 2 585.

Ariſtotle obſerves in his poetics, that there are fewer good than bad women, and that they do more miſchief than ſervice in the world: Virgil hath but too exactly follow'd this opinion. Venus indeed, the mother and protectreſs of Æneas, appears in an amiable light throughout the poem. The Sibyl aſſiſts our hero. Cybele and Andromache have no ill qualities aſcribed to them; but they appear but little. To outweigh this ſmall number of good women, there are many others, repreſented as bad characters, and very unfavourable to the hero. Juno is his grand enemy; ſhe employs Iris, Juturna, and Alecto, to oppoſe his deſigns. Dido endeavour'd to deſtroy him at Carthage; and calls to her aſſiſtance, her ſiſter, her nurſe, and a magician. The harpyes drive him from their iſland. Helen is a peſt, that has ruined both Trojans and Greeks; the Trojan women,

Then to brave Turnus' ſiſter, who preſides
O'er lakes and ſtreams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph, that province was beſtow'd
For her loſt honour, by the thund'ring god)
Her fears the goddeſs of the ſkies expreſs'd;
And thus the regent of the floods addreſs'd:
Queen of the founts and ſtreams, and far above
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Thoſe nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord miſled,
Preſum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee I ſuffer'd in his grace to riſe,
And ſhare th'immortal honours of the ſkies.
With deep concern ſad tidings muſt I bear,
What I muſt grieve to ſpeak, and you to hear.
The Latian ſtate and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my conſtant care.
Now his inevitable hour draws nigh;
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.

Æneas's own ſubjects, ſet fire to his fleet. Amata deſpiſes the commands of the gods, and the will of the king her huſband; and, with the Latin women, is the firſt who kindles the war. Hoſtilities are commenced at the inſtigation of Sylvia. Even the women, who were deareſt to our hero, involved him in great difficulties and ſorrows. At the end of the ſecond book we ſee his affliction for the loſt Creuſa. And Lavinia is the cauſe of all the evils he ſuffers in the laſt ſix books. Bossu, p. 307.

The ladies, I hope, will deſpiſe theſe cruel and groundleſs reflections on their virtuous and amiable ſex, ſince they were made only by a ſolitary prieſt, condemn'd to celibacy, and utterly unacquainted with their excellencies.

216. *Doom'd to die.*] It muſt be own'd, that this line injudiciouſly anticipates the important event of Turnus's death, concerning which the reader ſhould have been kept in ſuſpenſe.

Non pugnam aſpicere hanc oculis, non foedera, poſſum.
Tu pro germano ſi quid praeſentius audes,
Perge: decet. forſan miſeros meliora ſequentur.
Vix ea: cum lacrymas oculis Juturna profudit,
Terque quaterque manu pectus percuſſit honeſtum.
Non lacrymis hoc tempus, ait Saturnia Juno:
Accelera, et fratrem, ſi quis modus, eripe morti:
Aut tu bella cie, conceptumque excute foedus.
Auctor ego audendi. ſic exhortata reliquit
Incertam, et triſti turbatam volnere mentis.
Interea reges (ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis ſex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi ſpecimen. bigis it Turnus in albis,
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
Hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae ſtirpis origo,

218. *Lo! I retire*] Juno was prohibited to concern herſelf in this war. All ſhe does is done indirectly, and by the agency and miniſtry of Juturna. CATROU.

223. *Her ivory breaſt.*] *Honeſtum* is uſed for beautiful, Geo. II. 392.

232. *Twelve golden.*] The twelve ſpikes, in the *corona radialis*, were ſuppoſed in general to allude either to the twelve ſigns of the Zodiac, or the twelve labours of Hercules. Here they bear a particular alluſion to the lineage of Latinus, who was deſcended from the ſun.

237. *The illuſtrious father of the Roman line.*] Virgil is ever looking back on his principal action, that is, the foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy; from whence the Romans were originally derived. This action, I think, is the end of the poem, and the object to which all is referr'd. Critics are divided concerning the main deſign which the poet ought to have in view, when he undertakes an epic poem.

Some pretend that it is the ſole buſineſs of the poet to model an hero of his own, in whom every heroic virtue muſt be centred, for the inſtruction of thoſe perſons, who by

But

But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the ſight.
If thou canſt ſave him yet from death, deſcend:
Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
Fly—and exert the ſiſter and the friend.
She ſaid; Juturna wept, by grief oppreſt,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breaſt.
Fly, Juno cries, and ſtop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and ſnatch him, if you can, from fate.
Nor waſte the hours in tears, and vain deſpair;
Break, break the truce, and wake the ſlumb'ring war.
On me diſcharge the crime.—The goddeſs ſaid;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.
Now came the kings: four ſtately courſers bear,
In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.
Twelve golden rays around his temples ſhone,
To mark his glorious lineage from the ſun.
Young Turnus next appear'd; two ſpears he held,
And two white courſers drew him to the field.
Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
Th' illuſtrious father of the Roman line;

their birth or rank are deſtined to heroic employments. If this was the caſe, Homer, the firſt inventor of the epic, might be eſteem'd the deſtroyer of it; the examples of his heroes contribute much leſs to form the manners, than to corrupt them. This Horace was aware of, when, in his epiſtle to Lollius, he repreſents the vices of the chiefs who ſignaliz'd themſelves in the Iliad:

Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine, & ira,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.

Others imagine, that ſome particular moral truth is the object of an epic poem: as in the fables of Æſop, ſome one

Sidereo flagrans clypeo et coeleſtibus armis,
Et juxta Aſcanius, magna ſpes altera Romae)
Procedunt caſtris, puraque in veſte ſacerdos
Setigerae foetum ſuis intonſamque bidentem
Attulit, admovitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
Illi, ad ſurgentem converſi lumina ſolem,
Dant fruges manibus ſalſas, et tempora ferro
Summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.
Tum pius Aeneas ſtricto ſic enſe precatur:
Eſto nunc ſol teſtis, et haec mihi terra vocanti,
Quam propter tantos potui perferre labores:

maxim and precept for the conduct of life is inculcated in each ſtory.

But it appears from Ariſtotle, that the *action* is what conſtitutes the eſſence of the *epopœia*, and is the chief object of the poet's deſign. The re-eſtabliſhment of the peace of a family and kingdom, which had been diſturbed by the importunate ſuitors of Penelope, is one *action*; the foundation of a Trojan colony in Italy, and, by means of that, the foundation afterwards of Rome itſelf, is another *action*. This is therefore the principal deſign of the Greek and Latin poet. 'Tis true, each of theſe *actions* convey ſome particular moral; and what *action* does not? One may moralize on every ſubject in the world. In a word, what Ariſtotle ſays is expreſly this:—The poets do not feign an action for the ſake of the manners; but the inſtruction of the manners follows the *action*. Catrou.

A ſenſible writer obſerves, that, although we cannot fix upon one ſingle moral leſſon, as the ſole intention of the Iliad, Odyſſey, and Æneid; it ought not from hence to be concluded, their authors had no deſign at all, farther than to compoſe an amuſing ſtory. If we conſider the immenſe variety of uſeful obſervations, which may be drawn from a diligent examination of every part of the conduct of the ſeveral perſons in the Iliad only, it is not to be conceived, how the writer by mere accident, and without any expreſs deſign, could poſſibly lay together ſo copious a fund for the moſt in-

High

High in his hand the ſtarry buckler rais'd;
And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd.
With him his ſon Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's majeſtic race.
Slow the proceſſion moves: the ſacred prieſt
Stood by his altar, in the linen veſt;
A tender lamb for ſacrifice preferr'd,
And a young victim from the briſtly herd.
They turn their faces to the dawning day;
The ſalted cakes with ſolemn rev'rence pay;
The victims ſign'd; the foremoſt hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the firſt libations threw.
Then the great Trojan prince unſheath'd his ſword,
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd.
Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
Great ſource of day, be witneſs to my vow!

ſtructive moral reflections. The diſtinction which ought here to be made, is between allowing, in theſe poems, no other intention than to exemplify ſome general maxim relating to mens conduct, and the more extenſive deſign of exhibiting ſome finiſh'd picture of life, wherein may be expoſed to view, not only the natural conſequences of human actions, but the tempers and the paſſions of men, with the internal motives both to good actions, and to thoſe deviations from the general principles of virtue, which we daily ſee and lament in the world.

PEMBERTON on epic poetry, p. 19.

252. *Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,*
Great ſource of day, be witneſs to my vow!]

In this ſolemn manner the oath of Calypſo is introduced, Odyſſ. B. V.

Ισω νυν τοδε γαια, και ουρανος ευρυς υπερθεν.
But hear, o earth! and hear, ye ſacred ſkies!

POPE.

Et

Et pater omnipotens, et tu, Saturnia Juno,
Jam melior, jam, diva, precor: tuque, inclyte Mavors,
Cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, ſub numine torques:
Fonteſque, fluvioſque voco, quaeque aetheris alti
Relligio, et quae caeruleo ſunt numina ponto:
Ceſſerit Auſonio ſi fors victoria Turno,
Convenit Evandri victos diſcedere ad urbem:
Cedet Iulus agris; nec poſt arma ulla rebelles
Aeneadae referent, ferrove haec regna laceſſent.
Sin noſtrum annuerit nobis victoria Martem,
Ut potius reor, et potius di numine firment,
Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec mihi regna peto. paribus ſe legibus ambas
Invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
Sacra deoſque dabo: ſocer arma Latinus habeto,
Imperium ſolenne ſocer: mihi moenia Teucri
Conſtituent, urbique dabit Lavinia nomen.
Sic prior Aeneas: ſequitur ſic deinde Latinus,
Suſpiciens coelum, tenditque ad ſidera dextram:
Haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, ſidera, juro,
Latonaeque genus duplex, Janumque bifrontem,
Vimque deûm infernam, et duri ſacraria Ditis:
Audiat haec genitor, qui foedera fulmine ſancit:

* Rapin allows this to be an inſtance of true ſublimity; and I muſt confeſs, that there is ſomething more awful in it, than in Virgil's copy. The like expreſſion is found in Deuteronomy, "Hear, o heavens, the words that I ſpeak, and "let the earth hear the words of my mouth!"

Al-

Almighty king of heav'n, and queen of air
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r);
Thou Mars, inthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and maſter of the fight;
Ye ſprings, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden ſky;
Hear, and atteſt! if, victor in the fray,
The Daunian leader gains the glorious day,
My ſon his claim of empire ſhall releaſe;
My Trojan ſubjects ſhall depart in peace.
But ſhould the conqueſt prove my happy lot,
(For ſo I think, and heav'n confirm the thought!)
The Latians never ſhall my rule obey;
Already I diſclaim th' imperial ſway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation ceaſe,
And join in leagues of everlaſting peace.
To king Latinus I reſign the care,
The pomp of ſtate, with all concerns of war,
And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
And the religious province, ſhall be mine.
For me my Trojan friends a town ſhall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's Name,
Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the ſkies.
By the ſame oath, by heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whoſe bolts avenge the broken vow!

Tango

Tango aras; medioſque ignes et numina teſtor:
Nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet,
Quo res cunque cadent: nec me vis ulla volentem
Avertet; non, ſi tellurem effundat in undas
Diluvio miſcens, coelumque in Tartara ſolvat:
Ut ſceptrum hoc, dextra ſceptrum nam forte gerebat,
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta neque umbras,
Cum ſemel in ſilvis imo de ſtirpe reciſum
Matre caret, poſuitque comas et brachia ferro:
Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro
Incluſit, patribuſque dedit geſtare Latinis.

295. *Sure, as this ſceptre.*] I agree with Mr. Pope, that this paſſage does not come up to the ſpirit and propriety of that in Homer, from whence Virgil copied it. Scaliger, on a compariſon of the diction only, gives the preference to Virgil, B. V. Poet. c. 4. But, ſays Mr. Pope, it fails in a greater point than any he has mentioned; which is, that being there us'd on occaſion of a peace, it has no emblematical reference to diviſion, and yet deſcribes the cutting of the wood, and its incapacity to bloom and branch again, in as many words as Homer. It is borrowed by Valerius Flaccus; in his third book; where he makes Jaſon ſwear, as a warrior, by his ſpear:

Hanc ego magnanimi ſpolium Didymaonis haſtam,
Ut ſemel eſt avulſa jugis, a matre peremta,
Quæ neque jam frondes virides neque proferet umbras,
Fida miniſteria, & duras obit horrida pugnas,
Teſtor ——

And indeed, however he may here borrow ſome expreſſions from Virgil, or fall below him in others, he has nevertheleſs kept to Homer in the emblem, by introducing the oath upon Jaſon's grief for ſailing to Colchis with Hercules; when he had ſeparated him from the body of the Argonauts, to ſearch after Hylas. Ruæus obſerves, that Virgil ſhould have ſpar'd ſo minute and particular a deſcription of the ſceptre. What he means by this is, I ſuppoſe, the *Artificis manus ære decoro incluſit*. But that circumſtance adds to the

To

To ſanctify my word, behold! I ſtand,
And on theſe hallow'd altars lay my hand:
Whate'er enſues, misfortune or ſucceſs,
No time ſhall break this ſolemn league of peace,
Nor ſhake my purpoſe; but intire, and whole,
I'll keep the ſacred tenor of my ſoul;
No art ſhall win me, and no pow'r compel;
Not, tho' the golden ſkies ſhould plunge to hell;
Yon ſtarry ſplendors from their ſpheres ſhould fall,
And ocean ſpread his waters o'er the ball.
Firm is the ſword, and ſure the oath I ſwore;
Sure, as this ſceptre ne'er ſhall flouriſh more;
No more its verdant honours ſhall renew,
Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
Now by the artiſt's hand adorn'd with braſs,
And worn ſucceſſive by our regal race!

impoſſibility of its ever ſprouting again, and ſhould be look'd upon as mentioned by Virgil on that account. Ariſtotle, Polit. 3. tells us, that it was cuſtomary for kings to ſwear by their ſceptres. Hamlet, according to the antient cuſtom of his country, ſwears by his ſword. See Upton upon Shakeſpeare.

299. *And worn ſucceſſive.*] In the ſimplicity of the earlier ages of the world, the ſceptres of kings were really no other than long walking-ſtaves; and thence had the very name of ſceptre, which now ſounds ſo magnificently (Σκηπτρον απο τυ σκηπτεσθαι). The old ſceptres being as long as an hunting-pole, may ſerve to explain ſome expreſſions in Virgil, relateing to king Latinus's ſceptre; which would not be ſo proper, if applied to a truncheon, or a modern ſceptre:

Ut ſceptrum hoc, &c.——

It was a whole young tree, cut from the root, and ſtript of its branches.

Polymetis, Dial. 6. p. 51.

Talibus

Talibus inter ſe firmabant foedera dictis,
Conſpectu in medio procerum. tum rite ſacratas
In flammam jugulant pecudes, et viſcera vivis
Eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
At vero Rutulis impar ea pugna videri
Jamdudum, et vario miſceri pectora motu:
Tum magis, ut propius cernunt non viribus aequis.
Adjuvat, inceſſu tacito progreſſus, et aram
Suppliciter venerans demiſſo lumine, Turnus,
Tabenteſque genae, et juvenali in corpore pallor.
Quem ſimul ac Juturna ſoror crebreſcere vidit
Sermonem, et vulgi variare labantia corda:
In medias acies formam aſſimulata Camerti,
Cui genus a proavis ingens, clarumque paternae
Nomen erat virtutis, et ipſe acerrimus armis,
In medias dat ſeſe acies, haud neſcia rerum,
Rumoreſque ſerit varios, ac talia fatur:
Non pudet, o Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus aequi
Non ſumus? en omnes et Troës et Arcades hic ſunt,
Fataliſque manus infenſa Etruria Turno:
Vix hoſtem, alterni ſi congrediamur, habemus.

The princes thus the ſolemn compact bound
By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
The prieſts before the fires the victims ſlay;
Eager the ſmoking entrails rend away;
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay.
But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears oppreſt,
And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breaſt.
Long ſince they ſaw their prince o'er-match'd in might,
And curs'd the terms of ſuch unequal fight.
Their dread increaſes, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear.
Trembling, aghaſt, he moves with ſilent pace:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all his face.
Cloſe by the altar's ſide, in care profound,
His penſive eyes he fixt upon the ground.
Soon as the ſiſter ſaw the giddy croud
Had chang'd their minds, and ſpoke their fears aloud;
In great Camertes' form, of high renown
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidſt the murmuring bands ſhe took,
Inflam'd their rage, and thus the hoſt beſpoke:
What ſhame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole ſucceſs of war!
Behold the utmoſt force the foe can boaſt,
The few poor relics of their ſhatter'd hoſt.
Heav'ns!—can we ſhrink from ſuch a ſlender pow'r!
Are not our men the ſame? our numbers more?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!

Ille quidem ad ſuperos, quorum ſe devoret aris,
Succedet fama, vivuſque per ora feretur:
Nos, patria amiſſa, dominis parere ſuperbis
Cogemur, qui nunc lenti conſedimus arvis.
Talibus incenſa eſt juvenum ſententia dictis
Jam magis atque magis; ſerpitque per agmina murmur.
Ipſi Laurentes mutati, ipſique Latini.
Qui ſibi jam requiem pugnae rebuſque ſalutem
Sperabant, nunc arma volunt, foeduſque precantur
Infectum, et Turni ſortem miſerantur iniquam.
His aliud majus Juturna adjungit, et alto
Dat ſignum coelo: quo non praeſentius ullum
Turbavit mentes Italas, monſtroque fefellit.
Namque volans rubra fulvus Jovis ales in aethra
Litorias agitabat aves, turbamque ſonantem
Agminis aligeri; ſubito cum lapſus ad undas
Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
Arrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque volucres
Convertunt clamore fugam, mirabile viſu,
Aetheraque obſcurant pennis, hoſtemque per auras,
Facta nube, premunt; donec vi victus, et ipſo
Pondere defecit, praedamque ex unguibus ales
Projecit fluvio, penituſque in nubila fugit.
Tum vero augurium Rutuli clamore ſalutant,

345. *In pomp a tow'ring eagle.*] This augury was neceſſary, to make ſo ſudden, and, at the ſame time ſo irreligious a change, the more probable, and ſuitable to truth. Virgil never fails of a due decorum. The words *mentes Italas* ſhould be particularly obſerved; the Italians were more credulous with regard to auguries, than other nations. The manner of divining events by the flight of birds took its riſe, it is ſaid, from Etruria. Catrou.

'Tis

'Tis true, your hero to the gods ſhall riſe,
A ſelf-devoted victim to the ſkies.
Yet the brave chief eternal praiſe ſhall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame:
While we, O ſhame! a baſe degen'rate hoſt,
Look tamely on, and ſee our country loſt!
Stretch our vile hands to ſervitude abhorr'd,
And court the bondage of a foreign lord!
This fiery ſpeech inflam'd the liſt'ning train;
Thro' all the hoſt the gath'ring murmur ran.
Now chang'd, the Latians wiſh for peace no more,
But long to break the league they fought before.
They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare
With eager ardour to renew the war.
His ſiſter ſent (the tumult to improve)
A falſe deluſive omen from above.
In pomp a tow'ring eagle ſoars on high,
And ſudden, ſhooting from th' ethereal ſky,
Drives a vaſt flock of watry fowls before,
On ſounding wings, along the winding ſhore;
Then, where the floods in ſoft meanders ran,
In his huge talons truſs'd a ſilver ſwan.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Latian bands in courage riſe,
When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes)
Turn, and purſue the victor thro' the ſkies.
Preſt by the foe, incumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aëreal way;
With ſhouts the Latians hail th' auſpicious ſight,
Range all their troops, and haſten to the fight.

Expediuntque manus: primuſque Tolumnius augur,
Hoc erat, hoc votis, inquit, quod ſaepe petivi.
Accipio agnoſcoque deos. me, me duce, ferrum
Corripite, o Rutuli, quos improbus advena bello
Territat, invalidas ut aves, et litora veſtra
Vi populat. petet ille fugam, penituſque profundo
Vela dabit. vos unanimi denſete catervas,
Et regem vobis pugna defendite raptum.
Dixit, et adverſos telum contorſit in hoſtes
Procurrens: ſonitum dat ſtridula cornus, et auras
Certa ſecat. ſimul hoc, ſimul ingens clamor, et omnes
Turbati cunei, calefactaque corda tumultu.
Haſta volans, ut forte novem pulcherrima fratrum
Corpora conſtiterant contra, quos fida crearat
Una tot Arcadio conjux Tyrrhena Gilippo;
Horum unum ad medium, teritur qua ſutilis alvo
Balteus, et latetum juncturas fibula mordet,
Egregium forma juvenem et fulgentibus armis
Tranſadigit coſtas, fulvaque effundit arena.
At fratres, animoſa phalanx, accenſaque luctu,
Pars gladios ſtringunt manibus, pars miſſile ferrum
Corripiunt, caecique ruunt: quos agmina contra

359. *Tolumnius cry'd*] To ſhew the force of this omen, Virgil repreſents the augur himſelf as deceived by it, and as the firſt man who begins an act of hoſtility. The conduct of Virgil is admirable in feigning him to kill one out of the nine Arcadian brethren, who were rang'd together; as they muſt conſequently revenge his death, in doing which a commotion is naturally raiſed, ſufficient to involve both armies in a general engagement. The eight men are inſtantly intereſted in the death of one man. If any common one of no

'Tis

'Tis what I wiſh'd, the long-expected ſign,
(Tolumnius cry'd) I thank the pow'rs divine.
Riſe, follow me, my friends, your aid ſupply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While thro' your waſted ſhores the victor ſweeps;
Who now ſhall ſoon ruſh headlong to the deeps.
Haſte; ſave your leader from the fatal fray;
Cloſe, cloſe your ranks; engage; and win the day.
He ſaid; ſprung forth; and 'midſt the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whiſtled as it flew.
Tumultuous ſhouts purſue the parting ſpear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.
Nine brave Arcadians at their ſquadrons head,
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuſcan bed,
Shone in the front; the ſpear impetuous flew
Amidſt the brothers, and the youngeſt ſlew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury caſt,
Beneath the belt the ſteely jav'lin paſt,
Transfix'd the ſtripling with a deadly wound,
And ſtretch'd him pale, and gaſping, on the ground.
All fir'd with vengeance for their brother ſlain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.
Some draw the glitt'ring ſword, and ſome advance
With the broad ſpear, and ſhake the flaming lance.
With equal ſpeed, their ardor to oppoſe,
Pour forth in endleſs tides the Latian foes.

connexions, *vilis aliquis* (as Servius terms it), had been killed, his death might have been conſider'd as a circumſtance too trifling to be the occaſion of breaking ſo ſolemn a league.

Procurrunt Laurentum. hinc denſi rurſus inundant
Troës, Agyllinique, et pictis Arcades armis.
Sic omnes amor unus habet decernere ferro.
Diripuere aras: it toto turbida coelo
Tempeſtas telorum, ac ferreus ingruit imber:
Crateraſque focoſque ferunt. fugit ipſe Latinus,
Pulſatos referens infecto fœdere divos.
Infrenant alii currus, aut corpora ſaltu
Subjiciunt in equos, et ſtrictis enſibus adſunt.
Meſſapus, regem regiſque inſigne gerentem,
Tyrrhenum Auleſten, avidus confundere foedus,
Adverſo proterret equo: ruit ille recedens,
Et miſer oppoſitis a tergo involvitur aris
In caput inque humeros. at fervidus advolat haſta
Meſſapus, teloque orantem multa trabali
Deſuper altus equo graviter ferit, atque ita fatur:
Hoc habet: haec melior magnis data victima divis.
Concurrunt Itali, ſpoliantque calentia membra.
Obvius ambuſtum torrem Chorinaeus ab ara
Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo plagamque ferenti

413. *And at bold Chorinæus.*] Mr. Pope, in his obſervations on Homer's catalogue of ſhips, juſtly cenſures Virgil for not having in ſome places ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed his heroes who have the ſame name. Thus in B. IX. ver. 571. *orig.* a Chorinæus is killed by Aſylas; and here a Chorinæus kills Ebuſus: a Numa is found among the ſlain, after the expedition of Niſus and Euryalus; and another Numa is purſued by Æneas, B. X. v. 562. Homer (ſays Mr. Pope) is conſtantly careful to diſtinguiſh two of a name, ſo that one ſhall not be miſtaken for the other, as Ajax Oileus, and Ajax Telamonius.

As ſwift th' Arcadian troops, with ſculptur'd ſhields,
Ruſh'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Strait to their enſigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.
The madding croud the ſacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; toſs the fires around;
And ſeize the goblets; while the jav'lins fly
In iron ſtorms, and tempeſt all the ſky.
The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the courſers to the car with ſpeed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the ſnorting ſteed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright ſwords, and headlong ruſh to fight.
Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Meſſapus ſpurr'd his thund'ring horſe
Full on Auleſtes, with a furious ſpring,
Who wore the royal enſigns of a king;
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in duſt, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid ſpeed,
Shook his huge ſpear, and, bending from the ſteed,
Tranſfixt the monarch; then, inſulting, cries;
He bleeds!—this victim ſure muſt pleaſe the ſkies!
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corſe, and bear the ſpoils away.
Then, as the mighty Ebuſus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus ſhook the ſpear,

Occupat os flammis. illi ingens barba reluxit,
Nidoremque ambuſta dedit. ſuper ipſe ſecutus
Caeſariem laeva turbati corripit hoſtis,
Impreſſoque genu nitens terrae applicat ipſum;
Sic rigido latus enſe ferit. Podalirius Alſum
Paſtorem, primaque acie per tela ruentem,
Enſe ſequens nudo, ſuperimminet: ille ſecuri
Adverſi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
Diſcidit, et ſparſo late rigat arma cruore.
Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
Somnus; in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.
At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
Nudato capite, atque ſuos clamore vocabat.
Quo ruitis? quaeve iſta repens diſcordia ſurgit?
O, cohibete iras: ictum jam foedus, et omnes
Compoſitae leges: mihi jus concurrere ſoli;
Me ſinite, atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
Firma manu: Turnum jam debent haec mihi ſacra.
Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce, viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum qua pulſa manu, quo turbine adacta;
Quis tantam Rutulis laudem, caſuſne, deuſne,

430. *But the juſt.*] The character of Æneas is well ſupported by this circumſtance, of making him exclaim with grief, and eager concern, at the breaking the league.

He

He ruſh'd againſt him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and daſh'd it on his face.
Thro' ambient air a noiſome ſcent expires,
As the long beard ſhrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he ſtood with ſudden darkneſs round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then ſeiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful faulchion in his ſide.
From Podalirius, eager to purſue,
Thro' the firſt ranks, the ſhepherd Alſus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his ax deſcending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful ſtroke his ſhatter'd ſkull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirſty ſands are dreneh'd with ſtreams of gore.
An iron ſleep came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And wrapt the warrior in eternal night.
But the juſt Trojan prince, amidſt the band,
Without his helmet ruſh'd, and ſtretch'd his hand:
Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms ſtand fixt; the combat is my own.
Diſmiſs your fears; nor my revenge purſue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due.
That victim, theſe religious rites demand,
Already ſacred to this conqu'ring hand.
While yet he ſpoke; loud-hiſſing thro' the ſkies,
With thirſty rage, a feather'd arrow flies;
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame.
None knew, what fortune, or aſſiſting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe beſtow'd,

Attulerit, preſſa eſt inſignis gloria facti;
Nec ſeſe Aeneae jactavit volnere quiſquam.
Turnus, ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine vidit,
Turbatoſque duces, ſubita ſpe fervidus ardet:
Poſcit equos, atque arma ſimul; ſaltuque ſuperbus
Emicat in currum, et manibus molitur habenas.
Multa virûm volitans dat fortia corpora letho:
Semineces volvit multos, aut agmina curru
Proterit, aut raptas fugientibus ingerit haſtas.
Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes,

446. *The chiefs aſtoniſh'd, Turnus now beheld.*] The abſence of Æneas revives the courage of Turnus. He is once more a conqueror, as he was before when Æneas was in Etruria. This is what may be called an indirect praiſe of the hero, which Virgil learn'd from Homer. The abſence of Achilles gives the victory to the Trojans in the Iliad; as the Latins, in the Æneid, are always maſters of the field, when Æneas is abſent. Catrou.

458. *As when on Hebrus' banks.*] I cannot help giving the reader an opportunity of comparing Dryden's tranſlation of this ſublime ſimile with that before us:

Thus on the banks of Hebrus freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Claſhing his ſword againſt his brazen ſhield,
Lets looſe the reins, and ſcours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courſers fly;
Groans the ſad earth, reſounds the rattling ſky:
Wrath, Terror, Treaſon, Tumult, and Deſpair,
Dire faces and deform'd, ſurround the car,
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

Theſe lines partake of the fire of the original: but the

— *Gemit ultima pulſu Thraca pedum,*

is a circumſtance unluckily omitted. And here it will not be improper to obſerve, that Mr. Dryden has given a much more labour'd and correct tranſlation of this book, than of

Nor

Nor one in all the mighty hoſt was found,
Who claim'd the merit of ſo baſe a wound.
The chiefs aſtoniſh'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field:
High hopes of conqueſt in his boſom riſe;
Strait for his courſers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the looſe reins, and ruſhes to the war.
Raging he ſpreads the growing ſlaughter round:
Some foes expire; ſome welter on the ground:
Some fly—in vain! for, ſwifter than the wind,
His winged lance arreſts 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the proſtrate foes the hero rolls
His whirling wheels, and cruſhes out their ſouls.
As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;

any of the former. In his poſtſcript to the reader he tells us, "If the laſt Æneid ſhine among its fellows, 'tis owing "to the commands of Sir W. Trumbull, one of the princi- "pal ſecretaries of ſtate, who recommended it as his fa- "vourite to my care; and for his ſake particularly I have "made it mine." And afterwards, "Being invited by that "worthy gentleman Sir W. Bowyer, at Denham Court, I "tranſlated the firſt Georgic at his houſe, and the greateſt "part of the laſt Æneid. A more friendly entertainment "no man ever found: no wonder therefore if both thoſe "verſions ſurpaſs the reſt, &c." From hence we may reaſonably conclude, that want of leiſure and the conveniences of life occaſioned many of the negligencies and inaccuracies to be found in his tranſlation: but at the ſame time, it muſt be own'd, that an unwearied ſpirit, and a fire truly poetical, runs thro' the whole. It will perhaps be ſuperfluous to add, that Shakeſpear ſeems to have had this image of Mars in his eye, in the prologue to Henry V. ver. 5.

Bella

Bella movens, immittit equos; illi aequore aperto
Ante notos zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum: circumque atrae Formidinis ora,
Iraeque, Inſidiaeque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.
Talis equos alacer media inter praelia Turnus
Fumantes ſudore quatit, miſerabile! caeſis
Hoſtibus inſultans: ſpargit rapida ungula rores
Sanguineos, miſtaque cruor calcatur arena.
Jamque neci Sthenelumque dedit, Thamyrimque, Pholumque:
Hunc congreſſus, et hunc; illum eminus: eminus ambos
Imbraſidas, Glaucum atque Laden; quos Imbraſus ipſe
Nutrierat Lycia, paribuſque ornaverat armis,
Vel conferre manum, vel equo praevertere ventos.
Parte alia media Eumedes in praelia fertur,
Antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis,
Nomine avum referens, animo manibuſque parentem;

Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leaſht in like hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employments. ——

The circumſtance of Famine, Sword, and Fire, ſubmiſſively waiting the orders of their maſter, when they ſhould be let looſe to action, is new and ſublime.

On occaſion of this fine ſimile, I would obſerve from Mr. Pope, that this is one of thoſe compariſons that draw along with them ſome foreign circumſtances. We muſt not often expect from Homer and Virgil, thoſe minute reſemblances in every branch of a compariſon, which are the pride of modern ſimiles. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeneſs, be preſerved; they affect, as to the reſt, rather to preſent the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. They are ſure to

Frowns,

Frowns, ſhouts, and, claſhing on his dreadful ſhield,
Laſhes his fiery courſers to the field;
The ſteeds devour the ground, out-ſtrip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the ſtorm behind:
Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious courſe,
Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horſe;
Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghaſtly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
So drove ſtern Turnus with reſiſtleſs might,
His ſmoking courſers o'er the field of fight;
Their rapid hoofs thro' heaps of carnage tore;
Plung'd deep into the ſands, diſtain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they daſh the bloody duſt around.
Now hapleſs Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he ſent bold Sthenelus to hell.
Theſe, hand to hand, he ſlew, approaching near;
The laſt, at diſtance, with his pointed ſpear:
At diſtance both th' Imbraſidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant ſire:
In cloſer fight, the dauntleſs warriors join'd;
Or diſtanc'd with their ſteeds the winged wind.
There with high vaunts ruſh'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's ſon.
Baſe as his father, with his grandſire's name,
The recreant ſoldier ſought the field of fame,

make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under-parts; like thoſe free painters who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very ſignificant ſtrokes, that give form and ſpirit to all the piece.

Qui

Qui quondam, caſtra ut Danaûm ſpeculator adiret,
Auſus Pelidae pretium ſibi poſcere currus.
Illum Tydides alio pro talibus auſis
Affecit pretio: nec equis aſpirat Achillis.
Hunc procul ut campo Turnus conſpexit aperto,
Ante levi jaculo longum per inane ſecutus,
Siſtit equos bijuges, et curru deſilit, atque
Semianimi lapſoque ſupervenit; et, pede collo
Impreſſo, dextrae mucronem extorquet, et alto
Fulgentem tinguit jugulo, atque haec inſuper addit:
En, agros, et, quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens: haec praemia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic moenia condunt.
Huic comitem Aſbuten, conjecta cuſpide, mittit:
Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilochumque,
Et, ſternacis equi lapſum cervice, Thymoeten.
Ac velut, Edoni Boreae cum ſpiritus alto
Inſonat Aegaeo, ſequiturque ad litora fluctus,
Qua venti incubuere, fugam dant nubila coelo:

But

But with the luckleſs fortune of his ſire,
Who claim'd Pelides' courſers for his hire,
When ſent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, reſign'd his breath,
And ſhar'd a juſter recompence in death!
Him when the Daunian hero ſpy'd from far,
Firſt a light dart he launch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet ſteeds, and, furious, quits the car;
Stood o'er the Trojan, proſtrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the ſword away.
Then thro' his throat the deadly faulchion thruſt,
And thus inſults him grov'ling in the duſt:
Lie there! poſſeſs the land thy valour gains!
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains!
Such, ſuch deſerv'd rewards I ſtill beſtow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
Theſe realms, ye proud preſumptuous ſons of Troy!
Next, by his flying ſpear Aſbutes bled:
A ſecond lance laid mighty Chloreus dead.
In Dares' breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel,
And ſent the bold Therſilochus to hell:
Then pierc'd Thymœtes with a fatal wound,
Whoſe flound'ring ſteed had caſt him to the ground.
As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the ſhores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and ſcatter, thro' the ruffled ſky:

Sic Turno, quacunque viam ſecat, agmina cedunt,
Converſaeque ruunt acies: fert impetus ipſum,
Et criſtam adverſo curru quatit aura volantem.
Non tulit inſtantem Phegeus animiſque frementem:
Objecit ſeſe ad currum, et ſpumantia frenis
Ora citatorum dextra detorſit equorum.
Dum trahitur pendetque jugis, hunc lata retectum
Lancea conſequitur, rumpitque infixa bilicem
Loricam, et ſummum deguſtat volnere corpus.
Ille tamen clypeo objecto converſus in hoſtem
Ibat, et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat:
Cum rota praecipitem, et procurſu concitus axis,
Impulit, effuditque ſolo: Turnuſque ſecutus,
Imam inter galeam ſummi thoracis et oras,
Abſtulit enſe caput, truncumque reliquit arena.
Atque ea dum campis victor dat funera Turnus,
Interea Aenean Mneſtheus et fidus Achates,
Aſcaniuſque comes, caſtris ſtatuere cruentum,
Alternos longa nitentem cuſpide greſſus.
Saevit, et infracta luctatur arundine telum
Eripere, auxilioque viam, quae proxima, poſcit:

540. *Attend the Trojan prince.*] The reader is alarmed at our hero's being wounded at ſo critical a time. His impatience to be healed, and to ruſh again to the battle, and the turn his preſence gives to the army, deſerve to be particularly admired.

541. *As propt, and leaning on the ſpear, he went.*] This is a true interpretation of *nitentem*. The epithet *longa* undoubtedly improves the image, which Dr. Trapp was not aware of, who tranſlates *longa haſta* aſhen ſpear. This line ſeems to have been an hint to Milton, in his deſcription of Satan walking over the burning ſoil of hell:

So

So where bold Turnus ruſh'd, inflam'd with ire,
Their orders ſcatter, and whole hoſts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he ſweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimſon creſt, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind.

No more, in proud diſdain, cou'd Phegeus bear
To ſee the hero rule the tide of war;
But, raſhly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the looſe reins, and turn'd the flying ſteeds.
Him, as ſuſpended on the yoke he hung,
By the ſwift chariot dragg'd in duſt along,
Thro' the bor'd corſlet, the ſharp jav'lin found,
And ras'd the warrior with a ſlender wound.
Yet with his ſhield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandiſh'd ſword aſſaults the foe.
The whirling wheels, with fiery ſpeed impell'd,
Soon ſhoot him headlong on the ſanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd; and his faulchion drew;
Between the cuiraſs and the head it flew:
The guſhing blood diſtains the ſands around,
And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.

Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progreſs held,
Rag'd, ſtorm'd, and reign'd the maſter of the field;
Achates, Mneſtheus, and the royal heir,
Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care
(As propt, and leaning on the ſpear, he went);
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
The ſteel, deep-riveted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,

Enſe

Enſe ſecent lato volnus, telique latebram
Reſcindant penitus, ſeſeque in bella remittant.
Jamque aderat Phoebo ante alios dilectus Iapyx
Iaſides: acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipſe ſuas artes, ſua munera, laetus Apollo,
Augurium, citharamque, dabat, celereſque ſagittas.
Ille, ut depoſiti proferret fata parentis,
Scire poteſtates herbarum uſumque medendi
Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artes.
Stabat, acerba fremens, ingentem nixus in haſtam,
Aeneas, magno juvenum et moerentis Iuli
Concurſu, lacrymis immobilis. ille retorto
Paeonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu,
Multa manu medica, Phoebique potentibus herbis,
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam ſpicula dextra
Solicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit; nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit: et ſaevus campis magis ac magis horror
Crebreſcit, propiuſque malum eſt. jam pulvere coelum
Stare vident; ſubeunt equites, et ſpicula caſtris

His ſpear, to equal which, the talleſt pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the maſt
Of ſome proud ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle. ——

Par. L. B. I.

550. *His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.*]

Augurium, citharamque, dabat, celereſque ſagittas.

Mentioned by Callimachus, in Hymn. Apollin.

Φοιβῳ γαρ και τοξον επιξεπεσθαι, και αοιδην,
Και νιν δε θριαι και μαντιες ——

More

More wide to lay the wound, a paſſage bare,
Unroot the dart, and ſend him to the war.
  Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to beſtow
His lyre, his bays, his preſcience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And preſcient ſkill; but choſe the healing part,
A ſilent, uſeful, tho' inglorious art.
  Unmov'd with all the ſorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty ſpear, th' impatient chief ſuſtains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage, nor heeds the glowing pains.
The ſage now haſtens to the taſk aſſign'd,
And firſt diſpatchful tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the ſmart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands ſolicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart.
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the pray'r;
And nearer every moment pour'd the war.
Thick and more thick the growing horrors riſe;
A cloud of duſt involves the golden ſkies.
The trampling ſteeds, the thund'ring foes, drew nigh,
And 'midſt the camp the ſhow'ring jav'lins fly.

To Apollo belongs the bow, and the art of muſic; and his are the ſtones made uſe of by ſoothſayers.

Denſa cadunt mediis. it triſtis ad aethera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, et duro ſub Marte cadentum.
Hic Venus, indigno nati concuſſa dolore,
Dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres haeſere ſagittae.
Hoc Venus, obſcuro faciem circumdata nimbo,
Detulit: hoc fuſum labris ſplendentibus amnem
Inficit, occulte medicans; ſpargitque ſalubres
Ambroſiae ſuccos, et odoriferam panaceam.
Fovit ea volnus lympha longaevus Iapis
Ignorans; ſubitoque omnis de corpore fugit
Quippe dolor, omnis ſtetit imo volnere ſanguis.
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit, atque novae rediere in priſtina vires.

569. *Foes drew nigh.*] This circumſtance heightens our wounded hero's impatience; as the uneaſineſs he expreſſes, ſhews his warmth and eagerneſs to return to battle.

575. *A branch of ſov'reign dittany.*] The text is here much controverted.

The common editions read *dictamnum genetrix, &c.* Catrou reads, for *dictamnum*, Ipſa manu *genetrix*, in which he follows Donatus. His reaſons for ſuch a reading are; 1. Becauſe the word *dictamnum* is uſeleſs here; for why ſhould the poet mention the proper name of a plant, which he makes a particular deſcription of, ſufficient to diſtinguiſh it from any other? 2. We ſhould read (if we would mention the proper name at all) *dictamni* caulem. 3. *Ipſa manu* gives us a ſtronger idea of maternal care; ſhe cropt this ſalutary plant with her own hand.—All theſe reaſons (ſays Catrou), ſtrengthened by the authority of Donatus, who affirms, that ſome manuſcripts read ſo in his time, have induced me to chooſe this reading. It muſt be added, that there is an objection

The mingling cries from ev'ry part reſound;
Some ſhout, ſome groan, ſome gaſp upon the ground.
Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Deſcends the goddeſs mother on the plain.
A branch of ſov'reign dittany ſhe bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan ſhore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper ſtalk array;
The ſtalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at diſtance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuſes in the golden vaſe;
Tempers with ſcented panacee the whole,
And with ambroſial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the ſage the ſuccour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguiſh paſt away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, tho' deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and anſwers the phyſician's hand.
His former vigour now ſucceeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.

made to the word *dictamnum*, drawn from the deſcription here given of it. Pliny reports, *Flos nullus [dictamno] eſt, aut ſemen, aut caulis*: Theophraſtus gives it flowers; Dioſcorides, c. 32. l. 3. tells us, that it is a Cretan plant of an harſh taſte: that it is ſoft, and like the *pulegium*, penyroyal; but with larger leaves, and thoſe wooly or downy; that it has neither flower nor ſeed; that the juice of it heals wounds made with iron. But Catrou mentions ſome other botanical writers, who deſcribe it according to our poet. For the reſt, ſee Atterbury's Diſſertation at the beginning of this book.

Arma citi properate viro: quid ſtatis? Iapis
Conclamat, primuſque animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non haec humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra,
Proveniunt; neque te, Aenea, mea dextera ſervat:
Major agit deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
Ille avidus pugnae ſuras incluſerat auro
Hinc atque hinc, oditque moras, haſtamque coruſcat.
Poſtquam habilis lateri clypeus, loricaque tergo, eſt,
Aſcanium fuſis circum complectitur armis,
Summaque per galeam delibans oſcula fatur:
Diſce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
Defenſum dabit, et magna inter praemia ducet.
Tu facito, mox cum matura adoleverit aetas,
Sis memor; et te, animo repetentem exempla tuorum,
Et pater Aeneas, et avunculus excitet Hector.
Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis ſeſe extulit ingens,

603. *Had cover'd o'er.*] He had already done it, *incluſerat*: he had not loſt a moment's time.

611. *From me true courage, and in camps to dare,*
From others, learn, my ſon, ſucceſs in war.]

Virgil ſeems to have borrowed this ſentiment from the Ajax of Sophocles, ver. 553.

Ω παι, γενοιο παλιρρους ευτυχεστερος,
Τα δ' αλλ' ομοιος, και γενοιαν η κακος.

There is ſomething highly pleaſing in this ſcene of Sophocles, to behold the ſtern and rugged Ajax melted into tenderneſs at the ſight of his child, whom he begs to ſee when he is juſt recover'd from his madneſs: the whole is extremely pathetic, and puts one in mind of that fine ſtroke of nature in Lucretius, B. V.

—— *Puerique parentum*
Blanditiis facile ingenium fregere ſuperbum.

Fulvius Urſinus obſerves, that Attius, in his *Judgment of the Armour* (a play copied from Æſchylus), makes uſe of the ſame ſentiment:

Virtuti ſis par, diſpar fortunis patris.

Iapis

Iapis firſt perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he ſaw the cure; and firſt impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
Arms for the chief, he cries; prepare his arms;
And inſtant ſend him to the dire alarms.
This cure, great hero, is no work of mine,
Nor mortal art; but done by hands divine.
Thy life ſome guardian god has made his care,
Who ſends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war.
The fierce, impatient prince, had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon ſhook.
High on his arm the heav'nly ſhield he rais'd;
And, on his breaſt, the radiant cuiraſs blaz'd.
Then, with a cloſe embrace he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And kiſs'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun.
From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my ſon, ſucceſs in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name;
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy ſoul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial ſire!
So ſpoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majeſtic, to the field;

Telum immane manu quatiens: ſimul agmine denſo
Antheuſque Mneſtheuſque ruunt; omniſque relictis
Turba fluit caſtris. tum caeco pulvere campus
Miſcetur, pulſuque pedum tremit excita tellus.
Vidit ab adverſo venientes aggere Turnus,
Videre Auſonii; gelidusque per ima cucurrit
Oſſa tremor. prima ante omnes Juturna Latinos
Audiit agnovitque ſonum, et tremefacta refugit.
Ille volat, campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto.
Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto ſidere nimbus
It mare per medium; miſeris, heu! praeſcia longe
Horreſcunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas
Arboribus, ſtragemque ſatis; ruet omnia late:
Ante volant, ſonitumque ferunt ad litora venti.
Talis in adverſos ductor Rhoeteïus hoſtes

637. *As when ſome tempeſt.*] From Homer Iliad. B. iv. 275.

Ως δ' οτ' απο σκοπιης ειδεν νεφος αιπολος ανηρ,
Ερχομενον κατα ποντον υπο Ζεφυροιο ιοντι,
Τω δε τ' ανευθεν εοντι μελαινεσθαι υπερθε
Φαινετ' ιον κατα ποντον, αγει δε τε λαιλαπα πολλην,
Ριγησεν τε ιδων, υπο τε σπεος ηλασε μηλα.

Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gath'ring ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and ſail along the ſkies,
Till black as night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhews,
The cloud condenſing as the weſt wind blows.
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.

Pope, v. 314.

The image of the ſhepherd on the mountain, ſeeing the ſtorm riſing from the ſea, is beautiful, as is the cloſe of this compariſon. But in the Greek poet, the ſoldiers, thickening their files, are compar'd to a ſtorm; in the Roman, the

Shook

Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mneſtheus led th' embattled train,
And all ruſh'd furious to the deathful plain.
Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of duſt involve the region round.
Now Turnus and his hoſt the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' aſtoniſh'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But firſt his ſiſter heard the dreadful ſounds.
Too well ſhe knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train;
And the black ſquadrons darken all the plain.
As when ſome tempeſt o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the ſhores;
With boding hearts the peaſants hear from far
The ſullen murmurs of the diſtant war;
Foreſee the harveſts levell'd with the ground,
And all the foreſts ſpread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious ſtorm behind.
So ſwift, ſo furious, great Æneas flew,
And led againſt the foes the martial crew.

general Æneas is compared to a deſtructive tempeſt. There ſeems to be a kind of proſopopœia in thoſe words:

——— *Dabit ille ruinas*
Arboribus, ſtragemque ſatis; ruet omnia late.

As if the huſbandmen, on ſeeing the ſtorm approach, cried out, "this will deſtroy our trees, our corn, *&c.*"

Agmen agit: denſi cuneis ſe quiſque coactis
Agglomerant. ferit enſe gravem Thymbraeus Oſirim:
Archeſium Mneſtheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates,
Uſentemque Gyas. cadit ipſe Tolumnius augur,
Primus in adverſos telum qui torſerat hoſtes.
Tollitur in coelum clamor; verſique viciſſim
Pulverulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
Ipſe neque averſos dignatur ſternere morti;
Nec pede congreſſos aequo, nec tela ferentes
Inſequitur: ſolum denſa in caligine Turnum
Veſtigat luſtrans, ſolum in certamina poſcit.
Hoc concuſſa metu mentem Juturna virago
Aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiſcum
Excutit, et longe lapſum temone relinquit.
Ipſa ſubit, manibuſque undantes flectit habenas
Cuncta gerens, vocemque, et corpus, et arma Metiſci.
Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis aedes
Pervolat, et pennis alta atria luſtrat, hirundo,
Pabula parva legens, nidiſque loquacibus eſcas:

664. *Hurl'd from his lofty ſeat the charioteer.*] This fiction is imitated from Homer, where Minerva takes the place of Sthenelus in Diomedes's car:

She ſaid, and, to the ſteed approaching near,
Drew from his ſeat the martial charioteer.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car aſcends,
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load,
So great an hero, and ſo great a † god.
She ſnatch'd the reins, ſhe laſh'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horſe.
But firſt, to hide her heav'nly viſage, ſpread
Black Orcus helmet o'er her radiant head.
Pope's Hom. Il. B. V. 1028.

† *Minerva.*

The

The thick'ning ſquadrons, wedg'd in cloſe array,
In one black body win their deſp'rate way.
By Mneſtheus ſlain, in duſt Archeſius lies,
And by Thymbræus' ſword Oſiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Uſens ſped,
And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whoſe fatal ſpear,
Launch'd at the Dardan hoſt, renew'd the war.
A peal of ſhouts, tumultuous, tore the ſky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with diſdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor waſtes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He ſcorns to fight the few, who ſtand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crouds to wound:
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him thro' the duſty cloud.
On this, his anxious ſifter, ſeiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty ſeat the charioteer,
Metiſcus the renown'd; toſt far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harneſs lay.
Herſelf aſſumes his armour, voice, and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.
As the black ſwallow, that, in queſt of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children ſhe provides the feaſt,
To ſtill the clamours of the craving neſt;

This deſcription, it muſt be confeſſed, as much exceeds Virgil's, as Minerva is a more potent divinity than Juturna.

669. *As the black ſwallow.*] This rural ſimile has a good effect in relieving the mind of the reader from the bloody and buſy ſcenes he has juſt been engaged in.

Et

Et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum
Stagna, ſonat. ſimilis medios Juturna per hoſtes
Fertur equis, rapidoque volans obit omnia curru:
Jamque hic germanum, jamque hic, oſtendit ovantem:
Nec conferre manum patitur: volat avia longe.
Haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obvius orbes,
Veſtigatque virum, et diſjecta per agmina magna
Voce vocat. quoties oculos conjecit in hoſtem,
Alipedumque fugam curſu tentavit equorum,
Averſos toties currus Juturna retorſit.
Heu, quid agat! vario nequicquam fluctuat aeſtu,
Diverſaeque vocant animum in contraria curae.
Huic Meſſapus, uti laeva duo forte gerebat
Lenta, levis curſu, praefixa haſtilia ferro,
Horum unum certo contorquens dirigit ictu.
Subſtitit Aeneas, et ſe collegit in arma,
Poplite ſubſidens: apicem tamen incita ſummum
Haſta tulit, ſummaſque excuſſit vertice criſtas.
Tum vero aſſurgunt irae, inſidiiſque ſubactus,
Diverſos ubi ſenſit equos currumque referri,
Multa Jovem, et laeſi teſtatur foederis aras:
Jam tandem invadit medios, et, Marte ſecundo
Terribilis, ſaevam nullo diſcrimine caedem

699. —— *No check, nor bound*
His Fury knew] —— ——
—— *Irarumque omnes effundit habenas.*

Ennius, from whom Virgil borrowed this metaphor, is ſtill bolder:

Irarumque effunde quadrigas.

An expreſſion quite in the Aſiatic ſpirit, and ſo ſublime, that it borders upon extravagance. Virgil has judiciouſly ſoftened this metaphor, and by uſing the word *habenas*, has

Now

Now wild excurſions round the cloyſter takes;
Now, ſportive winds, or ſkims along the lakes:
So flies the goddeſs on the rapid car,
From ſide to ſide, and traverſes the war:
Now here, now there, ſhe brings the chief to fight;
But ſtill ſhe turns him from the fatal fight.
Nor leſs the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes thro' ev'ry various maze;
Thrids all the ſhifting courſe, and breaks the croud
With furious ſpeed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he ſpy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his ſiſter plung'd amid the war.
Where-e'er the Trojan hero bends his courſe;
Averſe, the goddeſs turns the flying horſe.
What ſhould he do? a thouſand thoughts divide
His wav'ring ſoul, that points to ev'ry ſide!
When, lo! Meſſapus croſs'd him in the field,
And in his hand two ſhining jav'lins held.
One, at the prince, with levell'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his ſhield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, ſecure he lay;
But the ſwift jav'lin ſtrikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That ſtill his rival fled, as he purſu'd;
He firſt invok'd the thund'rer to redreſs
The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
Then ruſh'd amid the train; no check nor bound
His fury knew, but ſtretch'd the ſlaughter round.

brought it nearer to common ſenſe, and conſequently ren-
der'd it more pleaſing to the generality of readers, who are

Suſcitat i

Suſcitat; irarumque omnes effundit habenas.
Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes
Diverſas, obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
Inque vicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troïus heros,
Expediat? tanton' placuit concurrere motu,
Jupiter, aeterna gentes in pace futuras?
Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem, ea prima ruentes
Pugna loco ſtatuit Teucros, haud multa moratus,
Excipit in latus, et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
Tranſadigit coſtas et crates pectoris enſem.
Turnus equo dejectum Amycum fratremque Diorem
Congreſſus pedes; hunc venientem cuſpide longa,
Hunc mucrone, ferit; curruque abſciſſa duorum
Suſpendit capita, et rorantia ſanguine portat.
Ille Talon, Tanaïmque neci, fortemque Cethegum,
Tres uno congreſſu, et moeſtum mittit Onyten,
Nomen Echionium, matriſque genus Peridiae.
Hic fratres Lycia miſſos et Apollinis agris,
Et juvenem exoſum nequicquam bella Menoeten
Arcada; piſcoſae cui circum flumina Lernae

apt *verbum aliquod ardens notare.* Mr. Dryden call'd ſuch, his proſe-critics.

703. *What god.*] This addreſs of the poet begging ſome deity to aſſiſt him in deſcribing the enſuing battle, adds great dignity and importance to the narration, and awakens the reader's curioſity and attention. The expoſtulation with Jupiter likewiſe, ver. 708. exceedingly heightens the ſubject.

729. *A ſkilful angler.*] The addition of this circumſtance is quite in the ſpirit of Homer; who generally diverſifies and ſoftens the deſcriptions of his battles, by diſtinguiſhing (as Mr. Pope obſerves) the *profeſſion, buſineſs, age, office, nation, family,* &c. of every warrior that is ſlain. One is a bloom-

The

The faithleſs foes he thinks it vain to ſpare,
And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a looſe to war.
What god will now inſpire me, to diſplay
The rage of death, and horrors of the day?
What crouds of heroes periſh'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, ſlain!
Was it thy will the nations ſhould engage
(Great ſire of heav'n) with ſuch unbounded rage?
So ſoon from war and violence to ceaſe,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlaſting peace?
Æneas firſt ſlew Sucro in the fight,
Whoſe ſword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a ſwift ſtroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly faulchion in his ſide.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Caſt from their ſteed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd;
Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed ſword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore:
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, ſlew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's ſon; and ſunk to hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come;
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was ſlain,
Who ſhunn'd ſo long the dreadful war in vain;
A ſkilful angler; once he made abode,
Bleſs'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.

Ars fuerat, pauperque domus; nec nota potentum
Limina: conductaque pater tellure ferebat.
Ac velut immissi diversis partibus ignes
Arentem in silvam et virgulta sonantia lauro;
Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, et in aequora currunt;
Quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo
Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per praelia: nunc, nunc
Fluctuat ira intus: rumpuntur nescia vinci
Pectora: nunc totis in volnera viribus itur.
Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo. hunc lora et juga subter
Provolvere rotae; crebro super ungula pulsu
Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
Ille ruenti Hyllo animisque immane frementi
Occurrit, telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
Olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro.
Dextera nec tua te, Graiûm fortissime Creteu,
Eripuit Turno: nec di texere Cupencum,
Aenea veniente, sui. dedit obvia ferro
Pectora; nec misero clypei mora profuit aerei.

ing youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a priest, whose piety could not save him; one is a sportsman, whom Diana taught in vain; one is a native of a far distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a noble line, which is to end in his death; one is made remarkable by his boasting, another by his beseeching; and another, who is distinguish'd by nothing else, is mark'd by his habit, and the singularity of his armour. One has left an aged father, another a palace unfinish'd, or a wife he was fond of, or children that will be made captives.

There

There dreſs'd his father, to the great unknown,
A ſtranger field, and furrows not his own.
As the fierce flames thro' the tall foreſt fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the ſky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains ſweep,
Roar down the ſides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight reſiſtleſs, and deſtructive ſway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So thro' the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As ſwift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.
They burſt with wrath; they riſe to ev'ry blow;
They ſend their ſouls with ev'ry lance they throw.
A rock's vaſt weight the great Æneas threw:
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidſt the harneſs, and incumber'd lies:
The courſers ſtartle at the flaming ſword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.
On Hyllus, Turnus ruſh'd with all his might,
As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The jav'lin flew, and ſtung him to the brain:
Nor thee, the braveſt of the Grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, ſav'd from Turnus' hand!
Next fell the prieſt Cupencus in the ſtrife,
Nor his own gods could guard his ſacred life:
Full in his breaſt Æneas plung'd the dart,
That pierc'd the ſhield, and quiver'd in his heart.

Te quoque Laurentes viderunt, Aeole, campi
Oppetere, et late terram conſternere tergo.
Occidis, Argivae quem non potuere phalanges
Sternere, nec Priami regnorum everſor Achilles.
Hic tibi mortis erant metae, domus alta ſub Ida:
Lyrneſſi domus alta, ſolo Laurente ſepulcrum.
Totae adeo converſae acies, omneſque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidae: Mneſtheus, acerque Sereſtus,
Et Meſſapus, equûm domitor, et fortis Aſylas,
Tuſcorumque phalanx, Evandrique Arcades alae,
Pro ſe quiſque viri ſumma nituntur opum vi.
Nec mora, nec requies: vaſto certamine tendunt.
Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima miſit,
Iret ut ad muros, urbique adverteret agmen
Ocius, et ſubita turbaret clade Latinos.
Ille, ut, veſtigans diverſa per agmina Turnum,
Huc atque huc acies circumtulit; aſpicit urbem
Immunem tanti belli, atque impune quietam.

733. *As the fierce flames.*] The accumulation of compariſons carries in it a fine poetical enthuſiaſm. The principal image (ſays Mr. Pope, Il. B. XIV.) is more ſtrongly impreſs'd on the mind, by a multiplication of ſimiles, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very vaſt; but finding no ſingle idea ſufficient to anſwer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the compariſons to ſupply this defect. We have ſeveral inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerved a writer as Virgil. There is a noble chain of ſuch ſimiles in Taſſo, Canto IX. Stanza 22.

Rapido ſi che torbida procella
De cavernoſi monti eſce piu tarda;
Fiumi, ch' alberi inſieme e caſe ſuella;
Folgore, che te torri abbatta, & arda:
Terremoto, che'l mondo empià d'horrore,
Son picciole ſembianza al ſuo furore.

756. *Thy valour, Creteus.*] A Creteus is likewiſe kill'd, B. IX. v. 1050. This ſeems to be a little overſight in the poet. Then

Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus kill'd,
And ſunk, a bulk enormous, on the field!
Whom not the Grecian heroes could deſtroy,
Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with his vengeful ſteel,
Tho' by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.
Here ends his life; his ſtately palace ſtood
Beneath fair Ida's conſecrated wood:
There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.
Now in all parts the martial ſquadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undiſtinguiſh'd rage.
The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuſcan cohorts, and Arcadian horſe,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, ſpread the plain;
Here Mneſtheus, there Sereſtus, fires the train;
Here great Aſylas ſwept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Meſſapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay;
No ſtop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardor grew,
And with freſh vigour to the combat flew.
But Venus now inſpires her godlike ſon
To leave the field, and ſtorm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus thro' the ranks he flies,
From ſide to ſide he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full ſurvey,
Exempt from war, the fenceleſs city lay.

Continuo pugnae accendit majoris imago :
Mneſthea, Sergeſtumque vocat, fortemque Sereſtum,
Ductores, tumulumque capit, quo caetera Teucrûm
Concurrit legio : nec ſcuta, aut ſpicula denſi
Deponunt. celſo medius ſtans aggere fatur :
Ne qua meis eſto dictis mora. Jupiter hac ſtat :
Neu quis ob inceptum ſubitum mihi ſegnior ito.
Urbem hodie, cauſam belli, regna ipſa Latini,
Ni frenum accipere, et victi parere fatentur,
Eruam, et aequa ſolo fumantia culmina ponam.
Scilicet exſpectem, libeat dum praelia Turno
Noſtra pati, rurſuſque velit concurrere victus ?
Hoc caput, o cives, haec belli ſumma nefandi.
Ferte faces propere, foeduſque repoſcite flammis.
Dixerat : atque animis pariter certantibus omnes
Dant cuneum, denſaque ad muros mole feruntur.
Scalae improviſo, ſubituſque apparuit ignis.
Diſcurrunt alii ad portas, primoſque trucidant ;
Ferrum alii torquent, et obumbrant aethera telis.

792. *Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,*
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.]
It was a cuſtom of leaders, to harangue their troops from ſome eminence. This appears from their figures on medals, where we find the inſcription, Adlocvtio ; the ſoldiers being repreſented in arms.

812. *All wedg'd*] One of the figures in which the Romans drew up their battle, was called *cuneus*, when an army was rang'd in the form of a wedge ; the moſt proper to pierce and break the order of an enemy. This too was ſometimes called, *caput porcinum*, which in ſome meaſure it reſembled.

He views the promis'd prize with ſtern delight;
His ſoul takes fire, and kindles at the ſight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a riſing ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample ſhields, and ſhook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader ſpoke.
Attend, and inſtant theſe commands obey;
Inſpir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:
All ſpeed this noble enterprize demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unleſs the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the loweſt ſtone my rage ſhall tear
Yon town, the ſource of this deſtructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance ſhall confound,
And thoſe proud tow'rs lie ſmoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquiſh'd the Rutulian train;
Still muſt I wait till Turnus will be ſlain?
No!—at yon walls the ſure deſtruction aim;
Revenge the broken league with ſword and flame;
Your arms againſt the guilty city bend:
There the dire war began, and there ſhall end.
Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Strait to the town the ſquadrons urge their way.
They toſs the brands, the ſcaling engines rear,
And round the ramparts roſe the ſudden war.
Some to the portals fly with ſpeed, and ſlay
The guards or citizens, who croſs their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
In duſky clouds, and intercept the ſky.

Ipſe inter primos dextram ſub moenia tendit
Aeneas, magnaque incuſat voce Latinum;
Teſtaturque deos, iterum ſe ad praelia cogi;
Bis jam Italos hoſtes, haec altera foedera rumpi.
Exoritur trepidos inter diſcordia cives:
Urbem alii reſerare jubent, et pandere portas
Dardanidis; ipſumque trahunt in moenia regem;
Arma ferunt alii, et pergunt defendere muros.
Incluſas ut cum latebroſo in pumice paſtor
Veſtigavit apes, fumoque implevit amaro;
Illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea caſtra
Diſcurrunt, magniſque acuunt ſtridoribus iras.
Volvitur ater odor tectis; tum murmure caeco
Intus ſaxa ſonant: vacuas it fumus ad auras.
Accidit haec feſſis etiam fortuna Latinis,
Quae totam luctu concuſſit funditus urbem.
Regina ut tectis venientem proſpicit hoſtem,
Inceſſi muros, ignes ad tecta volare;

822. *Compell'd.*] This circumſtance artfully juſtifies the hero's undertaking.

832. *So when.*] This ſimile is taken from Apollonius Rhodius [Argonautic. L. I. v. 130.]; a poet, ſays Catrou, very rich in beautiful compariſons.

Ως δ' ὅτε μελισσάων σμήνος μέγα μηλοβοτῆρες,
Ἢε μελισσοκόμοι πέτρῃ ἐνι κάπνισσιν,
Αἱ δ' ἤτοι τῆσις μὲν ἀολλέες ὠὲ ἐνὶ σιμβλῳ
Βομβηδὸν κλονέονται, ἐπὶ πρὸ δὲ λιγυόεντι
Καπνῷ τυφόμεναι πέτρης ἔκας αἰσσέουσιν.

Which I have here attempted to tranſlate:

As when the ſwains, of honey ſtudious, ſtrive
To chaſe the ſwarms from ſome deep cavern'd hive,
Sudden, impatient of the riſing fumes,
Thick and more thick, they preſs within the waxen rooms;
Then from their ſmoky cells tumultuous pour,
And to the ſkies, releas'd, in airy circles tow'r.

Æneas

Æneas rais'd his hand, amid the croud,
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obteſting heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a ſecond war began.

But mad confuſions in the city riſe:
'Tis tumult all; for all at once adviſe.
Theſe arm, and fly to guard the walls; and thoſe,
More loud, demand admiſſion for the foes.
Some, to renew the peace, with clamours bring
Ev'n to the gates the helpleſs hoary king.

So when the ſwain invades, with ſtifling ſmoke,
The bees cloſe-cluſter'd in a cavern'd rock,
They riſe; and, trembling for th' endanger'd ſtate,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous ſwarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarſe alarms.
The ſteams offenſive roll the cells around;
Their ſullen murmurs thro' the rock reſound;
While, thick'ning, thro' the cleft the ſmokes ariſe,
And in a length of vapours mount the ſkies.

But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new miſchance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempeſt fly;

Virgil, according to cuſtom, has heighten'd every circumſtance. *Trepidæ rerum*, ſays Dr. Trapp, is a delicate poetical elegancy, for *Solicitæ de rebus ſuis*. Our poet never ſpeaks of his favourite bees without a ſeeming pleaſure, and in a labour'd ſtile.

Nuſquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni:
Infelix pugnae juvenem in certamine credit
Extinctum; et, ſubito mentem turbata dolore,
Se cauſam clamat, crimenque, caputque malorum:
Multaque per moeſtum demens effata furorem,
Purpureos moritura manu diſcindit amictus,
Et nodum informis lethi trabe nectit ab alta.
Quam cladem miſerae poſtquam accepere Latinae,
Filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crines
Et roſeas laniata genas; tum caetera circum
Turba furit. reſonant late plangoribus aedes.
Hinc totam infelix vulgatur fama per urbem:
Demittunt mentes: it ſciſſa veſte Latinus,
Conjugis attonitus fatis, urbiſque ruina,
Canitiem immundo perfuſam pulvere turpans:
Multaque ſe incuſat, qui non acceperit ante
Dardanium Aenean, generumque aſciverit ultro.
Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus
Palantes ſequitur paucos, jam ſegnior, atque

854. *Then on a lofty beam.*] Some nicer critics are highly offended, that Virgil ſhould ſend Amata out of the world in ſo vulgar a manner. But this objection is owing to a want of conſidering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. In Apollonius Rhod. Argonaut. B. I. Clyte, wife to Cyzicus king of the Dolonians, hangs herſelf, v. 1063, &c. as does Jocaſta in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey. In the Oedipus of Sophocles likewiſe Jocaſta dies in the ſame manner:

Ου δη κρεμαστην την γυναικ' εσειδομεν
Πλεκταις εωραις εμπεπλεγμενην. ver. 1286.

856. *Soon thro'.*] The circumſtances of the diſtreſs conſequent upon Amata's death, are finely choſen, eſpecially Lavinia's grief. The picture of the old pious monarch weeping, tearing his robes, and ſpreading duſt over his hoary head, is very affecting; and with how much conſiſtency of character

The

The ramparts ſtorm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look ſhe caſt, but caſt in vain!
And in her fears concludes the hero ſlain;
She raves againſt the gods in wild deſpair;
She calls herſelf the auth'reſs of the war:
A thouſand plaints ſhe vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The nooſe diſhoneſt, and obſcenely dy'd.
Soon thro' the court the dreadful rumour ran;
With frantic ſorrow rave the female train.
Struck with ſuperior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming roſy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud ſhrieks the palace-walls reply;
Thence thro' the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the ſtroke; and all, the loſs lament;
His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
In wild deſpair, with furious hands he ſpread
A cloud of duſt o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving ſcene!)
His ruin'd empire, and ſelf-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himſelf alone,
That raſhly he refus'd the Trojan for his ſon.
But now more ſlow his progreſs Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor ſtragglers o'er the field.

does he attribute this diſaſter, to his own neglect of the oracle, and refuſing Æneas for his ſon!

871. *Chas'd.*] The languid flow of the lines in the original (ſays Dr. Trapp) expreſſes wearineſs and dejection.

Jam minus atque minus ſucceſſu laetus equorum.
Attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem, arrectaſque impulit aures
Confuſae ſonus urbis, et illaetabile murmur.
Hei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu?
Quiſve ruit tantus diverſa clamor ab urbe?
Sic ait, adductiſque amens ſubſiſtit habenis.
Atque huic, in faciem ſoror ut converſa Metiſci
Aurigae, currumque, et equos, et lora, regebat,
Talibus occurrit dictis: hac, Turne, ſequamur
Trojugenas, qua prima viam victoria pandit:
Sunt alii, qui tecta manu defendere poſſint.
Ingruit Æneas Italis, et praelia miſcet;
Et nos ſaeva manu mittamus funera Teucris.
Nec numero inferior, pugnae nec honore recedes.
Turnus ad haec:
O ſoror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Foedera turbaſti, teque haec in bella dediſti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis dea. ſed quis Olympo
Demiſſam tantos voluit te ferre labores?
An fratris miſeri lethum ut crudele videres?
Nam quid ago? aut quae jam ſpondet fortuna ſalutem?
Vidi oculos ante ipſe meos, me voce vocantem
Murranum, quo non ſuperat mihi carior alter,
Oppetere ingentem, atque ingenti volnere victum.

874. *He hears the tumult.*] From this confuſion in the city, with what addreſs does the poet return to the battle! He makes Turnus, who is in the field, hear the cries and confus'd noiſe of the diſtreſſed city at a diſtance; by this means the poet gains an opportunity of bringing us back to the action. The expreſſions, *caecis terroribus*, and *confuſae ſonus*

With

With heartleſs chear, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their maſter flag the fiery ſteeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind,
Shrieks, cries, and ſhouts, that thicken in the wind.
Alas! he cries, what clamours ſtrike my ear!
What ſounds diſtreſsful from the town I hear!
Then to the hero, as the ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the ſiſter ſaid;
This way, my lord, your former courſe purſue,
And urge your conqueſt o'er the hoſtile crew.
Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Againſt his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they.
Siſter, the chief replies, whom well I knew
(Tho' in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you diſſolv'd the league, by art with-held
The ſingle fight, and mingled in the field,
O ſay! what pow'r diſpatch'd thee from the ſkies,
With this ſad ſcene to ſhock thy mournful eyes?
To ſhare the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witneſs of thy brother's fate?
That brother ſoon muſt periſh on the plains!
For ah! what chance, what beam of hope remains?
I ſaw my dear Murranus yield his breath.
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death;
Ev'n yet I ſee the warrior bite the ground,
And the ſoul ruſhing thro' the mighty wound!

urbis, & illætabile murmur, are ſo forcible, that they cannot ſurely eſcape the moſt unfeeling reader.

Occidit

Occidit infelix, ne noſtrum dedecus Uſens
Aſpiceret. Teucri potiuntur corpore et armis.
Exſcindine domos, id rebus defuit unum,
Perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
Terga dabo, et Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit?
Uſque adeone mori miſerum eſt? vos o mihi, Manes,
Eſte boni; quoniam ſuperis averſa voluntas.
Sancta ad vos anima atque iſtius inſcia culpae
Deſcendam, magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum.
Vix ea fatus erat; medios volat, ecce, per hoſtes
Vectus equo ſpumante Sages, adverſa ſagitta
Saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum:
Turne, in te ſuprema ſalus; miſerere tuorum.
Fulminat Aeneas armis; ſummaſque minatur
Dejecturum arces Italûm, excidioque daturum:
Jamque faces ad tecta volant. in te ora Latini,
In te oculi, referunt: muſſat rex ipſe Latinus,
Quos generos vocet, aut quae ſeſe ad foedera flectat.

909. *Is it ſo terrible.*] Great is the ſpirit and gallantry of this ſpeech; but 'tis excelled by the following ſentiment of Pindar:

——Θανατον δ' εστιν αναγκα
Τι κε τις ανωϊυμον γηρας εν σκοτῳ
Καθημενος εφτει μαλαν, απαντων
Καλων αμμορος;

Pindar. Olymp. Od. I. Epod. 3.

918. *Full in his face.*] Virgil takes all opportunities of beautifying and enriching his poem with images, and ſuch ſtrokes as would have a fine effect in painting. Thus he could not omit the circumſtance of the arrow ſticking in the face of the meſſenger, who comes to inform Turnus of the dangerous ſituation of his friends, and the ſucceſs of the enemy. In a picture, which is proverbially ſtil'd *mutum poema*, this arrow would produce an admirable expreſſion, artfully

I ſaw,

I ſaw, where, ſtretch'd in duſt, brave Uſens lay,
Nor liv'd, this ſcene of ruin to ſurvey,
But ſhut out bondage from his cloſing eyes;
His corſe and arms remain the victor's prize.
And ſhall I ſee the city wrapt in flame?
What elſe was wanting to complete my ſhame?
How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
Gods!—how will Drances point them to the ſight!
But oh!—ſhall Latium ſee her hero fly?—
Is it ſo terrible but once to die?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below!
Since ev'ry pow'r celeſtial is my foe;
Lo! I deſcend to your infernal coaſt,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghoſt,
White, and unſully'd with that dire diſgrace,
Nor ſtain the ſplendors of my regal race!

While yet he ſpoke, athwart the war with ſpeed
Flew bleeding Sages on his foamy ſteed.
Full in his face a feather'd arrow ſtood;
And to the Daunian chief he calls aloud.
Turnus, on you, our laſt, laſt hope depends;
Oh! haſte in pity, and relieve your friends:
For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the duſt the Latian tow'rs.
See! o'er the roofs the fires tempeſtuous riſe!
Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the ſkies!
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:
The king himſelf ſtands doubtful which to own,
You, or your Trojan rival, for his ſon.

calculated to ſhew diſtreſs and danger, and beſpeaking bad news.

Prae-

Praeterea regina, tui fidiſſima, dextra
Occidit ipſa ſua, lucemque exterrita fugit.
Soli pro portis Meſſapus et acer Atinas
Suſtentant aciem. circum hos utrinque phalanges
Stant denſae, ſtrictiſque ſeges mucronibus horret
Ferrea: tu currum deſerto in gramine verſas.
Obſtupuit, varia confuſus imagine rerum,
Turnus, et obtutu tacito ſtetit. aeſtuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus.
Ut primum diſcuſſae umbrae, et lux reddita menti eſt,
Ardentes oculorum orbes ad moenia torſit
Turbidus, eque rotis magnam reſpexit ad urbem.
Ecce, autem, flammis inter tabulata volutus
Ad coelum undabat vortex, turrimque tenebat;
Turrim compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipſe,
Subdideratque rotas, ponteſque inſtraverat altos.
Jam jam fata, ſoror, ſuperant; abſiſte morari:
Quo deus, et quo dura vocat fortuna, ſequamur.

937. *Thoughts confound the chief.*] The preceding and following circumſtances, *viz.* Turnus's hearing the diſtant, confuſed cries of the diſtreſt city, and ſtopping to liſten to them more diſtinctly; his mind preſaging ſome ſad misfortune; his pathetic lamentation for the death of many of his beſt and deareſt friends; and his apprehenſions of the bitter ſarcaſms Drances would caſt upon him; the approach of Sages, who diſcovers to him that the city is reduced to the laſt extremity, and that the queen has murder'd herſelf; and his reproach to Turnus for his ill-tim'd abſence; his ſilent and inexpreſſible ſorrow and ſurprize at this fatal news,

Obſtupuit varia confuſus imagine rerum;

and as ſoon as he returns to himſelf, his ſeeing, for the firſt

Yet worſe—his queen, till now your chief ſupport,
Self-murder'd, fills with terror all the court.
Meſſapus only with Atinas ſtands,
To guard the gates, and animate the bands;
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hoſtile troops incloſe,
And round them thick an iron harveſt grows;
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!
A thouſand various thoughts confound the chief,
He ſtood; he gaz'd; his boſom ſwell'd with grief:
Pride, conſcious valour, fury, love, and ſhame,
At once ſet all the hero in a flame.
Soon as his ſoul recover'd from the ſtroke;
Soon as, diſpers'd, the cloud of paſſion broke;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents riſe
O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the ſkies,
Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, ſublime and ſtrong,
Rais'd by himſelf, that roll'd on wheels along;
Whence the bold ſoldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempeſt on the foe.
Now, ſiſter, fate prevails; no more delay;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way.

object, the city in flames; his telling his ſiſter that he is now reſolved to periſh; and his leaping out of the chariot, and ruſhing to the fight; are all circumſtances, ſo ſtrongly and naturally conceived and painted, that one can ſcarce ſpeak of them with that calmneſs of approbation, which perhaps juſt criticiſm demands.

Stat

Stat conferre manum Aeneae: ſtat, quidquid acerbi eſt,
Morte pati: nec me indecorem, germana, videbis
Amplius. hunc, oro, ſine me furere ante furorem.
Dixit, et e curru ſaltum dedit ocius arvis:
Perque hoſtes, per tela ruit, moeſtamque ſororem
Deſerit, ac rapido curſu media agmina rumpit.
Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice praeceps
Cum ruit, avolſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas;
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exſultatque ſolo, ſilvas, armenta, viroſque,
Involvens ſecum: diſjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuſo
Sanguine terra madet, ſtridentque haſtilibus aurae;
Significatque manu, et magno ſimul incipit ore:
Parcite jam, Rutuli, et vos, tela inhibete, Latini.

964. *As when, by age.*] This ſimile is drawn from B. XIII. of the Iliad; and it is juſtly eſteem'd one of the nobleſt in all Home. Taſſo has copied it, B. XVIII. St. 82.

As an old rock, which age, or ſtormy wind,
Tears from ſome craggy hill, or mountain ſteep,
Doth break, doth bruiſe, and into duſt doth grind
Woods, houſes, hamlets, herds, and folds of ſheep;
So fell the beam, and down with it all kind
Of arms, of weapons, and of men, did ſweep.

Fairfax, from whom this tranſlation is taken, has omitted the laſt line, which is more ſonorous than Italian is generally thought to be:

Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.

Mr. Pope prefers Homer's ſimile to both Virgil's and Taſſo's; and obſerves, that they have taken the image without the likeneſs. In Virgil (continues he) it is only the violence of Turnus in which the whole application conſiſts; and in Taſſo it has no other alluſion, than to the fall of a tower in general. If we compare ſeparately the circumſtances of Hector's violent deſcent from the wall, his being puſhed on

Prepar'd

Prepar'd the bitterneſs of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more thoſe eyes ſhall view thy brother's ſhame,
Purſu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
Give, give me, goddeſs, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire.
He ſaid; and ſudden, with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground;
Leaves his lamenting ſiſter, in deſpair;
Springs thro' a ſtorm of darts, the prince to dare;
And burſts impetuous thro' the ranks of war.
As when, by age, or rains, or tempeſts, torn,
A rock from ſome high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and ſwains, involving in the ſweep,
The maſs flies furious from th' aëreal ſteep;
Leaps down the mountain's ſide, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and ſmokes along the ground;
So to the city, thro' the cleaving train,
Thro' ſtreams of blood, that drench the purpled plain,
While round his head the whiſtling jav'lins play,
As ſwift, the raging hero breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus beſpoke his ſocial band:
To me, ye Latians, the whole war reſign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.

by Jupiter, his meeting with, and being ſtopp'd by, the phalanx of the Ajaxes, and the immobility of both, when ſo ſtopp'd (the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he is to get forward), with the ſeparate circumſtances of the ſimile itſelf, we cannot but agree with Mr. Pope, whoſe tranſlation of it is well worth the reader's peruſal, ſince he has in it ſo ſtrongly imag'd the violent bounding of the ſtone, the

Quae-

Quaecunque eſt fortuna, mea eſt: me verius unum
Pro vobis foedus luere, et decernere ferro.
Diſceſſere omnes medii, ſpatiumque dedere.
At pater Aeneas, audito nomine Turni,
Deſerit et muros, et ſummas deſerit arces,
Praecipitatque moras omnes: opera omnia rumpit,
Laetitia exſultans, horrendumque intonat armis:
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipſe, coruſcis
Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque, nivali
Vertice ſe attollens pater Apenninus ad auras.
Jam vero et Rutuli certatim, et Troës, et omnes
Convertere oculos Itali; quique alta tenebant
Moenia, quique imos pulſabant ariete muros:

crackling of the wood, the ſhock, the noiſe, the rapidity, the irreſiſtibility, the increaſe of force in its progreſs, and at laſt its ſudden ſtop.

993. *And looks a ſecond Athos.*] This ſimile is ſublime to a great degree. Milton has imitated it, Par. L. B. IV.

—— On th' other ſide Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood;
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd.——

There is a very great ſtrength and beauty in the conciſeneſs and ſimplicity of, *Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx*; and it muſt be confeſs'd, that the *Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus*, and the *gaudetque nivali*, &c. exceed any thing we find in Milton's compariſon. Indeed, our great countryman would convey an idea different from Virgil's; he inſiſts upon the fixedneſs of Teneriff or Atlas; whereas Virgil would repreſent Æneas enraged, and accordingly mentions the oaks on the top of the Apennines, as reſounding with tempeſts; the *gaudetque*, &c. means a triumphant boldneſs, a daring pride, and a rejoicing in his might. All theſe circumſtances are implied in the verſe preceding the ſimile:

Lætitia exultans, horrendumque intonet armis.

I claim,

'Tis juſt, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Aſſert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in ſingle fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day.
Back at the word the ſquadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrors came;
Leaves ev'ry ſecond work of war behind;
Joy, pride, and courage, raiſe his daring mind.
All-flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight:
He burns impatient for the dire alarms;
And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vaſt gigantic ſtrides, he tow'rs on high,
And looks a ſecond Athos in the ſky;
Or Eryx, that in heav'n his forehead ſhrouds;
Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of ſnows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majeſtic, wave around.
Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, ſtudious of the fight,
Their arms unbuckled, to ſurvey the fight.
Ev'n death ſtands ſtill; and, o'er the crouded plains,
Thro' the long ranks, a ſolemn ſilence reigns.

1004. *Nor leſs amaz'd.*] This reflection of Latinus is natural, and agreeable to the *bienſéance* or decorum of the manners. Old men are very ſuſceptible of impreſſions of this kind. It was certainly ſomething wonderful and extraordinary, that two rivals, the one from Aſia, and the other born in Italy, ſhould be diſputing for his daughter by force of arms. Catrou.

Armaque depoſuere humeris. ſtupet ipſe Latinus,
Ingentes genitos diverſis partibus orbis,
Inter ſe coiiſſe viros, et cernere ferro.
Atque illi, ut vacuo patuerunt aequore campi,
Procurſu rapido, conjectis eminus haſtis,
Invadunt Martem clypeis atque aere ſonoro.
Dat gemitum tellus: tum crebros enſibus ictus
Congeminant. fors et virtus miſcentur in unum.
Ac velut, ingenti Sila ſummove Taburno,
Cum duo converſis inimica in praelia tauri
Frontibus incurrunt, pavidi ceſſere magiſtri;
Stat pecus omne metu mutum, muſſantque juvencae,
Quis pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta ſequantur:
Illi inter ſeſe multa vi volnera miſcent,
Cornuaque obnixi infigunt, et ſanguine largo
Colla armoſque lavant: gemitu nemus omne remugit.
Haud aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
Concurrunt clypeis. ingens fragor aethera complet.
Jupiter ipſe duas aequato examine lances
Suſtinet, et fata imponit diverſa duorum;

1016. *As, where proud Sila's.*] Tho' perhaps we have had too many compariſons drawn from lions, and tigers, and bulls, and wolves, and other ſavage animals, too nearly reſembling each other; yet the paſſage before us, comparing the two heroes fighting for Lavinia, and the empire of Latium, to two bulls contending for the maſtery of the meadows, and for the favourite heifers, contains ſuch an exact point of likeneſs, as cannot but pleaſe the reader of taſte.

1029. *Now Jove ſuſpends.*] This fiction is originally drawn from Homer, Iliad VIII. where the fates of Hector and Achilles are weigh'd. Milton introduces the Almighty weighing the fate of Satan and Gabriel:

Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtræa and the Scorpion ſign;

Nor

Nor leſs amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field,
By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.
Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their ſpears; their claſhing ſhields reſound:
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground.
Then their bright ſwords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and ſtrength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.
As, where proud Sila's tow'ring ſummits riſe,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the ſkies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage:
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage:
Far from the ſcene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terror, ſtand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the ſubject herds ſhall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Fierce ſtrokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and ſides, are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, ſtreams, and woods, rebellow to the roar.
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So claſh their ſhields, and echo to the ſky.
Now Jove ſuſpends his ſcales; two diff'rent weights
He caſt in both, and try'd the warriors fates.

Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere lethum.
Emicat hic, impune putans, et corpore toto
Alte ſublatum conſurgit Turnus in enſem,
Et ferit. exclamant Troës trepidique Latini,
Arrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus enſis
Frangitur, in medioque ardentem deſerit ictu,
Ni fuga ſubſidio ſubeat. fugit ocior euro,
Ut capulum ignotum dextramque aſpexit inermem.
Fama eſt, praecipitem, cum prima in praelia junctos
Conſcendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,
Dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuiſſe Metiſci:
Idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri,
Suffecit. poſtquam arma dei ad Volcania ventum eſt,
Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
Diſſiluit: fulva reſplendent fragmina arena.
Ergo amens diverſa fuga petit aequora Turnus:
Et nunc huc, inde huc, incertos implicat orbes.
Undique enim denſa Teucri incluſere corona;
Atque hinc vaſta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt.
Nec minus Aeneas, quanquam tardata ſagitta
Interdum genua impediunt, curſumque recuſant,
Inſequitur, trepidique pedem pede fervidus urget.

Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd;
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all events;
Battles, and realms: in theſe he puts two weights,
The ſignal each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam.
Par. Loſt, B. IV. ver. 996.

This deſcription may with juſtice, ſays Mr. Pope, be preferr'd both to Homer's and Virgil's, on account of the beautiful alluſion to the ſign of Libra in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the

This,

This, light with conqueſt, to the gods aſcends;
That, charg'd with death, ſinks downward to the fiends.
With his drawn faulchion Turnus ſtrikes the foe
On his full ſtretch, and riſes to the blow.
Loud ſhouts and groans ſucceed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event;
When lo! all-ſhatter'd flies the traitor ſword,
And in the ſtroke deſerts the Daunian lord.
A ſtranger hilt he ſpies, and ſhakes in vain:
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain;
And, ſwifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief firſt vaulted on the car
With headlong haſte, and ruſh'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd ſword, 'tis ſaid,
And ſeiz'd his charioteer Metiſcus' blade;
And, ev'n with this, the growing ſlaughter ſpread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal ſteel a ſtroke beſtow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
The faulchion, faithleſs to the warrior's hand,
Broke ſhort—the fragments glitter'd on the ſand.
O'er the wide field diſtracted Turnus ſprings,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings:
For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs;
Here a vaſt lake; and there the Latian tow'rs.
But ſtill his foe, tho' tardy from his wound,
Treads all his ſteps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.

creation, and all the events of it ſince; ſo correſpondent at once to philoſophy, and the ſtile of the Scriptures.

Macrobius, Saturnal. B. V. cap. 13. aptly remarks, that theſe ſcales are not ſo juſtly applied by our poet, as by the

Incluſum veluti ſi quando in flumine nactus
Cervum, aut puniceae ſeptum formidine pennae,
Venator curſu canis et latratibus inſtat:
Ille autem, inſidiis et ripa territus alta,
Mille fugit refugitque vias: at vividus Umber
Haeret hians, jam jamque tenet, ſimiliſque tenenti
Increpuit malis, morſuque eluſus inani eſt.
Tum vero exoritur clamor; ripaeque lacuſque
Reſponſant circa, et coelum tonat omne tumultu.
Ille, ſimul fugiens, Rutulos ſimul increpat omnes,
Nomine quemque vocans, notumque efflagitat enſem.
Aeneas mortem contra praeſenſque minatur
Exitium, ſi quiſquam adeat; terretque trementes,
Exciſurum urbem minitans, et ſaucius inſtat.
Quinque orbes explent curſu, totidemque retexunt,

Greek. We knew before, that Turnus would certainly periſh, according to Juno's prediction:

Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis;
Parcarumque dies, & vis inimica propinquat.

After this declaration, which unfortunately foreſtals the event, there was leſs reaſon for weighing his fate with that of Æneas.

1058. *As the fleet ſtag.*] Virgil drew the cloſe of this compariſon from Apollonius Rhodius, Arg. B. II. ver. 278. but has finely improved it by the beauty of his diction:

Ως δ' οτ' ενι κνημοισι κυνες δεδαημενοι αγρης
Η αιγας κεραας τε καπροκας ιχνευοντες
Θειωσιν, τυτθον δε τιταινομενοι μετοπισθεν
Ακρης εν γενυεσσι ματην αραβησαν οδοντας.

As when the ſagacious dogs trace out in the groves the horned goats or ſtags, the extremity of their jaws approach, and almoſt touch the hunted animal from behind, and they ſnap their teeth together in vain.

The other circumſtances are taken from a ſimile of the like ſubject, Homer's Iliad XXII.

1078. *O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,*
This hero leads, and that purſues the chace.]

Tho' Hector in the Iliad has much more reaſon to fly from

As the fleet ſtag, by the ſtaunch hound purſu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now ſhoots along the flood;
Now from the meſhy toils with terror ſprings,
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the ſtrings:
He ſtarts, he pants, he ſtares with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thouſand ways.
Cloſe at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full ſtretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the ſtag—his foe, caſt far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
The hunters ſhout; the ſtreams, the rocks, reply;
And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the ſky.
Thus, flying in diſtreſs, the Daunian lord
Calls on his friends; demands his truſty ſword.
But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to ſupply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This hero leads, and that purſues the chace.

Achilles, than Turnus from Æneas, yet this flight of Turnus will not, I believe, appear an act of cowardice, if we conſider his preſſing circumſtances, ver. 1037. The ſword which he uſes againſt Æneas (which was that of his charioteer Metiſcus, and unluckily ſnatch'd up for his own by miſtake) is broken in pieces, upon the celeſtial armour of the Trojan hero. Thus Turnus is at once diſarmed, and naturally betakes himſelf to flight: on the one ſide is the Trojan army, on the other a broad lake; on another the walls of Laurentum. He calls out on his friends, to give him his own ſword from the city, which Æneas forbids them to do

Huc, illuc: neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur
Praemia; ſed Turni de vita et ſanguine certant.
Forte ſacer Fauno foliis oleaſter amaris
Hic ſteterat, nautis olim venerabile lignum:
Servati ex undis ubi figere dona ſolebant
Laurenti divo, et votas ſuſpendere veſtes.
Sed ſtirpem Teucri nullo diſcrimine ſacrum
Suſtulerant, puro ut poſſent concurrere campo.
Hic haſta Aeneae ſtabat: huc impetus illam
Detulerat fixam, et lenta in radice tenebat.
Incubuit, voluitque manu convellere ferrum
Dardanides; teloque ſequi, quem prendere curſu
Non poterat. tum vero amens formidine Turnus,
Faune, precor, miſerere, inquit; tuque optima ferrum

with loud menaces. Thus diſtreſſed, he is obliged to ſuffer himſelf to be hunted, as it were, by Æneas, to the number of ten rounds. But, notwithſtanding this behaviour, having regained his ſword by the aſſiſtance of Juturna, he turns, and attacks Æneas. And thus the courage and fierceneſs of his character are juſtly ſupported.

Mr. Pope, ſpeaking of the flight of Hector, Iliad XXII. note on ver. 180. has theſe words.

" If the reader, after all, cannot bring himſelf to like this " paſſage for his own particular; yet to induce him to ſuſ- " pend his abſolute cenſure, he may conſider that Virgil " had an uncommon eſteem for it, as he has teſtify'd in " transferring it almoſt intirely to the death of Turnus; " where there was no neceſſity of making uſe of the like in- " cidents: but doubtleſs he was touch'd with this epiſode, as " with one of thoſe which intereſt us moſt of the whole Iliad, " by a ſpectacle at once ſo terrible, and ſo deplorable. I " muſt alſo add the ſuffrage of Ariſtotle, who was ſo far " from looking on this paſſage as ridiculous or blameable, " that he eſteem'd it marvellous and admirable."

[The paſſage is almoſt intirely applicable to the preſent caſe.]

" The wonderful, ſays he, ought to have place in trage- " dy, but ſtill more in epic poetry; which proceeds in this

No

No light reward muſt crown their eager ſtrife;
The long-contended prize is Turnus' noble life!
To Faunus ſacred had an olive ſtood:
The ſhipwreck'd ſailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted veſts in honour of the god.
But late, to leave the field for combat free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his ſpear:
The dart, deep riveted, ſtood trembling there:
The hero, ſtruggling with inceſſant pain,
Now bends to diſengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at leaſt, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frighted, to the god preferr'd his vow.
Thy ſuppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the ſpear;

" point even to the unreaſonable: for as in epic poems one " ſees not the perſons acting, ſo whatever paſſes the bounds " of reaſon, is proper to produce the admirable and the marvel- " ous. For example; what Homer ſays of Hector, purſued " by Achilles, would appear ridiculous on the ſtage; for the " ſpectators could not forbear laughing to ſee, on the one ſide, " the Greeks ſtanding without any motion; and, on the other, " Achilles purſuing Hector, and making ſigns to the troops " not to dart at him. But all this does not appear, when " we read the poem; for what is wonderful is always agree- " able; and, as a proof of it, we find, that they who relate " any thing, uſually add ſomething to the truth, that it may " the better pleaſe thoſe who hear it." The ſame great critic vindicates this paſſage in the chapter following: " A " poet, ſays he, is inexcuſable, if he introduces ſuch things " as are impoſſible according to the rules of poetry: but " this ceaſes to be a fault, if by thoſe means he attends to " the thing propoſed; for he has then brought about what " he intended; for example, if he renders, by it, any part " of his poem more aſtoniſhing or admirable. Such is the " place in the Iliad, where Achilles purſues Hector." Ariſtot. Poet. chap. 25, 26.

Terra

Terra tene; colui veſtros ſi ſemper honores,
Quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.
Dixit, opemque dei non caſſa in vota vocavit.
Namque, diu luctans lentoque in ſtirpe moratus,
Viribus haud ullis valuit diſcludere morſus
Roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et inſtat,
Rurſus in aurigae faciem mutata Metiſci,
Procurrit, fratrique enſem dea Daunia reddit.
Quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere,
Acceſſit, telumque alta ab radice revellit.
Olli, ſublimes armis, animiſque refecti,
Hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus haſta,
Adſiſtunt contra certamine Martis anheli.
Junonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
Alloquitur, fulva pugnas de nube tuentem:
Quae jam finis erit, conjux? quid denique reſtat?
Indigitem Aenean ſcis ipſa, et ſcire fateris,
Deberi coelo, fatiſque ad ſidera tolli.
Quid ſtruis? aut qua ſpe gelidis in nubibus haeres?
Mortalin' decuit violari volnere divum?
Aut enſem, quid enim ſine te Juturna valeret?
Ereptum reddi Turno, et vim creſcere victis?

1082. *An olive ſtood.*] The true poet dignifies every the meaneſt object. The trunk of an old tree, in which Æneas happen'd to ſtick his ſpear, was an olive, ſays Virgil, conſecrated to Faunus, which the Trojans had with great impiety (as Turnus ſays, to caſt odium on his enemies) lately cut down.

1105. *The tow'ring chiefs advance.*] Juſt as we expected the heroes would engage in a deciſive combat, the poet ſtops ſhort, and introduces a dialogue betwixt Jupiter and Juno on this important action. Such unexpected pauſes are highly judicious, awaken and raiſe the reader's attention, and make him impatient for the event.

If

If ſtill I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with ſteel profan'd.
Thus he; the god attends his humble ſtrain;
The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief reſtor'd
(In brave Metiſcus' form) his temper'd ſword.
This heav'nly Venus view'd with high diſdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance;
One ſhook the ſword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving boſoms ſwell with ſtern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.
Then to his conſort, who the war ſurvey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the Thund'rer ſaid:
What ſchemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas ſoon muſt riſe
From earth, already ſacred to the ſkies.
Long ſince, thoſe glories to the chief are ow'd,
And heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpoſe then this fruitleſs care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
Say, was it juſt, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold ſiſter to the chief reſtor'd,
By thy aſſiſtance, his paternal ſword?
(For what without thy ſuccour could ſhe dare?)
And ſent the vanquiſh'd Turnus to the war?

Deſine

Deſine jam tandem, precibuſque inflectere noſtris;
Nec te tantus edat tacitam dolor; et mihi curae
Saepe tuo dulci triſtes ex ore recurſent.
Ventum ad ſupremum eſt. terris agitare vel undis
Trojanos potuiſti, infandum accendere bellum,
Deformare domum, et luctu miſcere hymenaeos.
Ulterius tentare veto. ſic Jupiter orſus;
Sic dea ſubmiſſo contra Saturnia vultu:
Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter, et Turnum, et terras invita reliqui.
Nec tu me aëria ſolam nunc ſede videres
Digna, indigna pati; ſed flammis cincta ſub ipſam
Starem aciem, traheremque inimica in praelia Teucros.
Juturnam miſero, fateor, ſuccurrere fratri
Suaſi, et pro vita majora audere probavi;
Non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum:
Adjuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis,
Una ſuperſtitio ſuperis quae reddita divis.
Et nunc cedo equidem, pugnaſque exoſa relinquo.

1140. *And, in ſubmiſſive.*] Virgil, we have ſeen, has divided his poem, as Homer did his Odyſſey. The firſt part contains the voyage and arrival of Æneas in Italy; the ſecond his eſtabliſhment there. But he has connected theſe two great events better than Homer, by giving them a common *intrigue* or *plot*. He did not introduce, for the firſt part of his *intrigue*, a deity who could act no-where but by ſea, as the Neptune of Homer; but makes choice of Juno, the goddeſs of the air, who had an equal power over ſea and land. She at firſt vigorouſly oppoſes the voyage of our hero, and afterwards his ſettlement. This oppoſition then is what conſtitutes the general *intrigue* of the whole action. The *ſolution* of the *plot* or *intrigue* begins, when the anger of Juno is ſoften'd, and ſhe is appeas'd by Jupiter, as ſhe appears to be in this paſſage of the twelfth Book of the Æneid.

Bossu, B. II. c. 13.

At

At length, at length, the needleſs ſtrife give o'er;
At my requeſt, indulge your rage no more;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to reſt,
For ever prey on that immortal breaſt.
Oh! let thy lord thy ſecret ſorrow ſhare,
Or, more than ſhare it, give me all thy care!
To their laſt ſacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fix th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and ſea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the fates no more.
So ſpoke th' imperial ſov'reign of the ſkies;
And, in ſubmiſſive terms, the queen replies:
Great ſire; becauſe thy ſacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I ſat, but at the will of Jove,
Diſgrac'd and penſive, in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
And, wrapt in flames, through all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the ſtrife,
Nay, venture more, to ſave a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a ſingle jav'lin at the foe.
This, this, I ſwear, by the black Stygian floods,
The ſole dread ſanction of th' immortal gods:
Now back to heav'n, great father, I repair,
And from this hour renounce the hateful war.

Illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obteſtor, pro majeſtate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus, eſto,
Component; cum jam leges et foedera jungent;
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri, jubeas, Teucroſque vocari,
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere veſtes.
Sit Latium: ſint Albani per ſecula reges:
Sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque ſinas cum nomine, Troja.
Olli ſubridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis Saturnique altera proles,
Irarum tantos volvis ſub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum fruſtra ſubmitte furorem:
Do quod vis: et me victuſque volenſque remitto.
Sermonem Auſonii patrium moreſque tenebunt:
Utque eſt, nomen erit. commixti corpore tanto
Subſident Teucri, morem rituſque ſacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos.
Hinc genus, Auſonio mixtum quod ſanguine ſurget,
Supra homines, ſupra ire deos pietate videbis;

1177. *Th' Auſonians.*] Here the poet gives a moſt artful reaſon why the Romans did not retain more of the Trojan cuſtoms, and names, and habits, than they were known to have done.

1183. *The firſt of men*, &c.]

Supra homines, ſupra ire Deos, &c.

Virgil (ſays Catrou) puts a very poignant ſatire into the mouth of Jupiter, againſt the gods. But I think we ſhould not underſtand this paſſage exactly according to the letter. It is common among the poets, in deſcribing exalted merit, to extol it above the gods. Notwithſtanding this, Virgil ſhould have remembred whom he introduced ſpeaking.

But

But yet I beg, O ſov'reign of the ſky!
What not the hardeſt laws of fate deny;
For your own Latium I implore this grace,
This honour for your own majeſtic race;
When by theſe nuptials both the realms combine,
And in firm leagues of peace and friendſhip join;
Still may thy Latians, ſtill remain the ſame,
Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
Kings after kings the regal line ſuſtain;
And from th' Italian blood may Rome ariſe,
In all her pride and glory, to the ſkies.
But may a long oblivion quite deſtroy
The laſt, laſt ruins, with the name of Troy!
The goddeſs ſpoke; and, with a ſmile replies
The ſire of men, and monarch of the ſkies:
Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
Th' imperial ſiſter, and the wife, of Jove,
With endleſs ſchemes of vengeance break her reſt?
Why burns ſuch wrath in a celeſtial breaſt?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, at length, and lay your anger by,
Since with your wiſh, my empreſs, we comply.
Th' Auſonians ever ſhall remain the ſame
In cuſtoms, garb, religion, and the name;
And the loſt Trojan race forget from whence they came:
In manners, laws, and language, ſhall they join,
And Ilion ſhall increaſe the Latian line.
From hence a pious godlike race ſhall riſe;
The firſt of men; the darlings of the ſkies.

Nec

Nec gens ulla tuos aeque celebrabit honores.
Annuit his Juno, et mentem laetata retorſit.
Interea excedit coelo, nubemque reliquit.
His actis, aliud genitor ſecum ipſe volutat;
Juturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis.
Dicuntur geminae peſtes, cognomine Dirae;
Quas et tartaream Nox intempeſta Megaeram
Uno eodemque tulit partu, paribuſque revinxit
Serpentum ſpiris, ventoſaſque addidit alas.
Hae Jovis ad ſolium, ſaevique in limine regis
Apparent, acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris,
Si quando lethum horrificum morboſque deûm rex
Molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes.
Harum unam celerem demiſit ab aethere ſummo
Jupiter, inque omen Juturnae occurrere juſſit.
Illa volat, celerique ad terram turbine fertur:
Non ſecus ac nervo per nubem impulſa ſagitta,
Armatam ſaevi Parthus quam ſelle veneni,
Parthus, ſive Cydon, telum immedicabile torſit,
Stridens, et celeres incognita tranſilit umbras.

1185. *More glorious honours to thy name than they.*] Juno was highly worſhiped among the Romans; particularly by women of the firſt quality. She had a magnificent temple dedicated to her ſervice, on the Aventine mount. Scipio brought her ſtatue from Carthage to Rome. Catrou.

1190. *Two hideous monſters.*] It is to be obſerved (ſays Catrou), that Pluto is not the only deity who has furies under his juriſdiction. Jupiter has his likewiſe. Thus the gods were feign'd to puniſh crimes in this and the next life. In this noble paſſage, I think our tranſlator has equall'd his original. Tho' Virgil's images are great, yet how much more terrible, and with what a greater degree of ſublimity, are the agents and inſtruments of Jehovah deſcribed in the ſacred writings, when he is angry! Read particularly the following

Nor

Nor all the nations of the world ſhall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they.
Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace, in the realms above.
'Twas then th' eternal fire of heav'n expell'd
The watry goddeſs from the fighting field:
Two hideous monſters wait obſequious by,
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the ſky;
Hell-born and horrible, they ſprung to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
Huge wreaths of ſerpent ſpires their temples bound:
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around.
When bent the minds of mortal men to ſcare
With the black horrors of the laſt deſpair;
When for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, diſeaſe, blue peſtilence, and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd,
Before the throne of heav'n's almighty lord;
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they ſtand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
Of theſe the ſwifteſt from the ſkies he ſent,
To fright the goddeſs with the dire portent.
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring ſtring
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:

paſſage, Samuel 2 Book, chap. xxiv. And when the angel of the Lord ſtretched out his hand upon Jeruſalem to deſtroy it,

Talis ſe fata Nocte tulit, terraſque petivit.
Poſtquam acies videt Iliacas, atque agmina Turni,
Alitis in parvae ſubitam collecta figuram,
Quae, quondam in buſtis aut culminibus deſertis
Nocte ſedens, ſerum canit importuna per umbras:
Hanc verſa in faciem, Turni ſe peſtis ob ora
Fertque refertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat alis.
Illi membra novus ſolvit formidine torpor;
Arrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haeſit.
At, procul ut Dirae ſtridorem agnovit et alas,
Infelix crines ſcindit Juturna ſolutos,
Unguibus ora ſoror foedans, et pectora pugnis:
Quid nunc te tua, Turne, poteſt germana juvare?
Aut quid jam miſerae ſuperat mihi? qua tibi lucem
Arte morer? talin' poſſum me opponere monſtro?
Jam jam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem,
Obſcoenae volucres: alarum verbera noſco,
Lethalemque ſonum; nec fallunt juſſa ſuperba
Magnanimi Jovis. haec pro virginitate reponit?

the Lord repented him of the evil, and ſaid to the angel that deſtroyed the people; It is enough!—ſtay now thine hand!—

1201. *Before the throne.*] After this manner Satan appears in heaven; the book of Job, chap. i. ver. 6.

1214. *Who lo! contracted.*]

Alitis in parvæ.

The epithet *parvæ* ſeems improperly applied to an owl, which the bird here ſpoken of, is ſuppoſed to be. Cunningham tells us, that *pravæ* is to be found in *Cod. Markiano.* This word *pravæ* has the ſame import as *obſcœnæ*, *obſcœnæque volucres*, Virg. B. XII. and Ovid calls this bird *profana avis*, Met. B. VIII. 543. Johan. Pierius, who gives us moſt of the various readings of our author in his *caſtigation. Æneid. Virgil.* takes no notice of this word. The reader will obſerve the fine effect of the ſpondee in the fifth place, in the following line, *culminibus deſertis*, which ſtrongly repreſents the melancholy image intended,

So ſwift to earth the baleful fury flew,
Till Turnus and the hoſts appear'd in view.
When lo! contracted, to the bird ſhe turns,
That hoots o'er deſolated piles and urns,
Whoſe piercing ſtrains the midnight hours invade,
And break the ſolemn ſilence of the ſhade.
Chang'd to this form obſcene, the fury flies
Round Turnus' head, and chills him with ſurprize;
This way and that ſhe flutters o'er the field,
And ſcreams his death, and beats his ſounding ſhield.
His inmoſt ſoul a ſudden horror ſtung;
Stiff roſe his hair; amazement chain'd his tongue:
But ſoon, too ſoon, the goddeſs knew the ſound
Of the black fury as ſhe flies around:
She tore her beauteous face in wild deſpair,
Beat her white breaſt, and rent her golden hair.
Ah me! ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
How can thy ſiſter now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
(Wretch that I am!) and ſtop the courſe of fate?
How can I ſtand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddeſs to deſpair.
Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
There was a ſcream!—Hell, hell is in the ſound!
You came (I know) commiſſion'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the ſole reward beſtow'd,
For my loſt honour, by the grateful god?

Quo vitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis ademta eſt
Conditio? poſſem tantos finire dolores
Nunc certe, et miſero fratri comes ire per umbras.
Immortalis ego? aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum
Te ſine, frater, erit? o quae ſatis ima dehiſcat
Terra mihi, maneſque deam demittat ad imos?
Tantum effata, caput glauco contexit amictu,
Multa gemens, et ſe fluvio dea condidit alto.
Aeneas inſtat contra, telumque coruſcat
Ingens, arboreum, et ſaevo ſic pectore fatur:
Quae nunc deinde mora eſt? aut quid jam, Turne, retractas?
Non curſu, ſaevis certandum eſt cominus armis.
Verte omnes tete in facies; et contrahe, quicquid,
Sive animis, ſive arte, vales: opta ardua pennis
Aſtra ſequi, clauſumque cava te condere terra.
Ille, caput quaſſans: non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox. di me terrent, et Jupiter hoſtis.

1223. *Stiff roſe his hair.*] However ſimple this circumſtance may appear, yet the antients who ſo faithfully repreſent the genuine feelings of nature, always mention the erection of the hair as a ſtrong mark of dread and terror. Sophocles, in that wonderfully ſublime ſcene, where the death of Oedipus is deſcribed, after telling us how loudly he and his daughters lamented on their taking leave of each other, adds — *A ſilence enſued: when ſuddenly a certain voice called out, Oedipus, aloud, ſo that the hairs of all preſent were erected with fear*;

Ην μεν σιωπη, φθεγμα δ' εξαιφνης τινος
Θουξεν αυδον, ωστε παιδιας ορθιας
Στησαι φοβῳ δεισαντας εξαιφνης τριχας.

I would beg the reader to peruſe the whole ſcene from verſe 1666. to 1727. of the Oedipus Coloneus; for I know no piece of dramatic poetry that excites terror to ſo great a degree, except perhaps the Macbeth of Shakeſpear.

Ah!

Ah! why this lengthen'd life muſt I endure?
Deny'd the taſte of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitleſs honours of the ſky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Pleas'd, with my brother wou'd I yield my breath,
And ſhare his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
Joy is no more; and nothing Jove beſtows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! earth! thy inmoſt centre open throw,
And reſt a goddeſs in the ſhades below!
  Then in her azure robes ſhe wrapt her head,
Sigh'd, ſobb'd, and plung'd into her watry bed;
Her laſt low murmurs, as the ſtream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.
  Now at the foe, the Trojan hero ſhook
His pointed ſpear, and ſternly thus beſpoke:
What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
'Tis ſtrength, not ſwiftneſs, muſt decide the fight.
Try all thy arts and vigour to eſcape
Thy inſtant doom, and vary ev'ry ſhape;
Wiſh for the morning's rapid wings, to fly;
Shoot down to hell; or vault into the ſky.—
Not thoſe inſulting empty vaunts I dread,
Reply'd the mournful chief (and ſhook his head);
No—but the gods with fear my boſom move,
And he, my greateſt foe, almighty Jove!

1237. *There was a ſcream.*] This is a moſt lively, and animated tranſlation of *Lethalemque ſonum*; its being put into an exclamation, occaſions one to think one hears the very ſound! and cannot avoid making the reader tremble with horror!

Nec plura effatus, ſaxum circumſpicit ingens;
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.
Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.
Ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hoſtem,
Altior inſurgens, et curſu concitus, heros.
Sed neque currentem ſe, nec cognoſcit euntem,
Tollentemve manu, ſaxumque immane moventem.
Genua labant: gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis.
Tum lapis ipſe viri, vacuum per inane volutus,
Nec ſpatium evaſit, totum nec pertulit ictum.

1267. *And he, my greateſt foe, almighty Jove?*] We are now come to the concluſion of the poem, and to what the critics term the unravelling. It is neceſſary to make ſome difference between the action and the unravelling, whether it be of the epopœia in general, or of the Æneid in particular. The action here is the eſtabliſhment of a Trojan colony: its unravelling is the ceſſation of all thoſe obſtacles which obſtruct this eſtabliſhment. Ariſtotle preſcribes, that the action of the poem ought to have an hiſtorical veriſimilitude; and that it is faulty when it admits the machinery of gods. In fact, would it not be fool-hardineſs in an hero to attempt an action, from whence it would be impoſſible for him to eſcape ſafely, without a miracle? If then the fury is here introduced, it is as a circumſtance belonging to the unravelling, and not to the action. As to the action, it is concluded, in the Æneis, in the moſt natural manner imaginable. Both parties engage in a ſacrifice, and oaths are mutually ſworn, that the Trojans ſhall be received in Italy, and that it ſhall be permitted them to make a ſettlement there, ſuppoſing that Æneas conquers Turnus. Hiſtory has nothing more ſimple, or agreeable to truth. No deity forces or over-rules their ſentiments; it is with the utmoſt freedom that the Trojans are admitted to compoſe a joint people with the Latins. But after all, a complication of circumſtances ſtill ſubſiſts. Turnus, yet living, is ſtill an obſtacle to the

The

The warrior ſaid; and caſt his fiery eyes,
Where an huge ſtone, a rocky fragment, lies;
Black, rough, prodigious, vaſt!--the common bound
For ages paſt, and barrier of the ground.
Scarce twelve ſtrong men the pond'rous maſs could raiſe,
Such as diſgrace theſe dark degen'rate days.
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe:
But ran all-giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His looſe knees tremble, nor ſupport their load:
Round his cold heart congeals the ſettling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltleſs of a wound,
Th' unwieldy maſs came thund'ring to the ground.

reception of the Trojans into the Latian territories. His death alone can be an unravelling of theſe complicated circumſtances. But it is lawful to introduce gods for the unravelling, tho' it is contrary to rule, to make them contribute any thing to the action.

The fury then contributes to remove the obſtacle which Turnus forms againſt the eſtabliſhment of the Trojans; and Juturna aſſiſts in prolonging the execution of his attempts. In this point Virgil's conduct is not contrary to the rules of art. In fine, the unravelling of the Æneid is of the number of thoſe which Ariſtotle calls *ſimple*. He admits of two ſorts, the *ſimple* and the *implex*. The *ſimple* is that which is carried on without a peripetie or remembrance. Thus, in the Iliad, the death of Hector removes all thoſe obſtacles which hindered the taking of Troy: and in the Æneid, the death of Turnus cuts off all thoſe difficulties which kept back and detain'd the eſtabliſhment of the Trojans. On the contrary, in the Odyſſey, the unravelling is *implex*. This is always accompanied with a remembrance or diſcovery. Ulyſſes, diſguis'd under the dreſs of a beggar, after having put to death the troubleſome ſuitors of his wife Penelope, makes himſelf known to her. From the peripetie, the ſituation of both is ſuddenly changed for the better. Penelope ceaſes to be a prey

Ac velut in ſomnis oculos ubi languida preſſit
Nocte quies, nequicquam avidos extendere curſus
Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus aegri
Succidimus; non lingua valet, non corpore notae
Sufficiunt vires, nec vox aut verba ſequuntur:
Sic Turno, quacunque viam virtute petivit,
Succeſſum dea Dira negat. tum pectore ſenſus
Vertuntur varii. Rutulos aſpectat et urbem,
Cunctaturque metu, telumque inſtare tremiſcit.
Nec quo ſe eripiat, nec qua vi tendat in hoſtem,
Nec currus uſquam videt, aurigamque ſororem.
Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruſcat,
Sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto

to thoſe princes who paid their addreſſes to her; and Ulyſſes, after a long abſence, enjoys domeſtic tranquillity. It is to be own'd (with Ariſtotle), that the *implex* unravelling of the Odyſſey is more complete than that of the Iliad, and conſequently than that of the Æneid: but, the unravelling excepted, the Iliad infinitely ſurpaſſes the Odyſſey and Æneid both. Catrou.

I own I am of a contrary opinion, and do not think the Iliad exceeds the Odyſſey, ſo much as ſome critics would perſuade us: the moral of the latter is certainly more uſeful, and the images it contains, tho' of a milder and more domeſtic nature, are as ſtrongly painted as any of the more fierce and glowing battle-pieces in the Iliad; and there is indiſputably a much greater and more entertaining variety of accidents, events, and ſcenes, in the Odyſſey. Mr. Pope has, I think, ſatisfactorily proved that Longinus is miſtaken, in thinking this poem ſavours of the old age of Homer.

It ſhould be remembred, that the rule of Horace (ſo often quoted)

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus,

relates intirely, and only, to dramatic poetry. Whoever has been converſant in the Greek tragedies, knows how many of their plots are unravelled by the interpoſition of ſome deity. See the Alceſte of Euripides, the Philoctetes of Sophocles, and many others.

And,

And, as when ſlumber ſeals the cloſing ſight,
The ſick wild fancy labours in the night;
Some dreadful viſionary foe we ſhun
With airy ſtrides, but ſtrive in vain to run;
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs eſſay;
We faint, we ſtagger, ſink, and fall away;
Drain'd of our ſtrength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the ſtruggling accents die.
The chief ſo labours, but with fruitleſs pain;
The fiend ſtill thwarts him, and he toils in vain!
Amidſt a thouſand doubts, he ſtands oppreſt,
A thouſand terrors working in his breaſt.
Now to the Latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly.
No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
No car, no ſteeds, nor goddeſs charioteer!
With levell'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part;
Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart.

1274. *This in his trembling hand.*] In B. XXI. of the Iliad, Pallas throws an huge ſtone at Mars. Mr. Pope obſerves, that the action in a mortal [Turnus] is ſomewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it ſo (ſays he) is an addition of two lines to this ſimile, which Virgil borrows from another part of Homer; only with this difference, that, whereas Homer ſays no two men could raiſe ſuch a ſtone, Virgil extends it to twelve;

——*Saxum circumſpicit ingens,*
Saxum antiquum, ingens, &c.——

There is a beauty in the repetition of *Saxum ingens* in the ſecond line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the vaſtneſs of the ſtone:

Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

May I be allowed to think, too, theſe lines are not ſo well

Emi-

Eminus intorquet. murali concita nunquam
Tormento ſic ſaxa fremunt, nec fulmine tanti
Diſſultant crepitus. volat atri turbinis inſtar
Exitium dirum haſta ferens; oraſque recludit
Loricae, et clypei extremos ſeptemplicis orbes:
Per medium ſtridens tranſit femur. incidit ictus
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
Conſurgunt gemitu Rutuli, totuſque remugit
Mons circum, et vocem late nemora alta remittunt.
Ille humilis ſupplexque, oculos dextramque precantem
Protendens, equidem merui, nec deprecor, inquit:
Utere ſorte tua. miſeri te ſi qua parentis
Tangere cura poteſt, oro, fuit et tibi talis
Anchiſes genitor, Dauni miſerere ſenectae:
Et me, ſeu corpus ſpoliatum lumine mavis,
Redde meis. vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Auſonii videre. tua eſt Lavinia conjux.
Ulterius ne tende odiis. ſtetit acer in armis
Aeneas, volvens oculos, dextramque repreſſit.

introduced in Virgil? For it is juſt after Turnus is deſcribed as weaken'd and oppreſs'd with fears and ill omens: it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem. Thus far this great poet and critic, from whom in this caſe I ſhall beg leave to diſſent. That Turnus was oppreſs'd with fears, and ill omens, is certain; but we are to conſider this action as the laſt effort of a deſpairing man; and it is well known, that extremity of circumſtances will call forth all a man's ſtrength, and provoke him to exert all his abilities in a moſt ſurpriſing manner.

1282. *And, as when ſlumber.*] The like ſimile is applied to Hector by Homer, Il. XXII. There is a certain liſtleſſneſs and impotence in that line, *Velle videmur*, and in *Mediis conа-*

A

A ſtone diſploded, with leſs fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginry of war:
And wrap'd in flames, far leſs enrag'd and loud,
Burſts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind ſweeps along the ſkies,
The jav'lin, charg'd with ſure deſtruction, flies;
Its rapid progreſs thro' the ſev'n-fold ſhield,
And the thick mail, with matchleſs fury held;
Thence, thro' his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
And bent the hapleſs warrior to the ground.
With peals of groans the pale Rutulians riſe:
The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.
His eyes and hands the vanquiſh'd hero rear'd,
And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:
Prince, I deſerve, nor deprecate my death:
Then, uſe thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
Yet, if a parent's woes thy ſoul incline,
Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Grov'ling, and pleading for an only ſon!
Then ſave the ſon! in him the father ſave!
Nor bow his age, with ſorrow, to the grave!
Or, oh! at leaſt, this mercy I implore,
My breathleſs relics to my friends reſtore.
Thine is the conqueſt; lo! the Latian bands
Behold their gen'ral ſtretch his ſuppliant hands!
Reſtrain thy farther vengeance; I reſign
My former claim; the royal fair is thine.
A while, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repreſs'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.

Et jam jamque magis cunctantem flectere ſermo
Coeperat; infelix humero cum apparuit alto
Balteus, et notis fulſerunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri; victum quem volnere Turnus
Straverat, atque humeris inimicum inſigne gerebat.
Ille, oculis poſtquam ſaevi monumenta doloris
Exuviaſque hauſit, furiis accenſus et ira
Terribilis: tune hinc ſpoliis indute meorum,
Eripiare mihi? Pallas, te hoc volnere Pallas
Immolat, et poenam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.

tibus ægri, which finely correſponds with the weak and fruitleſs eſſays we ſeem to make in dreams.

1315. *Prince.*] 'Tis extremely judicious in the poet to make Turnus himſelf (whom perhaps we have been inclined to pity) fairly own, that he deſerves to die, and that he has nothing to plead againſt his fate: the motive he makes uſe of to work upon the compaſſion of Æneas, by putting him in mind of his father Anchiſes, will appear the beſt choſen imaginable, if we recollect the tenderneſs and piety of our hero, ſo predominant in his character: and Turnus's ſolemn reſignation of Lavinia, *tua eſt Lavinia conjux*, points out to us, and reminds us of, the occaſion of the war, and of the combat which was to decide it.

1331. *His melting words to mercy now inclin'd.*] The humanity of the hero is kept up and ſupported to the laſt. He pities, and is diſpos'd to ſpare, his rival and inveterate enemy Turnus, till he accidentally caſts his eyes on the ſpoils of his friend. This circumſtance inſtantly awakens his anger, and gives juſtneſs to his indignation: and our judicious poet, by artfully putting the word *immolat* into the mouth of Æneas, ſuggeſts to the reader, that the death of Turnus is not a murder, but a ſacrifice.

1348. *Plung'd to hell.*] Virgil cloſes the whole ſcene of action by the death of Turnus, and leaves the reſt to be imagin'd by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. For it is evident, that the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Ita-

His

His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When lo! by chance, the golden belt he ſpy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his ſide;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the ſlumb'ring vengeance in his ſoul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he ſpoke:
Thou! wretch accurs'd! canſt thou to grace pretend?
Clad in the ſpoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his ſpirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.

ly, anſwers the whole deſign and intention of the poem: had he gone farther, he had overſhot his mark. Pope.

Thus the action of the Æneid ends, according to the rules laid down by the beſt critics, where the mind is left in repoſe, without expectation of any farther event.

Thus have I endeavour'd to point out, in the foregoing notes, ſome of Virgil's capital beauties; in which it will be perceiv'd, that I have intended to conſider him as a poet, rather than to play the grammarian and commentator. I am ſenſible, that I have not taken notice of every excellency that might be produc'd; but have left room for the reader to admire for himſelf: Virgil is an inexhauſtible fund for obſervation, and different paſſages may ſtrike different minds. I hope I have not often been guilty of blind panegyric, or fallen into a rapturous applauſe, without giving a reaſon. I rather fear I ſhall be cenſur'd by ſome, for the liberties I have ſometimes taken in finding fault. However, it is with great diffidence of my own judgment, that I ſubmit what I have done to the candour of the public, on which I rely. But, by way of concluſion to the whole, I would beg leave to recommend to ſuch readers of the foregoing tranſlations and remarks, as may be too much inclin'd to miſtake malignity

Hoc

Hoc dicens, ferrum adverſo ſub pectore condit
Fervidus: aſt illi ſolvuntur frigore membra,
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.

and cenſure for criticiſm and taſte, the following excellent obſervations of the penetrating and judicious author of the Rambler.

" Some (ſays he) ſeem always to read with the microſcope " of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute " inelegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſerva- " tion. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the " ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt devia- " tion from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or " arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As " they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but " a narrow compaſs; and know nothing of the juſtneſs of " the deſign, the ſpirit of the performance, the artifice of " connexion, or the harmony of the parts; they never con- " ceive how ſmall a proportion that which they are buſy in " contemplating bears to the whole; or how the trivial in- " accuracies with which they are offended, are abſorbed and " loſt in general excellence.

FINIS.

Thus is his ghoſt aton'd.—The hero ſaid;
And bury'd in his breaſt the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majeſtic ſoul diſdainful plung'd to hell.

" Others are furniſhed by criticiſm with a teleſcope. They " ſee with great clearneſs whatever is too remote to be diſ- " covered by the reſt of mankind, but are totally blind to " all that lies immediately before them. They diſcover in " every paſſage ſome ſecret meaning, ſome remote alluſion, " ſome artful allegory, or ſome occult imitation, which no " other reader ever ſuſpected; but they have no perception " of the cogency of arguments, the contexture of narra- " tions, the various colours of diction, or the flowery em- " belliſhments of fancy: of all that engages the attention " of others, they are totally inſenſible, while they pry into " the worlds of conjecture, and amuſe themſelves with phan- " toms in the clouds.

" In criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail ſometimes " by our weakneſs, but more frequently by our fault. We " are ſometimes bewildered by ignorance, and ſometimes by " prejudice; but we ſeldom deviate far from the right, but " when we deliver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity."

The END.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Find it extremely difficult to diſengage my thoughts from Virgil:

——*Juvat uſque morari,*
Et conferre gradum ——

I hope therefore for the reader's pardon and patience, while I lay before him a few more general remarks on the Æneid, which could not well be introduced in the compaſs of the foregoing notes. *Judgment* being generally and juſtly reckoned our author's chief excellence and characteriſtic, I have placed together, in one view, the following *nine* inſtances of this his predominant qualification.

I.

In order to make the narration intereſting, to keep the mind warm, and the attention alive, it is eſteemed a great beauty in the epopœa, to break thro' the orderly and regular ſucceſſion of time, and to ſet out in the very midſt of the ſtory, nay, to commence the *action* as near the *cataſtrophe* as poſſible. Thus in the Odyſſey the gods order Mercury to go to the iſle of Ogygia, where Ulyſſes was detained by Calypſo. He was to charge that goddeſs to give the hero leave to depart, and to furniſh him with every thing that was neceſſary for his voyage to Ithaca. The reader imagines therefore, the poem will end within the compaſs of a few verſes. But Virgil, ſays Boſſu, approaches ſtill nearer to a concluſion. The very firſt time we ſee his hero, he hath already left Sicily; is upon his voyage to, nay is almoſt arrived in, Italy. The ſecond part of the poem, begins too in the ſame judicious manner. Æneas, arriving at the country

which the fates had promiſed him, finds every thing well diſpoſed for his reception and ſettlement. The king offers him his daughter, the ſole heireſs to his crown, in marriage. Who would imagine then, but that this hero had accompliſhed his deſign, and the poem was at an end? But a ſtorm caſts him on the coaſt of Carthage, which accident furniſhes the poet with matter for his firſt part. And the jealouſy and rivalſhip of Turnus, who claims a prior right to Lavinia, affords ſubject-matter for the laſt ſix books. Virgil therefore hath begun his poem in ſuch a manner, that when once his hero hath made his appearance, he never ceaſes *acting* till the end of it. The hero himſelf relates all that paſſed *before*, and that too in one ſpeech, artfully introduced on a moſt probable occaſion. And this recital is ſo well placed, that the things related in it precede immediately, and without any interruption, thoſe which the poet afterwards relates in his own perſon. How different, and how abſurd, hath been the conduct of Statius, who, at his firſt ſetting out, aſks his muſe at what period of time he ſhould begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo?* And equally blameable is *Nonnus*, who begins even with the birth of Bacchus, and proceeds regularly thro' his adventures and victories to his *apotheôſis*. Theſe injudicious poets ſeem never to have thought of the important advice of Horace:

Semper ad eventum feſtinat; & in medias res
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit.——

But our great countryman was ſo convinced of its juſtneſs, that he opens his incomparable *Paradiſe Loſt* with a ſcene of the devils already fallen into the infernal regions, and defers the account and reaſon of their fall for *Raphael* to relate in the ſixth book.

II.

Virgil is equally commendable for his judgment in conducting the *epiſodes* with which he has adorned his poem.

poem. Boſſu obſerves that three circumſtances are neceſſary to the right formation of an epiſode. The one is, to make uſe of no epiſode, but what ariſes from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is, as it were, a natural member of this body. The ſecond is, exactly to unite theſe epiſodes, and theſe members, with one another. And the third, never to finiſh any epiſode ſo completely as that it may ſeem to be an intire action, taken by itſelf; but to let each epiſode ſtill appear in its own particular nature, as the member only of a body, and as a part, of itſelf, not complete. The reader I hope has perceived, that Virgil hath obſerved theſe rules exactly, in his picture of the burning of Troy, in the affair with Dido, the games, Niſus, and Euryalus, &c. all which are drawn from the very eſſence of the main fable, and are naturally connected with it. But, in the Thebaid, what part of the ſubject is either the cauſe, or the effect, of the maſſacre at Lemnos, or of any of the adventures of Jaſon? Happy was the author of the Iliad, whoſe ſtory was naturally ſo full of matter, that it required not the leaſt addition, or recourſe to any epiſode whatever: for thoſe ſhort fables inſerted in it can, I think, ſcarcely be called ſo. I cannot forbear obſerving, how vicious an epiſode Taſſo hath given us in the ſecond book of his *Jeruſalem Liberata*, in the entertaining ſtory of *Sophronia* and *Olindo*; he hath adorned this impertinent and uſeleſs epiſode, with a great deal of true poetry, mixed, indeed as his generally is, with many far-fetched and trifling conceits and witicifms. One is apt at firſt to imagine, that this virtuous heroine, and her lover, are deſigned to be capital characters in the poem. But how great is the reader's mortification and ſurprize, to find they have no manner of concern with the principal action, and never to ſee them afterwards? Surely, after we are ſo much intereſted for any character, we naturally expect, that notwithſtanding we loſe ſight of it for ſome time, yet that *(like the river Arethuſa)* it will again appear in the courſe of the poem. The epiſode of *Agramante* and *Marfiſa* in *Arioſto*, is alſo a very ill-judged one; yet we muſt acknowlege, that he hath made ſome amends for this defect, by his beautiful

and pathetic tale of the two friends *Medoro* and *Cloridano*, in the eighteenth canto of the *Orlando Furioſo*, which is indeed an artful and exact copy of the Niſus and Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added ſome original beauties to it, and in particular hath aſſigned a more intereſting motive for this midnight excurſion, than what we find in Virgil; for *Medoro* and *Cloridano* venture into the field of battle to find out, among the heaps of ſlain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the moſt excellent paſſages in this very wild and romantic author. An ingenious *Florentine* made a juſt and happy compariſon when he ſaid, that the two poems of *Taſſo* and *Arioſto* are like two gardens, the one of cucumbers, the other of melons; in the one you ſhall find few bad; but the beſt are not a very good fruit; in the other, much the greater part are good for nothing, but thoſe that are good are excellent.

III.

Virgil never loſes ſight of his hero a moment; every incident, nay, every line in his poem, tends to aggrandize and to exalt Æneas; we are intereſted for him alone; He engroſſes all our attention and concern; he is placed like an exquiſite ſtatue in a well-diſpoſed garden; which way ſoever you walk, you are ſure to meet with a full proſpect of it in every avenue. And here again, as *Rapin* juſtly obſerves, *Taſſo* hath committed a glaring miſtake; who makes *Rinaldo* perform all the moſt difficult and ſhining actions in the *Jeruſalem*. It is he, that kills *Adraſtus*, *Siſaphernes*, *Solyman*, and all the principal leaders of the enemy; it is he that diſſolves the charms of the inchanted foreſt, which *Taſſo* hath copied from *Lucan*; the moſt important epiſodes are reſerved for him; nothing remarkable is tranſacted in his abſence; he alone is deſtined to make the moſt ſtriking appearance; and *Godfrey*, who is called the hero of the piece, executes no one thing worthy notice. It is in vain that *Taſſo* endeavours to excuſe this palpable fault by ſaying the whole is an allegory *: ſurely this is only juſtifying

* The amiable Fenelon hath introduced Taſſo ſpeaking thus to Virgil: Imitation being ſervile and mean, I thought one

one chimera by another. *Homer*, with better judgment, and a very different taſte, makes *Achilles*, the hero of the Iliad, the ſoul of it alſo: he pervades and animates the whole poem:

—— *Agitat molem & magno ſe corpore miſcet* ——

but (adds *Rapin*, with his uſual diſlike to the venerable father of poetry) 'tis true that *Homer* ſometimes leaves this hero at too great a diſtance, and ſeems ſometimes totally to forget him. *Virgil* never falls into this miſtake; Æneas is perpetually the principal figure in the piece.

I was obliged to free myſelf from that ſubjection, and that there were more ways than one to aſcend Parnaſſus. I eſteem'd poetry a ſport of wit, whoſe principal end was to pleaſe and ſurpriſe the readers with wonderful events; and that no long time was neceſſary to produce theſe effects, but to follow the ideas of a ſprightly fancy, without reſpect to thoſe rules the antients have left us for the epopœa: I believ'd theſe precepts had no other foundation, but the caprice of the perſons who made them; and that I might lawfully make new, by leaving a model of my own invention, which pleaſed all my countrymen, and ſtill charms the greateſt part of the moderns.

You were miſtaken, anſwer'd Virgil, when you fanſied, that they who made rules for epic poetry, founded them only upon the caprice of their own opinions. Ariſtotle formed them upon the excellent works of the divine Homer, who received them from the dictates of Apollo, and the Muſes themſelves. They are all ſo judicious and well-invented, that people of juſt taſte are never pleaſed without them, becauſe they are founded upon that alone which can or ought to pleaſe. Poetry became not perfect before it was reduced to an art, which has certain rules, as well as painting, ſculpture, and architecture; whoever neglects theſe precepts, will make monſters in poetry; as a painter or ſculptor would do, who inſtead of repreſenting a man with that due proportion nature has fixed to each part of the body, and diſpoſing them all in their proper places, ſhould make an ill proportion'd figure, draw the arms where the thighs ſhould be, and delineate a head inſtead of a belly. You plainly perceive added Virgil, he who ſhould fanſy this the picture of a man, as much as that which is exactly copied after nature would

IV.

Such is the purity and juſtneſs of *Virgil*'s taſte, that he never wantonly indulges his imagination in launching out into any uſeleſs and improper deſcriptions. He well knew, that nothing could be more abſurd to true judges, than for the action of an epic poem to ſtand ſtill, while the author was amuſing himſelf in giving florid pictures and images, inſtead of haſtening forward to his cataſtrophe. Hence we find, that there is not one deſcription in the Æneid, but what is abſolutely neceſſary, and is ſo placed as to carry on the main buſineſs and intent of the poem, and moreover is made in as few words as poſſible. † The deſcription of Carthage, with which Virgil opens his poem, is contained in ſix verſes. He acquaints us, that this city is ſeated over-againſt Italy, facing the very mouth of the Tiber; that it is powerful in war; and that Juno deſigned to make it the ſeat of univerſal monarchy: this is the cauſe of the anger of this deity; and as it conſtitutes the plot of the poem, it was highly neceſſary to let the reader know theſe circumſtances.

One could not have imagined how Æolus could reſtrain and let looſe the winds, if one had not been informed, that they are incloſed in caverns. The poet therefore ſpends twelve verſes on this ſubject.

The ſhips of Æneas, ſo roughly handled by a tempeſt, and at a ſeaſon when the ſeas were liable to frequent and unforeſeen ſtorms, had need of an harbour that was intirely free from this danger, and that was ſafe and

be ſtrangely miſtaken. Now poetry is only another kind of painting, which ſpeaks, embelliſhes, and inlarges the objects, without disfiguring of them. Sometimes ſhe repreſents things inanimate; but, inſtead of making them monſters, ſhe dreſſes them in more agreeable and perfect forms than they really poſſeſs; always rejecting mean ideas; and never ſullies her works, as you have done with your dreadful deſcriptions of extravagant figures, which are ſufficient to deter people from reading your poem.

Battle between the antients and moderns, p. 200,

† See Bossu, B. VI. Ch. 2.

ſtill,

ſtill; and ſince it was in an unknown country, it was requiſite, that this haven ſhould be ſituated in a private and ſecret place. This is what Virgil deſcribes in eleven verſes.

The deſcription of the Trojans being hard at work, and eager to leave Carthage (Æn. IV.), is likewiſe very artfully managed. On one hand, it ſhews the good effect the preſence of a lord and maſter has over theſe labourers; on the other, the poet paints this their eagerneſs and attention, not ſo much to the reader's as to Dido's view: ſhe there ſaw the preparative to her death, and every blow the ax and hammer ſtruck, were like the ſtabs of a dagger that had pierced her heart. Can any thing be more moving than the ingenious application Virgil himſelf makes of this deſcription, by which he plainly points out his intention in making it?

Quis tibi nunc, Dido, cernenti talia, ſenſus?
Quoſve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma? ——

If in the middle of a great action any thing is deſcribed, that ſeems to interrupt and diſtract the reader's mind; it is requiſite, that the effect of theſe deſcriptions be ſuch, as may carry along with them their neceſſity, and their reaſonableneſs; and that, by this means, they may be embodied, if I may ſo ſpeak, in the main action. We have one inſtance of this in the battle of the eleventh book of the Æneid, where the poet ſtops ſhort, and runs out into ſo minute a deſcription of the arms and dreſs of Chloreus, Æn. l. XI. v. 768. to v. 782. Judicious readers might perhaps have been diſguſted at this beauty ſo carefully deſcribed in the very heat of the battle, if the poet had only done it for their ſakes. But the caſe is this: Camilla is charmed with theſe glittering accoutrements; the deſire of them coſts her her life, gives the victory to the Trojans, and at once breaks all the meaſures Turnus had taken againſt Æneas. Theſe are ſuch deſcriptions as are judiciouſly introduced, and managed with diſcretion. They are not made for their

own ſakes only; they are not mere ornaments, and introduced to ſhew the poet's talent of ſaying fine things. *Seneca* is far from obſerving this temperance and reſervedneſs. If he has any recital to make, tho' never ſo melancholy and pitiable, he begins it with ſuch deſcriptions as are not only uſeleſs, but ridiculous. *Creon* has a ſtory to relate to Œdipus, pregnant with all the circumſtances of horror that can be conceived. He is intreated, he is threatened, and, after great ſigns of grief, for being forced to utter ſo terrible a tale, he begins his narration with a deſcription of a grove, which Œdipus knew perfectly well, and frequently ſaw. But ſuppoſe he had never ſeen it, was he then at leiſure (agitated as his mind was with fear and anxiety) to be told, that this grove was full of cypreſs-trees, oaks, laurel, myrtle, alder, and pines? that the cypreſs-trees are always green; that the laurel-trees bear bitter berries; that the alder-trees were proper to build ſhips, which ride on the wide ocean; that the oaks of this grove had their branches diſtorted and eat up with age; that time had gnawed the bark off this, that the roots of that could no longer ſupport it; and that it would tumble down, were it not propp'd up by the trunk of another tree? The whole is too long, and too affectedly unnatural, to be tranſcribed; but the reader may ſee it in the third act of Seneca's Œdipus, beginning at v. 530. In ſhort, the management of deſcriptions, and how to introduce them with propriety, is ſo difficult and artful a taſk, that even Homer himſelf is thought ſometimes to have erred in this particular; as, for inſtance, in the fifth book of the Iliad, v. 722. where he ſpends ſeveral lines in minutely deſcribing the fine chariot of Juno, at a time when the reader expected to be hurried inſtantly into the thickeſt of the battle:

For why ſhould Homer deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd ſouls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on ev'ry wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the hoſts to arms?

PITT's Vida, B. II.

Two

Two of the longeſt deſcriptions in Virgil (except that of *Fame*, which I think cannot well be defended) are of the ſerpents, in the ſecond book, that deſtroy Laocoon; and of the ghoſt of Hector that appears to Æneas, to inform him of the treachery of Sinon, and of the inevitable deſtruction of Troy, whoſe gods he commits to his care, and bids him immediately ſet out in ſearch of the empire the fates had deſigned for him. The reader at one view ſees the neceſſity and importance of both theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially the laſt, in which he muſt equally admire the *pathos*, and the *propriety*. Milton had been unpardonable, if he had indulged his luxuriant fancy in deſcribing the ſerpent in ſo many lines, and in ſuch gaudy colours, as he has ſpent upon it, B. IX. if this ſerpent had not been the inſtrument of that temptation on which the whole action of his poem turns. The palace of *Alcina* in *Arioſto*, that of *Armida* in *Taſſo*, and the bower of *Bliſs* in *Spenſer* (manifeſtly copied from them both) take up too much room in their reſpective places, are injudiciouſly introduced, are of little ſervice to the fable, and read more like the flowery and fairy deſcriptions of the cryſtal and diamond palaces in the Arabian nights entertainments, or Don Bellianis of Greece, than of objects that ought to be admitted into an epic poem. The ſame I think may be ſaid of M. de *Voltaire*'s deſcription of the temple of Love in his *Henriade*. If theſe poems contained nothing more ſolid and judicious, and more worthy a wiſe man's peruſal, they ought all, with the romances that turned Don *Quixote*'s head, to be delivered over (as *Cervantes* ſays) *al braco ſeglar del ama*, to the ſecular arm of the houſekeeper, to be burnt.

V.

Innumerable are the little ſtrokes of nature and character in Virgil: of which the following inſtances may be given, and than which, nothing more demonſtrates a poet's judgment, and penetration into the human heart. The tenderneſs and piety of Æneas break out on every occaſion; he pities and bewails Amycus, Gyas, and Orontes, whom he imagined to be loſt in the ſtorm; B. II.

222.

222. he is put in mind of his own father's danger by ſeeing the death of old Priam, B. II. he himſelf carries this aged parent thro' the flames and tumult of the city; he endeavours to find his *Creuſa*, whom he had unfortunately loſt, by venturing back into the city, tho' the enemy then fully poſſeſſed it; and does not give over ſearching farther till her apparition warns him to retreat. He looks back to the walls of Carthage, when he was obliged by order of the gods to forſake Dido, with the utmoſt ſorrow and regret; eſpecially when he ſaw the reflexion of the flames of Dido's funeral fire:

‡ *Mœnia reſpiciens, quæ jam infelicis Eliſæ*
Collucent flammis —

When he meets this unhappy queen in the ſhades below, he accoſts her in the tendereſt manner imaginable:

Was I the unhappy cauſe of your death!
Funeris, heu! tibi cauſa fui!

I ſwear by all the powers both of heaven and hell, that I left your kingdom with the deepeſt reluctance and regret. But the very ſame gods that have commanded me to viſit (as you ſee) theſe diſmal infernal regions, laid on me their ſtrict injunctions to forſake Carthage, and drove me out of your kingdom:

Sed me juſſa deûm, quæ nunc has ire per umbras,
Per loca ſenta ſitu cogunt, noctemque profundam,
Imperiis egere ſuis —

So that Æneas gives her the moſt indiſputable proof, even ocular demonſtration, of his perfect obedience to the will of heaven, the only motive that could have induced him to leave her. He adds very movingly, when he

‡ This image always puts me in mind of that very fine one in the book of Geneſis, chap. XIX. And Abraham looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain; and beheld; and lo! the ſmoke of the country went up as the ſmoke of a furnace.

per-

perceived ſhe was going away, and would not ſtop to hear his defence;

Siſte gradum, teque aſpectu ne ſubtrahe noſtro.
Quem fugis? extremum fato quod te alloquor hoc eſt.

Again; Ariſtotle ſays, the manners of each perſonage ſhould be ſuitable (αρμοττοντα) to the ſex, age, birth, education, and other circumſtances, which uſually diſtinguiſh and characterize one man from another. Thus the women Virgil introduces; the boys, as Iulus; the youths, as Turnus, Niſus, and Euryalus; the grown men, as Mneſtheus, and Achates; the old ones, as Anchiſes and Priam; are each of them ſtrongly marked and diverſified from each other by the circumſtances abovementioned. At leaſt they are more ſtrongly marked in our poet, than in any that preceded him, or have followed him, Homer and Shakeſpear only excepted, who have drawn more various and more true characters than any writters whatever.

Virgil hath likewiſe ſoften'd and civilized Homer's gods, and made them act with greater dignity and decorum. A ſtrong inſtance of this art may be ſeen in the tenth book, where Juno and Venus are circumſtantially talkative in their ſpeeches, while Jupiter ſpeaks with a majeſtic brevity.

VI.

It hath been obſerved in the foregoing notes, that the deſign of the epopœa being to inſtruct by examples, and not by downright moralities, ſentences or reflections ſhould be ſeldom introduced. It may be here added, that Virgil's judgment is great in the art of diſguiſing ſentences, and taking away from them their dogmatical air.

Boſſu ſpeaks of this proceeding in the following manner. Seneca very frequently, in his tragedies, where the moral ſhould be leſs apparent than in the epopœa, utters his thoughts morally and ſententiouſly; and Virgil, on the other hand, in the epic poem, and in places that are deſign'd for morality, conceals his ſentences under figures, and particular applications. For inſtance:

If

If any thing lays us under an obligation of embracing virtue, and abandoning vice, 'tis doubtleſs this maxim; viz. That the higheſt and beſt recompence of a good action flows from virtue itſelf, and the good habits we contract by our good actions; as that, on the contrary, vicious actions imprint on us the love of vices, and the habits of committing them, which ſometimes lead us into a kind of fatal neceſſity. Again, the habits take ſuch deep root in us, that death itſelf does not make us relinquiſh them: we preſerve to eternity the affections and inclinations which we have contracted in our lifetime, and with which we die. So that thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to leave this world with their vicious inclinations about them, are afflicted with unſpeakable torments, when they come to ſee the deformity of thoſe vices which they cannot diveſt themſelves of, and the beauty of juſtice and virtue, from which they are baniſh'd for ever. Virgil teaches us all this in ſeveral ſentences, that he diſguiſes after a moſt admirable manner.

The firſt is: That the manners and the habits are the beſt reward of good actions. He tempers this excellent precept with ſo much tenderneſs, that 'tis hard to ſay, whether in this paſſage he makes uſe of the profitable, or the pleaſant. A young nobleman, Euryalus, the moſt amiable, and the moſt beloved of all the Trojans, meets with an important occaſion of ſerving his prince, to which nothing but his own virtue obliges him: he embraces the opportunity with all earneſtneſs, and is going to expoſe himſelf to a death, that perhaps might be the heart-breaking of his mother. She loved this ſon ſo paſſionately, that ſhe was the only woman that followed him into Italy, without fearing the dangers, and the fatigues, which kept all the reſt behind at Sicily. Euryalus, that loved his mother ſo dearly, dares not take his leave of her, becauſe he could not ſuſtain the tenderneſs of her tears. He therefore recommends her to young Aſcanius. Aſcanius receives her into his protection: and on both ſides they expreſs all the paſſion, which a great poet was able to inſpire them with. 'Tis in the midſt of theſe paſſions, that a grave old man, with tears in his eyes, embraces Euryalus, and his dear friend

friend Niſus; prays for their ſucceſs; and, for a reward of ſo much virtue, promiſes them ſuch an one as we have been diſcourſing of:

Quæ vobis, quæ digna, viri, pro talibus auſis
Præmia poſſe rear ſolvi? pulcherrima primum
Dii MORESQUE *dabunt veſtri* ——

Æn. IX. 252.

The ſecond ſentence is this: That when we die, we carry along with us the habits we have contracted upon earth. The poet makes mention of the troubleſome and tormenting habits, when he deſcribes thoſe lovers whom Æneas meets with labouring under the ſame miſeries they felt before their death:

—— *Curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt.*

And he ſays as much concerning the pleaſant inclinations, when in the Elyſian fields Æneas meets with heroes that had the ſame diverſions there, which they enjoyed in this life;

—— *Que gratia currûm*
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequiter tellure repoſtos.

VII.

It was intended to give many inſtances of Virgil's judgment in beautifying, and as it were making his own by his manner of working them up, the many paſſages he has borrowed from Homer, the Greek tragedies, and Ennius, and Lucretius. But on reading Mr. Hurd's ingenious *Diſcourſe on poetical imitation*, one begins to doubt, whether in reality he has borrowed at all, and whether one does not uſually, in this caſe, miſtake neceſſary *reſemblances* for *theſts*. I refer the reader to the treatiſe itſelf, in which he will meet with much pleaſure and inſtruction, altho' this hypotheſis is perhaps puſhed a little too far. The author ſeems to think with *Bruyere*, that we are come into the world too late to pro-

produce any thing new and original; but his own performance is an admirable example to the contrary.

VIII.

The exact propriety of Virgil's thoughts ought to be particularly regarded. We find in him no points and turns, no witticiſms and conceits, which are utterly inconſiſtent with the dignity of epic poetry, and pleaſe only thoſe ſuperficial readers, who cannot reliſh a juſt ſimplicity. *Le danger & les paſſions* (ſays M. Voltaire) *ne cherchent point l'eſprit. Priam & Hecube ne font point d'Epigrammes, quand leurs enfans ſont egorgés dans Troye embraſſé.* What Dido ſays to Æneas in her laſt ſpeech to him, is the voice of nature and paſſion. But how egregiouſly Taſſo trifles, when Armida, in the ſame ſituation, addreſſes Rinaldo!

——*O tu che porte*
Parte teco di me, parte ne laſſi,
O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morte
Da inſieme ad ambi ——

Canto XVI. 40 Sta.

"O thou who carrieſt one part of me away with thee, "and leaveſt the other, either take the one, or reſtore "the other, or give death to both of them at once." By ſo frequently comparing the chaſte manner of Virgil, with the vicious and falſe one of the Italian writers, it has been my deſign to give my younger readers eſpecially, a diſguſt to ſuch unnatural and florid ſentiments, and inſpire them with a love of that greateſt beauty in writing, *ſimplicity*. I would therefore recommend to them the following paſſage; which, conſidering the exquiſite taſte and genius of its author, merits a more particular attention than any words of my own can demand. 'Tis the amiable Fenelon, who thus writes to Fontenelle, as ſecretary of the French academy, p. 324.

"Tis

" 'Tis natural (ſays he) for the moderns who excel " in elegance, and ingenious turns, to fanſy that they " have ſurpaſs'd the antients; whoſe chief excellence " is a natural ſimplicity. But I muſt beg leave here " to propoſe a ſort of apologue. The inventors of " the Gothic kind of architecture (which is ſaid " to have come from the Arabians) fanſied, no doubt, " that they had outdone the Greek architects. A " Grecian ſtructure has nothing in it that is merely " ornamental. The parts that are neceſſary to ſup- " port, or to cover it, as the pillars, and the cor- " nice, become ornaments only by their beautiful " proportion. Every thing is ſimple, exact, and " uſeful. We ſee nothing in it either bold or fan- " ciful, that can impoſe on the ſight. The pro- " portions are ſo juſt, that nothing ſeems very noble, " tho' the whole really be ſo. Every thing is de- " ſigned to ſatisfy true reaſon. On the contrary, the " Gothic architect, upon very ſlender pillars, raiſes " up a vaſt roof into the clouds. One would fanſy " it were going to tumble, tho' it ſtands many ages. " 'Tis all full of windows, roſes, and little knacks. " The ſtones ſeem to be pink'd and cut-out like paper- " bawbles. Every thing looks gay and light; as it " were hanging in the air. Was it not natural now " for the firſt Gothic architects to imagine, that, by " their vain refinements, they had outdone the Greek " ſimplicity? Now only change the names, and put " poets and orators inſtead of architects: Lucan muſt " naturally fanſy he was a greater poet than Virgil. " Seneca the tragedian muſt imagine he was brighter than " Sophocles. Taſſo perhaps hoped he ſhould excel " Virgil and Homer. If theſe authors thought ſo, " they were much deceived. And the moſt excellent " modern authors ſhould beware of the like miſtake."

IX.

Laſtly, the art of Virgil is never ſo powerfully felt, as when he attempts to move the paſſions, eſpecially the more tender ones. The *pathetic* was the grand, diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of his genius and temper. And this

this perhaps is the reaſon why Æneas is painted of ſo ſoft and compaſſionate a turn of mind. Our poet began ſo early as in his eclogues (ſee the ſecond and tenth) *to ſteep his ſong in tears.* And the ſtory of Orpheus is excelled by nothing but that of Dido, of Niſus and Euryalus and his mother, the mournful picture of Troy, the lamentations of Evander, and the diſtreſſes of Latinus, Juturna, and Turnus. Quintilian has exactly drawn Virgil's character under that of Euripides: IN AFFECTIBUS CUM OMNIBUS MIRUS, TUM IIS QUI MISERATIONE CONSTANT, FACILE PRAECIPUUS, Lib. X. c. 1. It lay in his power alone, to have enriched the Roman poeſy with what it ſo greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more uſeful work than even an epic poem itſelf, *A perfect tragedy.*

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